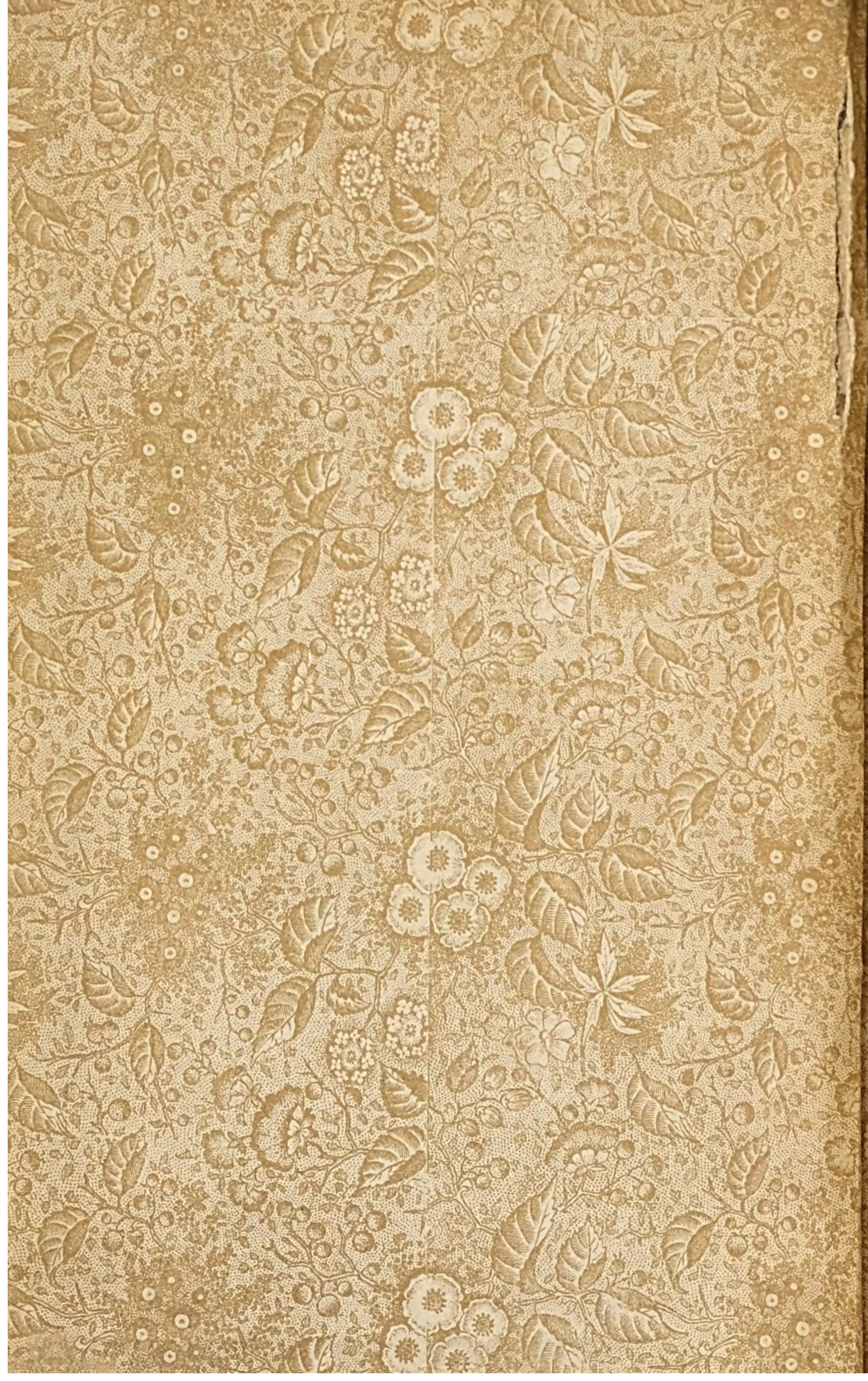
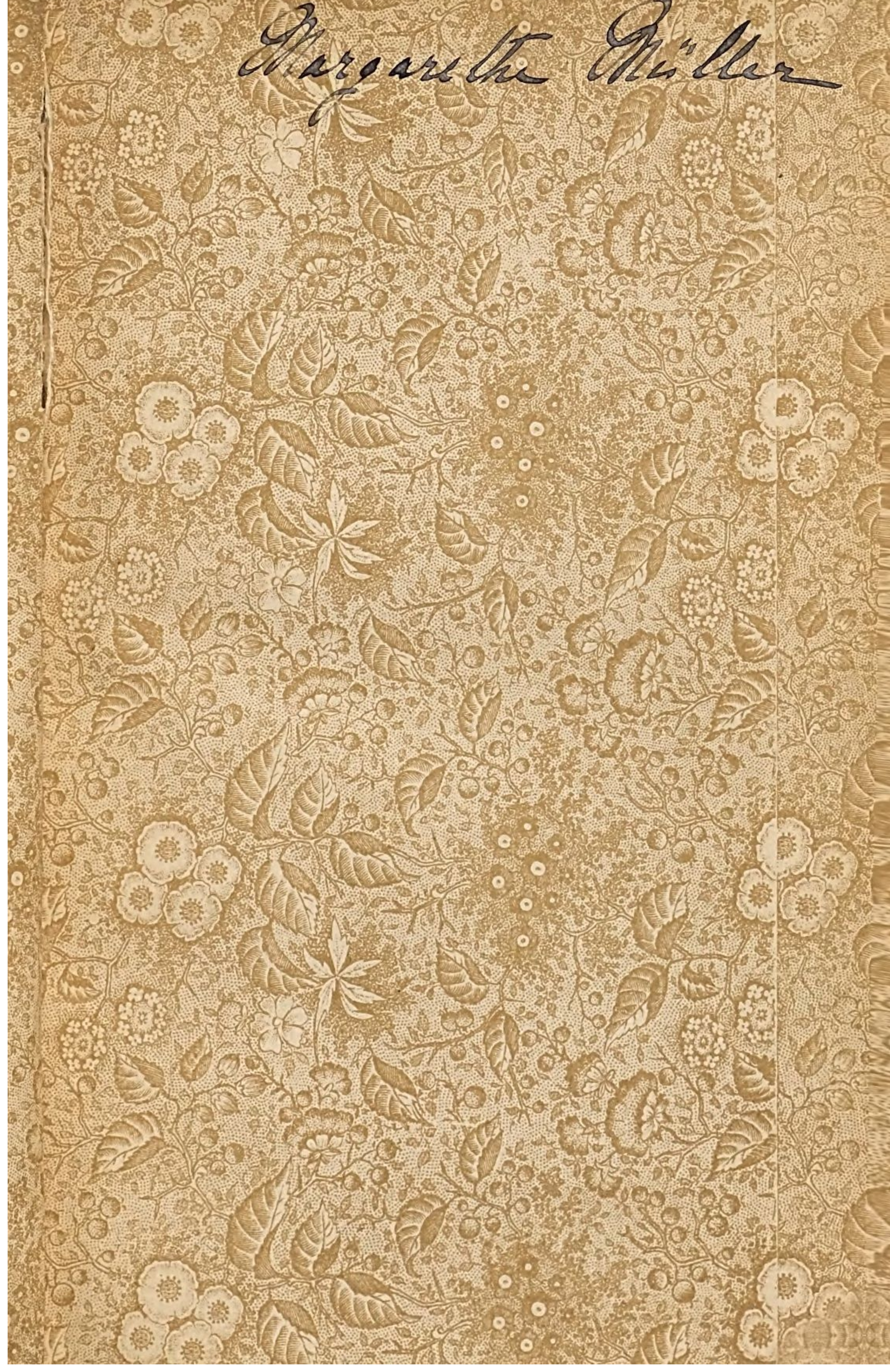




Margaret Miller



P. o. angl.

Shakespeare

552 $\frac{r}{-}$ (5)

THE STUDENTS' HANDY EDITION.

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:

THE TEXT CAREFULLY RESTORED ACCORDING TO
THE FIRST EDITIONS; WITH INTRODUCTIONS,
NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND
A LIFE OF THE POET;

BY THE
REV. H. N. HUDSON, A.M.

REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

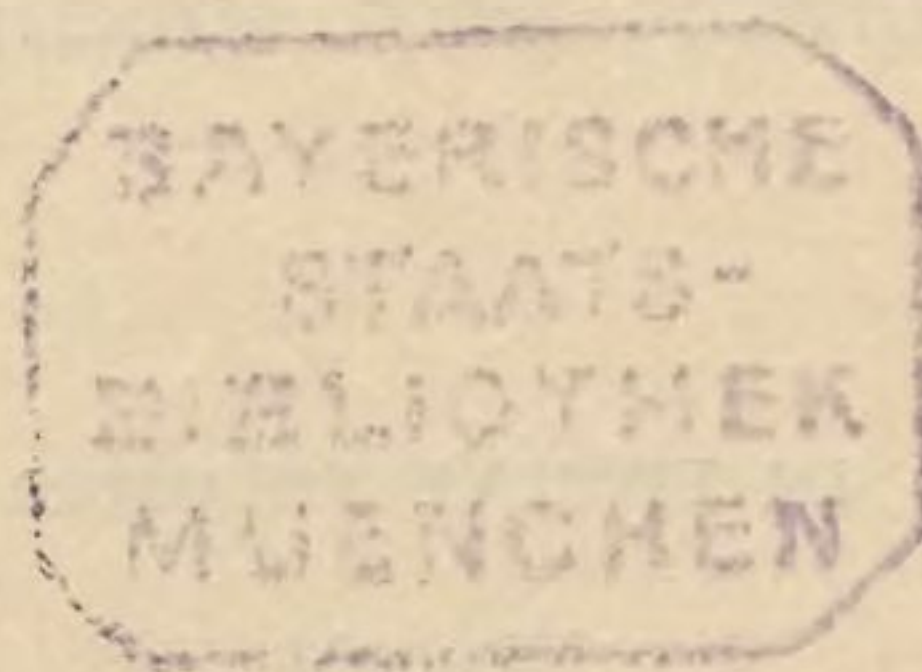
VOL. V.

BOSTON:
ESTES AND LAURIAT,
301 WASHINGTON STREET.

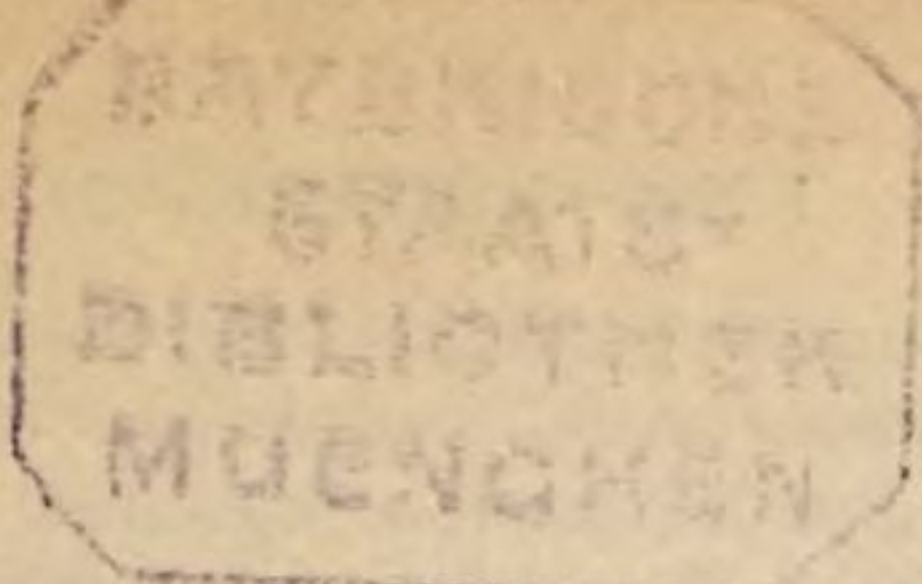
1885.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by
NOYES, HOLMES, AND COMPANY,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Copyright, 1881,
BY ESTES AND LAURIAT.



UNIVERSITY PRESS:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.



INTRODUCTION

TO

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD II.

THE earliest notice that has been discovered of **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND** is an entry by Andrew Wise in the Stationers' Register, dated August 29, 1597. The same year was published a quarto pamphlet of thirty-seven leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "The Tragedy of King Richard the Second: As it hath been publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. London: Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard at the sign of the Angel. 1597." It will be observed that in this edition the author's name was not given. In 1598 another edition was put forth having the same title-page, save the announcement "By William Shake speare." There was a third issue in 1608, the title-page varying thus: "With new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majesty's Servants, at the Globe. Printed by W. W. for Matthew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Fox." In 1615 appeared a fourth edition with a title-page precisely the same as that of 1608, save that it lacks the printer's initials.

At the accession of James I. in the spring of 1603, "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants" became "His Majesty's Servants;" so that the play was still in the hands of the same company. The "new additions" of 1608 are in Act iv. sc. 1, being a hundred and sixty-four lines, or about half the Act, and are duly remarked in our notes. In the folio of 1623 this play makes the second in the list of histories, has the acts and scenes regularly marked, wherein it differs from all the quartos, and appears in other respects to have been printed from the issue of 1615, with an occasional reference to some other authority. In the folio, however, several passages, comprising in all just fifty lines, are unaccountably omitted. These omissions, also, are stated in our notes as

they occur. Of these five editions, Mr. Collier, who has carefully collated them, pronounces the first, that of 1597, "beyond all dispute the most valuable for its readings and general accuracy;" and it may easily be gathered from our notes that we concur with him therein. — The only other certain contemporary notice of this play is in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where he mentions it in witness of Shakespeare's excellence in Tragedy.

As to the date of the composition we have nothing firm to build upon other than what has been stated above. Malone assigned the writing to 1593, and Chalmers to 1596; though their reasons for doing so are either not given, or such that they had better been withheld. To our judgment, the internal evidence, the abundance of rhymes, the frequent passages of elaborate verbal trifling, the general smooth-flowing current of the verse, and the comparative uncompactness of logical texture, make strongly in favour of the earlier date. In all these respects a comparison of Richard II. with the First Part of Henry IV., which latter, even as it now stands, could not have been written later than 1597, will, we think, satisfy almost any one that the former must have preceded by several years. And an argument of considerable force to that effect might be made out from another sort of evidence. The first four Books of Daniel's History of the Civil Wars, three of which are wholly taken up with the closing passages of Richard's government and life, were originally published in 1595. Daniel was himself a star, not indeed of the first magnitude, nor, perhaps, of the second, but yet a star in that matchless constellation of wits contemporary with Elizabeth and James I. which has since made England the brightness of the whole earth. Shakespeare and Daniel are known to have been personally acquainted, and the latter was a man of too high and pure a taste not to have relished the offspring of his friend's unapproachable genius. Being, moreover, himself a writer of plays, and an aspirant for dramatic honours, it is scarce to be supposed that he would be away from the theatre when "the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage" was making the place glorious with his "Delphic lines."

The poem and the play in question have several passages so similar in thought and language as to argue that one of the authors must have drawn from the other; though this of itself will by no means conclude which way the obligation ran. But there is another sort of resemblance more pertinent to the matter in hand. Shakespeare, in strict keeping with the scope and purpose of his work, makes the queen in mind, character, and deportment a full-grown woman, whereas in fact she was at the time only twelve years old, having been married when she was but eight; — a liberty of art every way justifiable in an historical drama, and such as he never scruples to take when the proper ends of dramatic representation can be furthered thereby. With Daniel, however,

the plan of his work, no less than the bent of his mind, caused him to write for the most part with the historical accuracy of a chronicle, insomuch that the fine deep vein of poetry that was in him had not fair play, being overmuch hampered and clogged by the stiffness and rigidity of literal truth. Yet he makes a similar departure from fact in case of the queen, representing her very much as she is in the play ; — a thing for which the only hint of authority that has been discovered is a sentence in Froissart's description of the marriage : " As I have been informed, it was a goodly sight to see her behaviour ; for all that she was but young, right pleasantly she bare the port of a queen." The point, then, is, that such a departure from historical truth, however justifiable in either case, seems more likely to have been original in the play than in the poem : in the one it grew naturally from the purpose of the work and the usual method of the workman ; in the other its cause appears to be rather in the force of example : in short, Shakespeare was more apt to do it, because, artistically speaking, it ought so to be ; Daniel, because it had been so done with success. And it is considerable that Daniel pushes this divergence even further than Shakespeare ; in which excess we may easily detect the influence of a model : for what proceeds by the reason and laws of art naturally stops with them ; but in proceeding by the measure of examples and effects such is not the case ; and hence it is that mere imitation is so apt to " overstep the modesty of nature." To all which if we add, what may be safely added, that both this and the other resemblances are such withal as would naturally result from the impressions of the stage, the whole seems to make at least something of probability for the point in question.

There was certainly one and perhaps two other plays in Shakespeare's time on the subject of Richard II. This we learn unmistakeably from Dr. Simon Forman, whose Diary we have already had several occasions to quote. Under the date of April 30, 1611, he gives a particular account of a play called Richard II., which he had just seen at the Globe Theatre. The leading events of the play as there stated are as follows : " How Jack Straw was suddenly stabbed at Smithfield Bars by Walworth, the mayor of London, and he and his whole army overthrown : How the duke of Gloucester and others, crossing the king in his humours about the duke of Ireland and Bushy, were glad to fly, and raise a host of men ; and when Ireland came by night with three hundred men to surprise them, they, being warned thereof, kept the gates fast, and would not suffer him to enter the castle ; so he went back with a fly in his ear, and was afterwards slain in battle by the earl of Arundel : That when Gloucester and Arundel came to London with their army the king went forth to meet them, and gave them fair words, promising them pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their army ; and after they had done

so, having bid them all to a banquet, he betrayed them, and cut off their heads, because they had not the pardon under his hand and seal: How the duke of Lancaster privily contrived to set them all by the ears, and to make the nobility envy the king, and mislike his government; whereby he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke: And how Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be king; and being told that he should not, but his son should, he hanged the man for his labour, lest he should speak thereof to others."

From this account it is clear the play could not have been Shakespeare's, though performed at the theatre for which he had so long been used to write. It should be observed that Forman says nothing distinctly about the deposing of the king; which event he would hardly have failed to make special mention of, had it been represented in the play. This brings us to a strange matter of state that took place in the year 1601. In Lord Bacon's papers concerning "the treason of Robert, earl of Essex," we meet with the following statement, being a part of what was charged against Sir Gilly Merick: "That the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them *the play of deposing King Richard the Second*. Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merick. And not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players that *the play was old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there were forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was. So earnest he was to satisfy his eyes with the sight of that tragedy, which he thought soon after his lordship should bring from the stage to the state."

That this may have been the same play witnessed by Forman ten years later is indeed possible, but appears, to say the least, rather improbable. Whether, granting it not to have been that, it was Shakespeare's Richard II., or a third play on the same subject, that has not elsewhere been heard of, is a question not very likely to be solved. Malone conjectured that the "new additions" of 1608 formed a part of the play as originally written, but were left out of the first two quartos from fear of offending the queen, to whose ears the deposing of monarchs was a very ungrateful theme, especially after the part she had in deposing from both crown and life her enchanting and ill-starred kinswoman, the witty and beautiful Mary of Scotland. Her sensitive jealousy on this score appears in that Hayward all but incurred a prosecution in 1599 for his First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV., wherein the deposing of Richard II. was set forth. So that, allowing the deposition-scene to have been originally a part of Shakespeare's play, we have here sufficient reason for its being omitted in the printed copy of 1597. Nor do the new additions themselves yield any argument or indication of having been

written at a later period than the rest of the play. All which being considered, it does not well appear but that Shakespeare's Richard II. may have been the play referred to in the state paper quoted above. To this the chief, if not the only objection is, that the one here spoken of is called an *old play*; whereby, however, we need understand no more than that the play had lost the charm of novelty; a thing which, considering the marvellous fertility of the time in dramatic productions, might well enough come about in the course of four or five years. And it is worth remarking withal that the players could afford to call the play an *old* one, since this gave them the chance of an extra forty shillings. So that, upon the whole, the objection in hand cannot pass for much. Our own judgment therefore is, though we claim nothing better than fragile probabilities for its basis, that Shakespeare's Richard II. was written before 1595; that it was the play referred to in the trial of Essex and his accomplices; and that for reasons of state the deposition-scene was withheld from the press till some time after the accession of James I., when all apprehensions on that score were done away.

The leading events, the manners, and all the persons of this drama, except the queen, its whole substance, movement, and interest, are purely historical, with only such heightening of effect, such vividness of colouring, and such vital invigoration as poetry can add without anywise marring or displacing the truth of history; the Poet having entirely forborne that noble freedom of art in representative character, which elsewhere issued in such everlasting delectations as Faulconbridge and Falstaff. For the materials of Richard II. Shakespeare need not have gone beyond the pages of Holinshed, and it is clear that he drew directly from this source. In the current of that writer's narrative, the quarrel of Bolingbroke and Mowbray strikes in so abruptly and unexpectedly, is so inexplicable in its origin and so teeming with great results, as to form naturally and of itself the beginning of the manifold national tragedy which ends only with the catastrophe of Richard III. The cause of that quarrel is hardly less obscure in the history than in the drama: it stands out almost as something uncaused, so that there was no need of going behind it; while at the same time it proves the germ of such a vast and varied procession of historical events and heroic passages, as to give it the highest importance. The following abstract of Holinshed's narrative will explain both the nature of the Poet's studies, and the use he made of them. His general obligations to the chronicler may be seen here: some of the particular ones will come along better in the form of notes.

For some years the violence and weakness of Richard's government had been filling the state more and more with strifes and factions. Of late these contests had mostly resulted in the king's setting himself above the law, his ear being engrossed by upstarts

and parasites, who still encouraged him in all sorts of outrages on the rights and liberties of the nation. At length his misgovernment grew to the point that all parties seemed likely to unite against him. In 1398, being the twenty-first year of his reign, the king held a Parliament at Shrewsbury, where sundry of the nobles showed their griefs to those by whom the king was misled, hoping that either they might thereby be induced to counsel him better, or else that he, knowing what evil report went of him, would mend his ways. But this likelihood of amendment was thwarted by a new quarrel that broke out between the dukes of Hereford and Norfolk, who had generally acted together in the preceding troubles. The issue proved that their confidence in each other had been but the seed-time of a most deadly enmity. During the Parliament at Shrewsbury Hereford accused Norfolk of certain disloyal words uttered in a talk lately had by them as they were riding together between London and Brainford; and, in further proof thereof, he challenged him to the field as a traitor to the king and the realm. The king, having heard the challenge and the reply, had both parties arrested in his name; whereupon the dukes of Lancaster, York, and Surrey undertook as pledges for Hereford; but Norfolk was not suffered to put in pledges, but order was given to have him safely kept at Windsor castle till such time as should be fixed upon for the trial.

The Parliament being dissolved, about six weeks after, on the day appointed, the king came to Windsor with the nobles and prelates, to hear and determine the cause between the two dukes. The appellant and defendant being sent for to come before him, he required them to grow to some agreement, assuring them of his readiness to pardon all that had been said or done amiss on either side; but they answered that it was not possible to have any peace or agreement betwixt them. The king then asked Hereford what it was that he demanded of Norfolk, and why they could not make peace together and become friends. Thereupon a knight stood forth and answered thus in Hereford's name: "Right dear and sovereign lord, here is Henry of Lancaster, duke of Hereford and earl of Derby, who saith, and I say for him, that Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, is a traitor to your royal majesty and your whole realm: likewise, that he hath received eight thousand nobles to pay the soldiers that keep your town of Calais, which he hath not done: furthermore, that he hath been the cause of all the treason contrived in your realm for the space of these eighteen years, and by his false suggestions and malicious counsels hath caused your uncle, the duke of Gloucester to be murdered: moreover, that he will prove this with his body against the body of Norfolk within the lists." The king then waxing angry, and asking Hereford if these were his words, he replied,— "Right dear lord, they are my words, and hereof I require right, and the battle against him." Then stood forth

another knight, and made answer for the defendant thus: "Right dear and sovereign lord, here is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, who saith, and I say for him, that all which Henry of Lancaster hath said is a lie, and that he both has been and is a traitor against you, your crown, majesty, and realm. This will I prove, as becometh a loyal knight, with my body against his." The king then asked Norfolk if these were his words, and whether he had any more to say; and he answered for himself: "Right dear sir, true it is, that I received so much gold to pay your people of Calais, which I have done; and I avouch that the town is as well kept now as it ever was before, and that no complaint of me has ever been brought to you by any of that town. For the voyage that I made to France about your marriage, I never received any money of you, nor for the voyage that the duke of Aumerle and I made to Almaine, where we spent great treasure. Marry, true it is, that I once laid an ambush to slay the duke of Lancaster, who sitteth there; but he hath pardoned me for that, and there was good peace made betwixt us, for which I yield him hearty thanks. This is my answer; and I am ready to defend myself against my adversary: I beseech you therefore to have the battle against him in upright judgment." Then the king, after taking the advice of his council, caused the parties to be asked again if they would agree and make peace together, but they both flatly refused, Hereford throwing down his gage, and Norfolk taking it up; whereupon the king swore by St. John the Baptist that he would never seek to make peace betwixt them again. The battle was ordered to take place at Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day, being the seventeenth of September, as some say, though writers differ much as to the time.

At the time appointed all the parties, in fine array and numerously attended, were at Coventry, where a sumptuous scaffold and royal lists were erected for the trial. The day before they should fight, Hereford came to the king to take leave of him; and early the next morning Norfolk did likewise. Hereford then armed himself in his tent, which was set up near the lists; but Norfolk put on his armour in a house between the gate and the barrier of the town. About the hour of prime Hereford made his appearance, mounted on a white courser, his trappings of green and blue velvet, richly embroidered with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work. The constable and marshal demanding of him who he was, he answered, "I am Henry of Lancaster, duke of Hereford, and have come to do my endeavour against Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, as a traitor to God, the king, his realm, and me." Then, having sworn upon the Evangelists that his quarrel was just, he put up his sword, drew down his visor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered the lists, dismounted, and sat down in a chair of green velvet, to wait the coming of his adversary. Soon after, the king entered the field in great triumph.

accompanied by all the peers of the realm, and having above ten thousand armed men on the ground, lest some fray or tumult should arise among the nobles. When the king was seated, he had proclamation made, forbidding any one to approach or touch the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order the field. Then another herald cried, — “Behold here the duke of Hereford appellant, who has entered the lists to do his endeavour against the duke of Norfolk defendant, on pain to be found false and recreant.” Meanwhile, Norfolk was hovering on horseback at the entrance of the lists, his caparisons being of crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees. Having made oath that his quarrel was just, he entered the lists manfully, saying aloud, “God aid him that hath the right:” then, dismounting, he sat down in his chair, which was of crimson velvet, curtained with white and red damask. The marshal, having viewed their spears to see that they were of equal length, handed one to Hereford, and sent the other to Norfolk by a knight; and thereupon a herald commanded them in the king’s behalf to mount, and address themselves to the battle. A trumpet being sounded, Hereford set forward bravely towards his enemy six or seven paces; but Norfolk had not fully started when the king threw down his warder to stop the combat. Their spears were then taken away from them, and they were remanded to their chairs, where they sat two hours, while the king and his counsel deliberated what order was best to be taken concerning them. The order finally hit upon was, that Hereford should within fifteen days go into exile, not to return upon pain of death till the end of ten years, unless he were repealed home by the king; and that Norfolk should likewise avoid the realm, and never return to England, nor approach the borders thereof on pain of death. This sentence being announced, the king called both parties before him, and made them swear they would never willingly meet nor keep company together in any foreign region; which oath they gave, and forthwith went into banishment.

These proceedings were soon followed by a further invasion of the rights and liberties of the people; the king growing more and more reckless in his misgovernment, and in giving effect to the counsels of his creatures and favourites. Meanwhile the duke of Lancaster having died, Richard forthwith seized into his own hands all his estates and revenues, which should have devolved to Hereford; and at the same time revoked the letters-patent before granted, whereby his attorneys might sue for the delivery of whatever possessions might fall to him, thus showing plainly that he meant no less than his utter undoing. Against this hard dealing all ranks of men cried out, and grew to a thorough hatred of the king. Hitherto the duke of York had borne things as patiently as he could, though some of them touched him very near, especially the death of his brother Gloucester, and the banishment of

his nephew : but now, seeing that neither law nor equity could stand where the king's will was bent on any wrong purpose, he considered that the glory of his country must needs decay through the king's lack of wisdom, and his want of such as would faithfully admonish him of his duty. Divers other tyrannical outrages followed in quick succession, such as the forcing of some to lend large sums of money, with no securities but what were revocable at the king's pleasure ; the compelling of others to put their hands and seals to blanks, wherein the king's officers might write whatsoever they listed : finally, many old, infirm, and sickly persons were apprehended and put in prison, and might not be discharged, unless they would justify themselves in single combat with their accusers, who for the most part were lusty, young, and valiant.

While such was the state of things in England, the king was certified that a flaming rebellion had broken out in Ireland. Having drawn together with all convenient haste a great power of armed men and archers, in the spring of 1399 he set sail from Milford for that country with two hundred ships, leaving his uncle the duke of York to act as regent in his absence. The duke of Au-merle was to have followed him forthwith with another fleet of an hundred sail ; but he did not arrive till about two months after : whether this delay were through his own fault or not, he was greatly suspected of some evil purpose in being so much behind his time. However, what with the valour and the policy of Richard and his men, the wild Irish were soon tamed and reduced to obedience. Meantime divers of the nobility and local magistrates in England, seeing how the realm drew to utter ruin, and was not likely to recover while Richard reigned, devised with great care to send letters to Hereford, promising him all their aid and power, if he would expel Richard, as a man unfit for the office he bore and take upon himself the government of his native land ; all which he was not slow in consenting to. As soon as York was apprised of these designs, he called a council to advise what were best to be done ; and their advice was to gather an army at St. Alban's, to resist the duke in his landing ; but how vain was this their counsel appeared in that the most of those who came boldly protested that they would not fight against the duke, whom they knew to be evilly dealt withal. Thereupon the earl of Wiltshire, who was lord treasurer, Bushy, Bagot, and Green, perceiving that the commons would take part with Hereford, slipped away, leaving the regent and the chancellor to make what shift they could : Bagot fled to Chester, and thence into Ireland ; the others to Bristol, hoping to be safe there. After hovering some time near the coast, and finding how the people were affected towards him, the duke landed about the first of July in Yorkshire, at a place called Ravenspurg, and with him not more than threescore persons ; but he was so well received by the lords, knights, and gentlemen of those parts, that a great number of people were quickly assembled

to further his cause. At Doncaster he met the earl of Northumberland and his son Henry Percy, to whom he swore that he would but claim the lands inherited from his father, and in right of his wife; promising, withal, that he would bring the king to good government, and remove from him the creatures who sustained him in his evil courses. Leaving Doncaster with a great army, he came with all speed by Evesham to Berkley; and within three days all the royal castles in those parts were surrendered to him. At Berkley he found the duke of York, who, all his plans of defence having failed, had gone thither to meet the king at his coming from Ireland. The next day he passed onward, still gathering power at every step, towards Bristol, where Wiltshire, Green, and Bushy prepared to make resistance; but in this they were soon defeated, taken prisoners, found guilty of treason, and forthwith beheaded.

All this while the king was detained in Ireland, the seas being so tempestuous and the winds so contrary that he could not even hear any news of what was doing in England; and when, after the lapse of six weeks, he understood how Hereford was carrying all before him, instead of setting forth at once, he still lingered till all his ships should be ready for the passage; but sent over the earl of Salisbury to gather a power in Wales and Cheshire with all possible speed, that they might be ready against his arrival. The earl, landing at Conway, sent forth letters to the king's friends, to levy their people, and come quickly to assist the king; which they did most willingly, insomuch that within four days an army of forty thousand men were ready to march with the king, if himself had been there in person. But, he not appearing, a report began to prevail that he was dead; which so wrought with the Welchmen and others that Salisbury could barely induce them to wait fourteen days, to see if he would come; and at the end of that time, he not coming, they dispersed and went home. A few days after, the king, with the bishop of Carlisle, the dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, Exeter, and others, landed near Barkloughly castle in Wales; and, learning how matters stood in England, he hastened on towards Conway, where Salisbury had been waiting for him. At first he went forward with good courage; but when he heard how all the castles were already in Hereford's hands, how the nobles and commons on all sides were fully bent to side with the duke against him, and how his trusty friends had lost their heads at Bristol, he became very sorrowful, and, utterly despairing of his own safety, he called his army together, and gave every man leave to go home. The soldiers besought him to be of good cheer, swearing to stand by him unto death; but this did not encourage him at all; and the following night he stole from the army with Carlisle, Surrey, Exeter, Sir Stephen Scroop, and a few others and went to Conway castle, where he found Salisbury, who was resolved to hold himself there, till he should see better times.

When the duke of Lancaster heard of the king's return, he hastened into Wales, and sent Northumberland to the king with four hundred lances and a thousand archers. The earl, having placed his men in ambush, pushed on with a small company to Conway, and by fair promises drew forth the king with a few attendants, and, before he suspected any danger, they were at the place where the ambush was laid; so that Richard was now entirely in his power, and there was no way but for him to go with them to Flint castle, which was already at Lancaster's disposal. The duke, being constantly informed of the earl's doings, came thither the next day, and mustered his army in sight of the king, who viewed them from the walls of the castle. Here again the earl was employed to manage affairs with the king. Finally the duke himself came to the castle, all armed, but stayed at the first gate, and sent for the king to come to an interview with him there; whereupon he came forth, with a few attendants, into the lower court of the castle, and sat down in a place prepared for him. As soon as the duke saw him, he showed a reverent duty, bowing his knee, and coming forward, till the king took him by the hand, and lifted him up, saying, — "Dear cousin, ye are welcome;" and he, humbly thanking him, said, — "My sovereign lord and king, the cause of my coming is to have restitution of my person, lands, and heritage, through your favourable license." To which the king answered, — "Dear cousin, I am ready to accomplish your will, so that you may enjoy all that is yours." Then, having drunk wine together, they mounted on horseback, and set out for London; whither they came after riding several days, the king not being even allowed all this while to change his apparel.

Shortly after, the duke sent out writs in the king's name for a Parliament which met September 13, 1399, at Westminster; whereupon many heinous acts of injustice and misgovernment, drawn up and digested into thirty-three articles, were charged upon the king. Then a committee of nobles, prelates, knights, and lawyers, being sent to Richard, got his hand to an instrument acknowledging his unfitness for the kingly office, resigning the crown and all belonging to it, and releasing all his subjects from their allegiance. The signature being given, Lancaster was then brought in presence, and the king, in token of what he had done, took the signet ring from his finger and put it on the duke's, and requested the bishops standing by to inform the Parliament of his voluntary resignation, and of the good will he bare towards his cousin of Lancaster, to have him for his successor in the throne. The instrument of resignation was afterwards accepted and ratified by both houses of Parliament; and finally a sentence was passed whereby Richard was solemnly deposed, and all men forbidden to pay him any kind of obedience. All which being done, the duke of Lancaster stood forth, and, after making the sign of the cross on his forehead and also on his breast, laid claim to the crown

"in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Afterwards a conspiracy against King Henry's life was devised mainly by the abbot of Westminster, he being moved thereto, as was reported, chiefly because he had heard the king say many years before, that princes had too little, and priests too much. The abbot, having felt the minds of divers lords, and found them apt for his purpose, among whom were Exeter, Surrey, Aumerle, Salisbury, and the bishop of Carlisle, had them to a feast at his house, where they arranged to hold a tournament at Oxford, to engage the king to be present, and then to slay him suddenly while he was busy with the pastime. An indenture to that effect was signed and sealed by them, whereby they stood bound to each other, and they swore upon the Evangelists to be true and secret even to the point of death. When all things were ready, Exeter went to the king, earnestly desiring him to grace the occasion with his presence; which he readily promised to do, as Exeter was his brother-in-law. Their purpose was to restore the crown to Richard, who was yet alive; but their plot was disclosed to King Henry through the folly or the treachery of Aumerle; and most of the conspirators soon lost their heads for their pains. The knowledge how great danger he had thus escaped doubtless rendered the king more anxious than ever to have Richard put out of the way. - How he was relieved from this anxiety soon after, will be found discussed in a note.

This dry skeleton will show that the Poet followed the chronicler very closely in the events of the drama. Holinshed had not the art, (as indeed what modern historian has?) nor did it fall within his purpose, to give a special lifelike portraiture of the persons: yet in respect of these Shakespeare is, to say the least, equally true to history as in the events; still informing the bald diagrams of humanity with vital spirit and efficacy, and thus enabling us not so much to hear or read *about* the men of a former age, as to see them passing before us. Hints to that purpose there are indeed in the narrative; but these for the most part are so slight, and withal so overlaid with other matter, that perhaps no eye but Shakespeare's could have detected them and drawn forth their secret meaning. So that, looking through his eyes, we can now see things in the chronicler that we could by no means have discerned with our own. Thus, by a sort of poetical comparative anatomy, from a few fragments, such as would have escaped any perception less apprehensive and quick than his, he could reconstruct the whole order and complexion of characteristic traits and lineaments. And, which is very remarkable, the laws of fact appear to sit as easy upon him as those of imagination: with the prescribed scope of an unchangeable past he has all the freedom of reason: within the hard stiff lines of historical truth his creative faculties are as unstraitened and uncramped, they move with as

much grace, facility, and spirit, as when owning no restraints but such as are self-imposed. Than which perhaps nothing could more forcibly approve the strength and rectitude of his genius. But then, in fact, his freedom here is much the same as in the world of pure fiction, because in either case it is the truth that makes him free.

It is probably on some such ground as this that Coleridge, speaking of *Richard II.*, says he "feels no hesitation in placing it as the first and most admirable of Shakespeare's historical plays." For in all the qualities of a work of art, as an exhibition of intense dramatic power working on predetermined materials, it is inferior to several others, and is nowise comparable to the two parts of *Henry IV.* So that it excels the others only in that the Poet's creative powers are here strictly confined to the work of reproduction; whereas in the others, and especially in *Henry IV.*, a part of their task lies in the producing of characters purely imaginary, though at the same time making them the vehicle of a larger moral history than would otherwise consist with the laws of dramatic reason and truth. And, indeed, it is in this sense that Coleridge himself assigns the first place to *Richard II.* And he rightly suggests that a drama is rendered historical, not merely by being made up of historical matter, but by the peculiar relation which that matter bears to the plot. For *Macbeth*, as was remarked in our Introduction to that play, has much of historical matter, yet is in no proper sense an historical drama, because the history neither forms nor directs, but only *suberves* the plot. Nor, on the other hand, does the having of much besides historical matter anywise hinder a drama from being properly historical: ideal events and characters do not at all change the nature of the work, provided they be made to serve the truth of history, instead of overruling it. Which brings us to the distinction between *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.* Both are in the strictest sense historical plays, the difference between them being that in the former the history makes the plot, but in the latter rather guides and controls it: in the one, history furnishes the whole matter and order of the work; in the other, it furnishes a part, and at the same time moulds and governs whatsoever is added by the creative imagination.

Of course Bolingbroke is the moving and controlling spirit of this play, the centre and spring-head of the entire action. Everything waits upon his firm-set, but noiseless potency of will, and is made alive with his most silent, all-pervading, inly-working efficacy of thought and purpose. For, though Richard be much the more prominent character, this is nowise as the mover of things, but only as the receiver of movements caused by another; the effects lighting upon him, while the worker of them is comparatively unseen and unheard. For the main peculiarity of Bolingbroke is that he looks solely to results, and, like a true artist and a skilful as he is, the better to secure these, he keeps his designs

and processes most carefully hidden : a thorough-paced politician, his policy, however is emphatically an art and he is far too deep and subtle therein to make use of any artifice ; his agency thus being so stealthy and invisible, his power flowing forth so secretly, that in whatsoever he does, the thing seems to have done itself to his hand, and himself to have had no part in bringing it to pass. How intense his enthusiasm, yet how perfect, and how imperturbable his coolness and composure ! so that we might almost ask, — “ Was ever breast contained so much, and made so little noise ? ” And then how pregnant and forcible, always, yet how calm and gentle, and at times how terrible his speech ! how easily and unconcernedly the words drop from him, and, therewithal, how pat and home they are to the persons for whom and the circumstances wherein they are spoken ! as if his eye burned itself a passage right straight to the heart of whomsoever he looked upon, and at the same time gave out the light whereby to read whatsoever was written there. To all which add a flaming thirst of power, a most aspiring and mounting ambition, and the result explains much of his character and fortune as developed in the subsequent plays wherein he figures. For the Poet keeps him the same man throughout. So that in this play we have, done to the life, though somewhat in miniature, what is afterwards drawn out and unfolded at full length, — the quick, keen sagacity, the firm steady, but easy self-control, moulding his whole action, and making every thing about him bend and converge to a set purpose ; — a character hard and cold indeed to the feelings, but written all over with success ; which has no impulsive gushes or starts, but all is study, forecast, design, and calm suiting of means to pre-appointed ends, every cord and muscle being subdued to the quality of his aim, and pliant to the working of his thought. And this perfect self-command is in great part the true secret of his strange power over others, making them almost as docile and pliant to his purpose as are the cords and muscles of his own body : so that, as the event proves, he grows great by their feeding, till he can compass food enough without their help, and, if they go to hinder him, can eat them up. The main points of his character are admirably put by Hazlitt, thus : “ Patient for occasion, and then steadily availing himself of it ; seeing his advantage afar off, but only seizing on it when he has it within his reach ; humble, crafty, bold, and aspiring, encroaching by regular but slow degrees, building power on opinion, and cementing opinion by power.”

With such an antagonist to ply him, it is no wonder that Richard's ricketty, unknit, jaunty nature soon goes to pieces. He is a man of large powers and good dispositions, but there is no concert, or composition, or reciprocity among them ; for which cause he acts in each of them by turns, but never in all of them together : will, understanding, imagination, and conscience are all strong and vigorous in him. yet somehow they never grow to cohesion

and unity, to be all in each and each in all; so that, though he often talks shrewdly and acts stoutly, yet he is never truly wise and strong in either. Hence, when he is stripped of power, and can no longer enact the tyrant, he forthwith turns philosopher, poet, and moralist, as if in revenge of his miscarriages as a prince, and to atone for his faults as a man. However, as soon as, in default of other resources, he betakes himself to these latter, whatever is excellent and amiable in his mind and character begins to come out, and henceforth he brings up wonderfully in our good opinion, insomuch that before the close we are fain to forget what he has done and been, and cannot choose but pity the misfortunes that have ennobled and endeared him; though we still have a strong undercurrent of suspicion that he is but flirting with the Muses and the Graces, to beguile the sense and memory of his follies and crimes; as men often fall to a special cherishing of virtuous thoughts and sentiments in order to delude themselves into a persuasion of their being the reverse of what their acts have proved them to be. At all events, his course yields shrewd argument that a sentimentalist is but a profligate without means, as faction is said to be tyranny out of office. Nevertheless, his redundancy of thought and fancy, though sometimes running into puerility and platitude, sheds a sort of perfusive and unifying eloquence over the whole play.

Coleridge seems to have dwelt with peculiar intentness on the character of Richard, and his statement thereof is proportionably apt and rich. "It is clear," says he, "that Shakespeare never meant to represent Richard as a vulgar debauchee, but a man with a wantonness of spirit in external show, a feminine *friendism*, an intensity of woman-like love of those immediately about him, and a mistaking of the delight of being loved by him for a love of him. The amiable part of his character is brought full upon us by the queen's few words, 'so sweet a guest as my sweet Richard;' and Shakespeare has carefully shown in him an intense love of his country, well knowing how that feeling would, in a pure historic drama, redeem him in the hearts of his audience. Yet even in this love there is something feminine and personal. With this is combined a constant overflow of emotions from a total incapability of controlling them, and thence a waste of that energy, which should have been reserved for actions, in the passion and effort of mere resolves and menaces. The consequence is moral exhaustion, and rapid alternations of unmanly despair and ungrounded hope, every feeling being abandoned for its direct opposite upon the pressure of external accident. And yet when his inward weakness appears to seek refuge in despair, and his exhaustion counterfeits repose, the old habit of kingliness, the effect of flatterers from his infancy, is ever and anon producing in him a sort of wordy courage which only serves to betray more clearly his internal impotence."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster.

HENRY OF BOLINGBROKE, his Son, Duke of Hereford

EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York.

EDWARD, his Son, Duke of Aumerle.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

THOMAS HOLLAND, Duke of Surrey.

JOHN MONTACUTE, Earl of Salisbury.

SIR JOHN BUSHY,

SIR WILLIAM BAGOT, } Creatures of the King.

SIR HENRY GREEN,

HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, his Son, surnamed **HOTSPUR**.

EARL BERKLEY. **LORD WILLOUGHBY**.

LORD FITZWATER. **LORD ROSS**.

THOMAS MERKS, Bishop of Carlisle.

THE ABBOT of Westminster.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

SIR PIERCE of Exton.

Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

ISABELLA, Queen to Richard the Second.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

A Lady attending the Queen.

Lords, **Heralds**, **Officers**, **Soldiers**, **Gardeners**, **Keeper**,
 Messenger, **Groom**, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King RICHARD, attended ; LANCASTER and other Nobles, with him.

Rich. OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,¹

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,²

¹ The duke of Lancaster was born in 1339 in the city of Ghent, Flanders, and hence called John of Gaunt. At the time referred to in the text, 1398, he was only fifty-eight years old. The language here applied to him is such as we should now hardly apply to a man under the age of eighty. At that time men were often married at fifteen, and were usually reckoned *old* at fifty ; and to reach the age of sixty was then as uncommon as it now is to reach fourscore. So much has been added to the average of human life by the ease, comfort, and art of modern times. Some years ago, the subject of judicial reform being in debate in the senate of New York, Mr. Verplanck referred to the passage in the text, and commented upon it as follows : "The mode of life of those steel-clad warriors, mixed of alternate hardships and wild excess, with little attention to cleanliness either in their persons or their dwellings, with the total absence of all tolerable surgical or medical skill, to relieve the most ordinary malady, or what would now be considered as a slight wound, broke them down at a comparatively early age. They were old men, 'time-honoured patriarchs,' at an age when a modern English barrister, or colonel, is often called 'a rising young man.' " H.

² *Band* and *bond* were anciently used in the same sense, both of them being from the verb to *bind*. — Of course Lancaster had on a former occasion pledged himself, had given his *oath* and *bond*, that his son should appear for combat at the time and place

Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son ;
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
 Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray !

Lan. I have, my liege.

Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
 If he appeal the duke on ancient malice ;
 Or worthily, as a good subject should,
 On some known ground of treachery in him ?

Lan. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
 On some apparent danger seen in him,
 Aim'd at your highness ; no inveterate malice.

Rich. Then call them to our presence : face to face,
 And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
 The accuser, and the accused, freely speak. —

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
 In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE³ and
 NORFOLK.*

Bol. May many years of happy days befall
 My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness ;
 Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
 Add an immortal title to your crown !

appointed. This was in accordance with ancient custom. Thus
 in the *Faerie Queene*, Book iv. can. 3, stan. 3 :

“ These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
 For Canacee with Cambell for to fight ;
 The day was set, that all might understand,
 And *pledges* pawnd the same to keepe aright.” H.

³ Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of John of Gaunt, was
 surnamed Bolingbroke from having been born at the town of that
 name in Lincolnshire.

Rich. We thank you both ; yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come ;⁴
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason. —
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Bol. First, Heaven be the record to my speech !
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence. —
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant ;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live ;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword
may prove.⁵

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal :
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this ;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,

⁴ That is, by the cause you come on. Shakespeare often omits the preposition in such cases.

⁵ That is, my sword drawn in a right or just cause.

Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled⁶ down his throat
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him;
 Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
 And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable⁷
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Meantime, let this defend my loyalty; —
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bol. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my
 gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;⁸
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
 If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise."

⁶ All the quartos have *doubled*; the first folio has *doubly*. H.

⁷ That is, *unhabitable*, or, as we should now say, *uninhabitable*; a strictly classical use of the word, which is from *in*, privative, and *habitabilis*. Mr. Collier quotes a like instance of the word from Heywood's *General History of Women*, 1624: "Where all the country was scorched by the heat of the sun, and the place almost *inhabitable* for the multitude of serpents." A case still more in point occurs in Holland's *Plutarch*: "Haply by the divine providence so ordering all, that some parts of the world should be *habitable*, others *inhabitable*, according to excessive cold, extreme heat, and a mean temperature of both." H.

⁸ So in the first quarto. All the other old editions have *a king*. But the speaker plainly refers to his present sovereign; so that *the* is manifestly right. H.

⁹ So in the first quarto. The second has, — "What I have

Nor. I take it up ; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's
charge ?

It must be great, that can inherit us ¹⁰
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bol. Look, what I speak, ¹¹ my life shall prove it
true ; —

That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers ;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments, ¹²
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove, —
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye, —
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,

spoke, or thou canst devise." The third and fourth, — " What I
have spoke, or *what* thou canst devise." The first folio, — " What
I have spoken, or thou canst devise." H.

¹⁰ Shakespeare sometimes uses *inherit* in the sense of *possess* ;
as in *The Tempest*, Act iv. sc. 1 : " The great globe itself, yea,
all which it *inherit*, shall dissolve." Thus, also, Spenser in his
Ruins of Time, verse 383 :

" To highest heaven, where now he doth *inherit*
All happinesse in Hebe's silver bowre." H.

¹¹ So the first quarto. The others have *said*. As Bolingbroke
apparently refers to what he is going to say, the present tense,
speak, seems more proper. H.

¹² *Lewd* was anciently much used in the sense of *knavish*, *wick-*
ed. Thus in *Holinshed* : " The breaking of an oath, in a case that
may prejudice, procureth greevous punishments from God against
them that so *lewdlie* doo offend." See *Much Ado about Nothing*,
Act v. sc. 1, note 25. H

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring
 Further, I say, — and further will maintain
 Upon his bad life to make all this good, —
 That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death; ¹³
 Suggest ¹⁴ his soon-believing adversaries,
 And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
 Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of
 blood :

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me for justice, ¹⁵ and rough chastisement;
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars! —
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

¹³ This was Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III., and of course uncle to Richard II. Fierce, turbulent, and distinguished for cruelty in an age of cruel men, he was arrested for treason in 1397, and his own nephews and brothers concurred in the judgment against him. Upon his arrest he was given into the keeping of Norfolk, who pretended to conduct him to the Tower; but when they reached the Thames, he put him on board a ship, took him to Calais, of which Norfolk was governor, and confined him in the castle. Being ordered to bring his prisoner before Parliament for trial, Norfolk answered that he could not produce the duke, for that, being in the king's prison at Calais, he had there died. Holinshed says "the king sent unto Thomas Mowbraie, to make the duke secretlie awaie." And he further relates, that when Norfolk deferred to execute this order, "the king conceived no small displeasure, and sware that it should cost him his life, if he quickly obeyed not his commandment. Being thus in a maner inforced, he called out the duke at midnight, as if he should have taken ship to passe over into England, and caused his servants to cast feather beds upon him, and so smother him to death, or otherwise to strangle him with towels, (as some write.)"

H.

¹⁴ That is, *prompt* them, set them on by injurious hints.

¹⁵ This "cries to *me* for justice" finely expresses the sly but stern audacity of Bolingbroke. It is a hint of terror to the King, and works all the more for being so cunningly done that he cannot or dare not resent it as such.

H.

Nor. O! let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,¹⁶
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears •
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,¹⁷
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou :
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers :
The other part reserv'd I by consent ;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :¹⁸

¹⁶ Reproach to his ancestry.

¹⁷ So in all the quartos ; in the folio, "*our* kingdom's heir."
H.

¹⁸ The earls of Nottingham and Rutland, with several other noblemen and a large retinue of knights and esquires, were sent over to France in 1395, to negotiate a marriage between their sovereign and Isabella, the daughter of the French king, then in her eighth year. The following year, 1396, "the ambassadors," says Holinshed, "went thither againe, and so after that the two kings by sending to and fro were growne to certaine points and covenants of agreement, the earl marshal," (Nottingham,) "by letters of procuracy, married the ladie Isabell in name of King Richard, so that from thencefoorth she was called queene of England. Amongst other covenants and articles of this marriage there was a truce accorded, to indure betwixt the two realms of England and France for the tearme of thirtie years." Richard's first wife, daughter of Charles IV., emperor of Germany, and known in history as "the good queen Anne," died at Shene in 1394, "to the

Now, swallow down that lie. — For Gloster's death,
 I slew him not ; but, to my own disgrace,
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.¹⁹ —
 For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul ;
 But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
 Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd,²⁰
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor ;
 Which in myself I boldly will defend,
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom .
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen,²¹ be rul'd by me.
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood :

great greefe of hir husband, who loved hir intirelie." — Nottingham and Rutland were made dukes of Norfolk and Albemarle, or Aumerle, about the time of Christmas, 1397. H.

¹⁹ This reads as if Norfolk considered it his sworn duty to slay Gloster, or, at least, to obey the king's order to that effect. But perhaps the "sworn duty," which he charges himself with neglecting, was to shield him from the violence of others. We have seen that he was reported to have caused the duke to be smothered ; but he always denied having any hand in his death. H.

²⁰ In the old language of trial by combat, to *appeal* was constantly used in the sense of to *charge* or *accuse*. H.

²¹ All the quartos have *gentleman*, in the singular, which Mr. Collier retains, on the ground that the king's speech is addressed to Norfolk alone. The first folio has *gentlemen* ; which is clearly right, since, as Mr. Dyce remarks, the words, "conclude, and be agreed," prove that the speech is addressed to both the lords alike.

H.

This we prescribe, though no physician;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision.²²
 Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
 Our doctors say this is no time to bleed.²³ —
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
 We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Lan. To be a make-peace shall become my age.
 Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Lan. When, Harry? when?²⁴
 Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is
 no boot.²⁵

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy
 foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
 The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;²⁶
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;

²² In Shakespeare's time the endings *ian* and *ion* were often used as two syllables. The *Faerie Queene* is full of cases in point. H.

²³ In the old almanacks the best times for blood-letting were set down. The earliest English almanack known was for 1336, and has those times carefully noted. H.

²⁴ *When* was sometimes used as an exclamation of impatience. We have it again in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. sc. 1: "Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, *when?*" — In all the old copies, the words "obedience bids," follow *when* in the same line, and are repeated in the next line. Which is evidently a mistake, *when* and *again* being meant to mark the two lines as a couplet. H.

²⁵ There is no *boot*, or it *booteth* not, is as much as to say there is no *help*, resistance would be vain, or *profitless*.

²⁶ *Baffled* in this place signifies abused, reviled, reproached in base terms; which was the ancient signification of the word, as well as to deceive or circumvent.

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

Rich. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage : — Lions make leopards tame.²⁷

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots : take but my
shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation : that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one :
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage : do you
begin.

Bol. O ! God defend my soul from such deep sin.²⁸
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear ;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit* LANCASTER.]

Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command :
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,

²⁷ There is an allusion here to the crest of Norfolk, which was a golden leopard.

²⁸ So in all the quartos : the folio has *Heaven* for *God*, and *foul* for *deep*. In the second line below, the first quarto and folio have *beggar-fear*, the other quartos *beggar-face*. H.

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day.
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate :
 Since we cannot atone you,²⁹ we shall see
 Justice design the victor's chivalry. —
 Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same.

A Room in LANCASTER's Palace.

Enter LANCASTER and Duchess of GLOSTER.

Lan. Alas ! the part ¹ I had in Gloster's blood
 Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
 To stir against the butchers of his life :
 But since correction lieth in those hands,
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
 Who, when they see ² the hours rine on earth,
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

²⁹ That is, cannot *reconcile* you, *at-one* you, or make you friends. This sense of the word survives in *atonement*. — *Design*, in the next line, bears the classical sense of to *mark* or *point out*. The propriety of the word lies in that *designator* was “ a marshal, or master of a play or prize, who appointed every one his place, and adjudged the victory.” H.

¹ That is, my consanguinity to Gloster. — All the quartos have “ *Woodstock's* blood,” which was changed to *Gloster's* in the first folio. He was called Thomas of Woodstock by the historians, till Richard II. created him earl of Buckingham, and then duke of Gloucester. H.

² So in all the old copies ; but generally changed to *he sees* in modern editions. Of course *who* and *they* refer to *heaven*, which is here used as a collective noun. — *Hours* in this line is a dissyllable. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i. sc. 2, note 3.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
 Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster, —
 One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root, —
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah ! Gaunt, his blood was thine : that bed, that womb,
 That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man ; and, though thou liv'st and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him : Thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.³
 Call it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair :
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we entitle patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Lan. God's is the quarrel ; for God's substitute,⁴

³ We have already seen that Shakespeare uses *model* with great license. Of course it here means, not the *model*, as we use the word, but that which is *modelled*, that is, the *image*. H.

⁴ So in the quartos : in the folio *God's* was in both cases changed to *Heaven's* ; doubtless on account of the statute against the irreverent use of the sacred Name. The same change was made in the first line of Lancaster's next speech, and in other places of this play H.

His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where, then, alas! may I complain myself? ⁵

Lan. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast;
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometime brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Lan. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more. — Grief boundeth
where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo! this is all: — nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him — O! what? —
With all good speed at Plashy ⁶ visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see,

⁵ To *complain* is here used as a verb active. It is a literal translation of the old French phrase, *me complaindre*.

⁶ Her house in Essex.

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,⁷
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
 And what hear⁸ there for welcome, but my groans?
 Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die:
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Excunt.*

SCENE III. Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a Throne. Herald, & c., attending.

Enter SURREY, as Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.¹

Sur. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

⁷ In the ancient English castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenterhooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. The *offices* were the rooms designed for keeping the various stores of provisions. They were always situate within the house, on the ground floor, and nearly adjoining each other. When dinner had been set on the board by the sewers, the proper officers attended in each of these offices. Sometimes, on occasions of great festivity, these offices were all thrown open to all comers to eat and drink at their pleasure. The duchess therefore laments that, in consequence of the murder of her husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end; the walls are unfurnished, the lodging rooms empty, and the *offices* unpeopled.

⁸ In all modern editions until Mr. Collier's this is printed *cheer*; following Malone, who says that the quarto of 1597 has *hear* and all the other old copies *cheer*. The truth is, they all have *hear*, thus leaving no authority for *cheer* but one of Malone's mistakes.
H.

¹ The official actors in this scene are thus spoken of by Holinshed: "The duke of Aumarle that daie, being high constable of Engiand, and the duke of Surrie marshall, placed themselves betwixt them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered the listes with a great companie of men appparelled in silk sendall, imbrodered with silver, both richlie and

Sur. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and
stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat
on the Throne; LANCASTER, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN,
and Others, who take their places. A Trumpet is
sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within.
Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a
Herald.

Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms :
Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Sur. In God's name, and the king's, say who
thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms :
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath ;
As so defend thee Heaven, and thy valour !

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk ;²

curiouslie, everie man having a tipped staffe to keep the field in order." — Aumerle was the oldest son of the duke of York, and was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. Norfolk was by inheritance earl marshal of England ; but, being one of the parties in the combat, of course he could not serve in that office. Surrey, who acted as marshal in his stead, was half-brother to the king, being the son of Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland. While serving in that office he is addressed as *Marshal*, or *Lord Marshal* : and in the old copies the prefix to his speeches is *Mar.* : for which cause the Poet has generally been thought to have made a slight mistake in representing the lord marshal on this occasion as another person than the duke of Surrey.

H.

The duke of Hereford, being the appellant, entered the lists first, according to the historians

Who hither come engaged by my oath,
 (Which God defend a knight should violate!)
 Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
 To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,³
 Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
 And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
 To prove him, in defending of myself,
 A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
 And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

*Trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour
 preceded by a Herald.*

Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms
 Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
 Thus plated in habiliments of war;
 And formally, according to our law,
 Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Sur. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st
 thou hither,
 Before King Richard in his royal lists?
 Against whom com'st thou, and what's thy quarrel?
 Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven!

Bol. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
 To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
 In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
 That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
 To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me:
 And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Sur. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
 Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
 Except the marshal, and such officers
 Appointed to direct these fair designs.

³ Norfolk's issue were in peril of attainder, so that he might fitly
 come for their sake, among other reasons. H.

Bol. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then, let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Sur. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Bol. O ! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear :
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight. --
[*To SUR.*] My loving lord, I take my leave of you ; -
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ; —
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo ! as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
[*To LAN.*] O thou ! the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,⁴

⁴ *Waren* and *waxy* were sometimes used in the sense of *soft*, *pliable*, *yielding*. Thus Bishop Hall, speaking of an inconstant person : " Finally, he is servile in imitation, *waxy* to perswasions,

And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Lan. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Bol. Mine innocence, and St. George to thrive!

Nor. However God, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary. —
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,⁵
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breast.

Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye. —
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Sur. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!⁶

witty to wrong himself, a guest in his own house, an ape of others,
and, in a word, any thing rather than himself." H.

⁵ To *jest*, in old language, sometimes signified *to play a part in a masque*. Thus in the old play of Hieronimo:

"He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*."

And accordingly a masque is performed.

⁶ So in the first quarto: in the other old copies *thy* right. H.

Bol. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

Sur. [*To an Officer.*] Go bear this lance to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray.
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Sur. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. — [*A Charge sounded.*
Stay; the king hath thrown his warder down.⁷

Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their
spears,
And both return back to their chairs again. —
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree. —
[*A long flourish.*

⁷ Thus in Holinshed: "The duke of Norfolk was not fullie set forward, when the king cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, Ho, ho." Likewise Daniel, relating the same thing in his Civil Wars:

"When, lo! the king chang'd suddenly his mind,
Casts down his warder, to arrest them there."

The *warder* was a kind of truncheon or staff used in presiding at such trials, and the combat was to *go on* or *stop*, according as the president threw this *up* or *down* H

[*To the Combatants.*] Draw near,
 And list, what with our council we have done.
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
 Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords
 And for we think the eagle-winged pride⁸
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 With rival-hating envy, set on you
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
 Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums
 With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood; —
 Therefore, we banish you our territories: —
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,⁹
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bol. Your will be done. This must my comfort be.
 That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
 And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
 The sly slow hours¹⁰ shall not determinate

⁸ This and the four noble lines following are not in the folio.
 H.

⁹ That is, *loss of life*; as we should still say, — “Your *life* shall be the penalty.” All the quartos have *life* both here and at the close of the king's next speech: the folio has *death* in the former, and *life* in the latter place.
 H.

¹⁰ So in all the old copies. Pope very unwarrantably changed *sly slow* to *fly-slow*, yet in his *Essay on Man* he has the line, —

The dateless limit of thy dear exile :
 The hopeless word of — never to return
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
 A dearer merit,¹¹ not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego ;
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp ;
 Or like a cunning instrument, cas'd up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips ;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my jailer to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now ;
 What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

Rich. It boots thee not to be so passionate :
 After our sentence plaining comes too late.

“ All *sly slow* things with circumspective eye.” Did he make the change in order to hide his unoriginality? Even this is a better excuse than those can allege, who have admitted his change. For the use of *dear* in the next line, see *Twelfth Night*, Act v. sc. 1, note 3. H.

¹¹ As Shakespeare has before used *model* for the thing *modelled*, that is, the *copy* ; so here he uses *merit* for the thing *merited*, that is, the *reward*. This interchange of the subjective and the objective is quite frequent with him, as in his use of *fears* for the *things* or *persons feared*. H.

¹² *Compassionate* is here used in the sense of *complaining*. No other instance of the word in this sense has been found.

Nor. [*Retiring.*] Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
To keep the oath that we administer :—
You never shall (so help you truth and God !)
Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
Nor never look upon each other's face ;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Bol. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Bol. Nowfolk, so far as to mine enemy ;¹³ —
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were traitor,

¹³ That is, "So far *I speak to you*, as to mine enemy," an elliptical way of speaking by no means uncommon. Ritson well observes that "Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend*." The old copies till the second folio read, — "So *fare* as to mine enemy ;" which Mr. Collier retains, explaining it to mean, — "So fare as I wish mine enemy to fare ;" "a mode of expression," says Mr. Dyce, "to which I apprehend, *no parallel exists in our early writers*." *Far*, being then commonly written *farre*, might easily be misprinted *fare*.

My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished, as from hence !
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue. —
Farewell, my liege : — Now no way can I stray :
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. — [*To BOLING.*] Six frozen win-
ters spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Bol. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word : Such is the breath of kings.

Lan. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile ;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night :
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Lan. But not a minute, king, that thou canst
give :

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow
Thou canst help Time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage :
Thy word is current with him for my death ;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave :¹⁴

Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower ?

Lan. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather

You would have bid me argue like a father.

O ! had it been a stranger, not my child,¹⁵

To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :

A partial slander¹⁶ sought I to avoid,

And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

Alas ! I look'd when some of you should say

I was too strict, to make mine own away ;

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,

Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

Rich. Cousin, farewell ; — and, uncle, bid him so :

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King and Train.*]

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not
know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Sur. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side.

Lan. O ! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Bol. I have too few to take my leave of you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal

To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Lan. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Bol. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Lan. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

Bol. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

Lan. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure

¹⁴ That is, thy tongue was party to the verdict given. H.

¹⁵ This and the three following lines are wanting in the folio. H

¹⁶ That is, the reproach of partiality.

Bol. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Lan. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

*Bol.*¹⁷ Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Lan. All places that the eye of heaven visits¹⁸
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.¹⁹
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king : woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

¹⁷ This speech and the next, down to "and sets it light," are unaccountably left out of the folio. H.

¹⁸ *The eye of heaven* seems to have been a favourite figure with poets for *the sun*. Thus in the *Faerie Queene*, Book i. can. 3, stan. 4 :

"From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside : Her angels face,
As *the great eye of heaven*, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace." H.

¹⁹ Shakespeare probably remembered Euphues' exhortation to Botonio to take his exile patiently : "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian ; but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accompt him banished, that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before ; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze ; where the same sunne and same moone shined : whereby he noted that *every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.*"

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence
 strew'd ;²⁰

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure, or a dance :
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Bol. O ! who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Lan. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy
 way :

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Bol. Then, England's ground, farewell : sweet
 soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.²¹

[*Exeunt.*

²⁰ That is, strew'd with rushes ; the strewings with which the king's *presence-chamber* was then usually carpeted. H.

²¹ The departure of the two dukes is thus recorded by Holin

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the King's Castle.

*Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ;
AUMERLE following.*

Rich. We did observe.¹ — Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so.
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were
shed ?

Aum. 'Faith, none for me ;² except the north-
east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted
with him ?

Aum. Farewell :

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,

shed : " The duke of Norfolke departed sorrowfullie out of the
realme into Almaine, and at the last came to Venice, where he
for thought and melancholie deceased. The duke of Hereford
tooke his jornie over into Calis, and from thence went into France,
where he remained. A woonder it was to see what number of
people ran after him in everie towne and street where he came,
before he tooke the sea, lamenting and bewailing his departure, as
who would saie, that when he departed the onelie shield, defense
and comfort of the commonwealth was vaded and gone." H.

¹ The king here addresses Green and Bagot, who, we may
suppose, have been talking to him of Bolingbroke's " courtship to
the common people," at the time of his departure. Yes, says
Richard, we did observe it.

² That is, none on my part. *For* is commonly changed to *by*
witho^t any authority till the second folio. H.

That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd
hours,

And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,³
With, "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these
thoughts.

Now, for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage⁴ must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers — with too great a court,

³ *Courtesying*, the act of reverence now confined to women, was anciently practised by men.

⁴ That is, *speedy arrangement*, or *expeditious conduct*. For this use of *expedient* see King John, Act ii. sc. 1, note 4. H.

And liberal largess — are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants ;⁵
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news ?

Bush. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my
lord,

Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

Rich. Where lies he ?

Bush. At Ely-house.

Rich. Now, put it, God, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately !
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars. —
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :
'Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late !

[*Exeunt.*

⁵ So in Holinshed : " The common brute ran, that the king had set to farme the realme of England unto Sir William Scroope earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Sir John Bushie, Sir William Bagot, and Sir Henrie Greene, knights." And again : " Manie blanke charters were devised, and brought into the citie, which manie of the substantiall and wealthie citizens were faine to seale, to their great charge, as in the end appeared. And the like charters were sent abroad into all shires within the realme, whereby great grudge and murmuring arose among the peop'e : for when they were so sealed, the king's officers wrote in the same what liked them, as well for charging the parties with paiement of mome, as otherwise."

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. Room in Ely-house.

LANCASTER *on a Couch*; the Duke of YORK¹ and
Others standing by him.

Lan. Will the king come, that I may breathe my
last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Lan. O! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in
vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in
pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose;²

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before.
The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets is sweetest, last,

Writ in remembrance, more than things long past.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

¹ Edmund duke of York was the fifth son of Edward III., and was born, in 1341, at Langley, near St. Albans; from whence he had his surname. He is described as being "of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business; easily prevailed upon to lie still, and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion."

² To insinuate, to lie, to flatter.

York. No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

As praises of his state ; then, there are found ³

Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound

The open ear of you ~~men~~ always listen ;

Report of fashions in proud Italy,⁴

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after, in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,

(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?

Then, all too late comes counsel to be heard,

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.⁵

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose :

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Lan. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd,

And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;

With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder :

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,

Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise ;

³ The first two quartos read, — “ As praises, of whose taste the wise are found ; ” which wants but a change of *found* to *fond*, to make excellent sense. The other two quartos and the folio have the line as it stands in the text. H.

⁴ The Poet has charged the times of Richard II. with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in his own time, and much lamented by the wisest of our ancestors.

⁵ In the Poet's time *wit* was continually used for *understanding*

This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against infection and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happy⁶ lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed,⁷ and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service, and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement, or pelting⁸ farm.
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death.

⁶ In all the old copies this word is printed *happier*. As the word was at that time always written *happie*, such a misprint might easily occur. H.

⁷ That is, by *reason of* their breed. The folio reads thus: "Fear'd by their breed, and famous *for* their birth."

⁸ Shakespeare has this word several times in the sense of *paltry*. See *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. sc. 2, note 9. This use of the word was not uncommon. Thus in Bishop Hall's *Contemplations*: "But for thee (Judas) to tender a trade of so invaluable a commodity to these *pelting petty* chapmen, for thirty poor silverlings, it was no less base than wicked." H.

Enter King RICHARD and Queen ; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

Rich. What comfort, man ? How is't with aged Gaunt ?

Lan. O, how that name befits my composition !
Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks ;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?⁹

Lan. No ; misery makes sport to mock itself :
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live ?

Lan. No, no ; men living flatter those that die.

⁹ In answer to the king's question Coleridge comments thus :
"Yes ! on a death bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and therefore as appropriately to the drama, as by gesticulations, looks, or tones. This belongs to human nature as such, independently of associations and habits from any particular rank of life or mode of employment." H.

Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter st me

Lan. O! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Lan. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd¹⁰ now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease;

But for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;¹¹

And —

Rich. And thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,¹²

¹⁰ *Possessed* is here used in two senses; the first meaning possessed of the crown, the other possessed with an evil spirit, that is, mad.

11.

¹¹ Thy legal state, that rank in the state and these large desmesnes, which the law gives thee, are now bond-slave to the law; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary pelt-ing farm that has been let on lease.

¹² So in the first folio: the quartos read thus:

“And thou —

Rich. — a lunatic lean-witted fool,” &c.;

Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence.
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Lan. O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son:
 'That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.
 My brother Gloster, plain well meaning soul,
 Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
 Join with the present sickness that I have,
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be! —
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
 Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens
 have; ¹³

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

thus making the king call *himself* "a lunatic lean-witted fool," —
 a thing which he manifestly has not learned, and does not mean to
 express. H.

¹³ Thus in Milton's *Colasterion*. "No, says he; let them *die*
of the sullens, and try who will pity them." And in Beaumont
 and Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*, Act iii. sc. 2: "Let women *die*
o'th' sullens too; 'tis natural; but be sure their daughters be of
 age first." These quotations were needless, but that a question
 has been raised whether it should not be *fulness* in the text. H.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him :
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, duke of Hereford, were he here.

Rich. Right ; you say true : as Hereford's love,
so his :
As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to
your majesty

Rich. What says he ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt
so !

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be : ¹⁴
So much for that. — Now for our Irish wars :
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns, ¹⁵
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, have privilege to live. ¹⁶
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us

¹⁴ That is, our pilgrimage *is yet to come*.

¹⁵ *Kerns* were Irish light-armed foot soldiers. For some account of them see *Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 2, note 2. Thus, also, in *Stanihurst's Description of Ireland*: "*Kerne* signifieth (as noble men of deepe judgment informed me) a *shower of hell*, because they are taken for no better than for rakehels, or the divels blackegard." And in 2 *Henry VI.*, Act iii. sc. 1, *York*, relating the adventures of *Cade* in Ireland, says, — "Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty *kerne*, hath he conversed with the enemy, and undiscover'd come to me again." H.

¹⁶ Alluding to the idea that no venomous reptiles live in Ireland

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage,¹⁷ nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. —
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;¹⁸
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French.
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

¹⁷ The matter referred to is thus related by Holinshed: "At his comming into France, King Charles received him gentlie, in so much that he had obtained in marriage the onelie daughter of the duke of Berrie, uncle to the French king, if King Richard had not beene a let in that matter, who, being thereof certified, sent the earle of Salisburie with all speed into France, both to surmize by untrue suggestion heinous offenses against him, and also to require the French king that in no wise he would suffer his cousine to be matched in mariage with him that was so manifest an offender." The honest historian justly adds, — "This was a pestilent kind of proceeding against that nobleman then being in a forren countrie."

¹⁸ That is, when he was of thy age.

Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

York. O ! my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd

Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,

The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?

Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?

Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?

Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time

His charters, and his customary rights ;

Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day ;

Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king,

But by fair sequence and succession ?

Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true !)

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

Call in the letters-patent that he hath

By his attorneys-general to sue

His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,¹⁹

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

Rich. Think what you will : we seize into our
hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

¹⁹ " On the death of every person who held by knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's ; but if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, that is *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him. To *deny his offer'd homage* was to refuse the homage by which he was to hold his lands." The *attorneys-general* here meant were not the officers of the crown, but Bolingbroke's own attorneys, authorized to represent him *generally*, according to the scope of the letters-patent.

York. I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell :

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell ;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight :
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow :
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well. —
Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*
[*Exeunt King, Queen, BUSHY, AUMERLE,*
GREEN, and BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too ; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great ; but it must break with
silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him ne'er
speak more,

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of
Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man :

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him ;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs
are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd ²⁰ with grievous
taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, ²¹ benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he
hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows.
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken
man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over
him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

²⁰ *Spoiled, plundered.* *Pillage* and *pilfer* are from the same original as *pill*. Thus Dr. South: "The Church is every one's prey, and the shepherds are *pilled* and *polled* and *fleeced* by none more than by their own flocks." H.

²¹ Stow records that Richard II. "compelled all the religious, gentlemen, and commons, to set their seales to *blankes*, to the end he might, if it pleased him, oppress them severally, or all at once."

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm :
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not,²² but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;
And unavoided is the danger now,²³
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so : even through the hollow eyes of
death,
I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou
dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland :
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus : — I have from Port le Blanc
a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry, duke of Hereford, Reignold Lord
Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,²⁴

²² *Strike* is here used in a nautical sense : to *strike* sail is to lower sail. H.

²³ *Unavoided* for *unavoidable*. H.

²⁴ The duke of Exeter was John Holland, brother to Surrey, and half-brother to the king. — Something appears to have been omitted here, as the person “that late broke from the duke of Exeter” was not Lord Cobham, but Thomas, son of the late earl of Arundel, who had been given into Exeter’s custody, and confined at his house. Hence modern editions generally, following Malone, insert a whole line after Cobham, thus : “The son of Richard earl of Arundel.” The matter is thus stated by Holinshed : “About the same time, the earle of Arundels sonne, named Thomas, which was kept in the duke of Exeter’s house, escaped out of the realme, by means of one William Scot mercer, and went to his uncle Thomas Arundell late archbishop of Canterburie, as then sojourning at Cullen.” And again : “He (Bolingbroke) being thus called upon by messengers and letters from his freends, and cheeflie through the earnest persuasion of Thomas Arundell,

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
 Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Fran-
 cis Quoint, —

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war.
 Are making hither with all due expedience,
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore .
 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.
 If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
 Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,²⁵
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg :
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them
 that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
 [*Exeunt*

late archbishop of Canterburie, who had been remooved from his see, and banished the realme, got him down to Britaine, and there were certeine ships rigged for him at a place called Le port blanc : and when all his provision was made readie he tooke the sea, together with the said archbishop, and his nephue Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell beheaded at the Tower hill. There were also with him Reginald lord Cobham, sir Thomas Erpingham, and sir Thomas Ramston, knights, John Norburie, Robert Waterton, & Francis Coint, esquires." H.

²⁵ When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called "to *imp* a hawk." It is often used metaphorically, as in this instance. The word is said to come from the Saxon *impan*, to graft, or inoculate. Milton has in one of his sonnets : "To *imp* their serpent wings."

SCENE II. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bush. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,¹
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did ; to please my
self,

I cannot do it : yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles : at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bush. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so :
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects :
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form :² so your sweet majesty,

¹ So in the first two quartos : in the third and fourth quartos *half-harming* : in the first folio *self-harming*. H.

² Of these *perspectives*, or *perspicils*, as they are sometimes called, there were various kinds in the Poet's time, and he has several references to them. See *Twelfth Night*, Act v. sc. I, note 11. We have known sign-boards so arranged, that if the observer stood to the right he would see one name distinctly ; if to the left, another ; if directly in front, a confusion of the two. Something of the same sort seems referred to in the text : "*ey'd awry*," that is, seen from one side, the form was truly distinguished ; "*rightly gaz'd upon*," that is, viewed directly, or from the front, it "*showed*

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
 Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail;
 Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
 More than your lord's departure weep not: more's
 not seen;

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
 Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
 Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
 I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
 As, — though, in thinking, on no thought I think,³ —
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

nothing but confusion." Another kind of perspective is thus mentioned in *Humane Industry*, 1651: "A picture of the chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look at it through a *perspective*, there appeared only a single *pourtraiture* of the chancellor." Of course this was "an instrument, a glass, to look or see through;" like that mentioned by Hackluyt, — "A *perspective* glass, whereby was showed many strange sights;" or in Jonson's *Staple of News*, Act i. sc. 1, — "Bring all your helps and *perspicils*, to see me at best advantage, and augment my form as I come forth." H.

³ Meaning no more, apparently, than that in her musing she can fix her thought upon nothing. — The old copies, except the first quarto, read, — "As though *on* thinking on no thought I think;" which seems very like nonsense. The first quarto has *thought for though*, which is still worse. Johnson changed the first *on* to *in*, which is probably the best that can be done with it. — This unaccountable depression of spirits, which who has not sometime felt? is thus commented on by Coleridge: "Mark in this scene Shakespeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terræ incognitæ* of presentiments, in the human mind; and how sharp a line of distinction he commonly draws between these obscure forecastings of general experience in each individual, and the vulgar errors of mere tradition. Indeed, it may be taken once for all as the truth, that Shakespeare, in the absolute universality of his genius, always reverences whatever arises out of our moral nature; he never profanes his muse with a contemptuous reasoning away of the genuine and general, however unaccountable, feelings of mankind." H.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief ; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve : ⁴
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
But what it is, that is not yet known ; what
I cannot name : 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty ! — and well met,
gentlemen. —

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so ? 'tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope ;
Then, wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

⁴ The meaning seems to be, that either nothing has caused her grief, or else there really is somewhat in the nothing she grieves about. — *Conceit*, in this and the preceding speeches, means *conception*. — The queen *possesses* her grief in *reversion*, as something which, though really hers, she has no right to claim, or actually hold, till the happening of the event that is to cause it. — This mysterious oppressive foreboding of evil is transferred by Danier to the king, just before the coming of Exton to murder him. The resemblance is such as would naturally arise from taking the thought by the ear, and rendering it in words and images of his own.

“ Whether the soul receives intelligence
By her near genius of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend ;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear :
However, so it is ; the now sad king
Feels a strange weight of sorrow gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground ;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering ;
Lists not to eat ; still muses ; sleeps unsound ;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick ;
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.”

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his
power,⁵
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid !

Green. Ah ! madam, 'tis too true : and that is
worse,
The lord Northumberland, his son, young Henry
Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bush. Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-
berland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors ? ⁶

Green. We have : whereupon the earl of Worces-
ter
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bush. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me !
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,

⁵ *Retir'd*, that is, drawn it back ; a French sense.

⁶ So in the quartos of 1597 and 1598, and in the folio of 1623
the quartos of 1608 and 1615 have *revolting* for *revolted*. The
last two quartos and the folio also omit *all*. H.

A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck
O! full of caretul business are his looks. —
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts;⁷
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself. —
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was? — Why, so! — go all which way
it will! —

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side. —
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound: — —
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came the duchess died.

⁷ This line is in all the quartos, but not in the folio.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
'The king had cut off my head with my brother's.⁸—
What! are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say:⁹ pray, pardon
me.—

[*To the Serv.*] Go, fellow, get thee home; provide
some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If I know how, or which way, to order these affairs

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:

The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend; the other, again,

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll

Dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your
men,

And meet me presently at Berkley.¹⁰

⁸ The Poet may have confounded the death of Arundel, who was *beheaded*, with that of Gloucester, who was said to have been *smothered*.—In the next line the first quarto has *no* posts; the other quartos, *two* posts; the folio, simply *posts*. H.

⁹ This is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen, his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.

¹⁰ So in all the quartos: the folio adds *castle*.—We have already (in sc. 1, note 1 of this act) given some account of York, as known in history. Coleridge thus remarks upon the Poet's delineation of him: "There is scarcely any thing in Shakespeare in its degree more admirably drawn than York's character;—his religious fealty struggling with a deep grief and indignation at

I should to Plashy too,
But time will not permit. — All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and Queen.*]

Bush. The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bag. And that's the wavering commons ; for their
love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol
castle :

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you ; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces. —
Will you go along with us ?

Bag. No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

the king's follies ; his adherence to his word and faith, once given, in spite of all, even the most natural, feelings. You see in him the weakness of old age, and the overwhelmingness of circumstances, for a time surmounting his sense of duty, — the junction of both exhibited in his boldness in words and feebleness in immediate act ; and then again his effort to retrieve himself in abstract loyalty, even at the heavy price of the loss of his son. This species of accidental and adventitious weakness is brought into parallel with Richard's continually increasing energy of thought, and as constantly diminishing power of acting ; — and thus it is Richard that breathes a harmony and a relation into all the characters of the play."

Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bush. That's as York thrives to beat back Bol-
ingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly. --
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.¹¹

Bush. Well, we may meet again.

Bag. I fear me, never.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Wilds in Glostershire.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with
Forces.*

Bol. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords

¹¹ We give the arrangement here of all the quartos. The folio assigns this line to Bushy, and the following speech to Green. H.

Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Bol. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever. —
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Per. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Per. No, my good lord: he hath forsook the
court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Per. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then, with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,
boy?

Per. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now: this is the
duke.

Per. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Bol. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends ;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley ? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war ?

Per. There stands the castle, by yond' tuft of
trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard ;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-
mour ;
None else of name, and noble estimate

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Wil-
loughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Bol. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pur-
sues
A banish'd traitor : all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble
lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Bol. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to
you.

Bol. My lord, my answer is — to Lancaster,¹
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my
meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out :² —
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will)
From the most gracious regent of this land,³
The duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,⁴
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Bol. I shall not need transport my words by you.
Here comes his grace in person. — My noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy
knee,
Whose duty is deceivable⁵ and false.

Bol. My gracious uncle! —

York. Tut, tut! grace me no grace, nor uncle
me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace,"
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

¹ That is, my answer is *to a message addressed to Lancaster.*
H.

² "How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memory was damned, I could show at large." — *Camden's Remaines.*

³ So the first quarto: the other old copies change *gracious* to *glorious*, and omit *regent.*
H.

⁴ Time of the king's absence.

⁵ *Deceptive or deceitful.* See *Twelfth Night* Act iv. sc. 3, note 2
H.

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground ?
But, then, more why,⁶ — why have they dar'd to
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised⁷ arms ?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;
O ! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault.

Bol. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault .
On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree ;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason :
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Bol. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :⁸

⁶ That is, *still more*. — So in the first quarto ; the other old copies have, " But more then why." H.

⁷ Perhaps Shakespeare here uses *despised* for *hated* or *hateful*. He has the word again in a singular sense in *Othello*, Act i. sc. 1, where Brabantio exclaims upon the loss of his daughter : " What's to come of my *despised* time is nought but bitterness." It has been suggested that "*despised* is used to denote the general contempt in which the British held the French forces."

⁸ *Indifferent* is *impartial*. The instances of this use of the word among the Poet's contemporaries are very numerous. Thus

You are my father, for, methinks, in you
 I see old Gaunt alive : O ! then, my father,
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
 A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
 To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?
 If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs,⁹ and chase them to the bay.
 I am denied to sue my livery here,
 And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
 My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law : Attorneys are denied me,
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
 abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon¹⁰ to do him
 right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made
 great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you
 this :

Baret's Alvearie : "*Aequus judex*, a just and indifferent judge ;
 nothing partial."

⁹ *Wrongs* is probably here used for *wrongers*.

¹⁰ Thus Baret, "The heyre is bound ; the heyre ought, or it
 is the heyre's part to defend ; *it standeth him upon* ; or is in his
 charge. *Incumbit defensio mortis hæredi.*" Likewise in Hooker's
 Answer to Travers, § 20 : "The weightier the cause, the more it
 stood him upon to take good heed that nothing were rashly done
 or spoken in it"

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right ;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, — it may not be ;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming in
But for his own : and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left ;
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Bol. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle ; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you ; — but yet
I'll pause,
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are :
Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.¹ A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, and a Welch Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: Farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman:
The king repositeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,²
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,

¹ Johnson thought this scene had been by some accident transposed, and that it should stand as the *second* scene in the *third* act.

² Thus Holinshed: "In this yeare (1399) in a manner throughout all the realme of England, *old baie trees withered*, and afterwards, contrarie to all men's thinking, grew greene againe, a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknowne event." It appears from Lupton's Booke of Notable Things that this was esteemed ominous: "Neyther falling sickness, neyther devyll, wyll infest or hurt one in that place where a *bay tree* is. The Romaines call it the plant of the good angel." — These prodigies are thus set forth by Daniel, Civil Wars, Book i. stan. 113–14:

"Whilst in this wide-spread volume of the skies,
The book of Providence, disclosed stood
Warnings of wrath, foregoing miseries,
In lines of fire, and characters of blood;
There fearful forms in dreadful flames arise,
Amazing comets, threatning monarchs might,
And new-seen stars, unknown unto the night:
Red fiery dragons in the air do fly,
And burning meteors, pointed streaming lights;
Bright stars in midst of day appear in sky
Prodigious monsters, ghastly fearful sights "

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other, to enjoy by rage and war :
 These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.³
 Farewell : our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead. [*Exit*
Sal. Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mind
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest :
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I. BOLINGBROKE's Camp at Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
 PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS : BUSHY and GREEN,
prisoners.

Bol. Bring forth these men. —
 Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls,
 Since presently your souls must part your bodies,
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 'twere no charity ; yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,

³ So in the first quarto : the other old copies have merely " the death of kings," omitting *or fall*. H.

By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean :
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, — a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me, —
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks,¹ and fell'd my forest woods ;
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress,² leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,
'To show the world I am a gentleman.
'This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. — See them deliver'd
over

To execution and the hand of death.

¹ To *dispark* signifies to divest a park of its name and character, by destroying the enclosures, and the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood) and the beasts of the chase therein ; laying it open.

² The *impress* was a device or motto. When coloured glass was in use, it was common for a man to have his coat of arms annealed in his windows ; and Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1588, says, — “ The arms of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed or set.” — The mode of degrading a false knight is thus set forth in the *Faerie Queene*, Book v. can. 3, stan. 37, showing how Sir Artegall's iron page, Talus, served Braggadochio :

“ First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent ;
Then from him rest his sheld, and it renverst,
And blotted out his armes with falsehood blent ;
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst ;
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.”

Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England. — Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our
souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Bol. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd. [*Exeunt NORTH. and Others, with BUSHY and GREEN.*]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house ;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated :³
Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Bol. Thanks, gentle uncle. — Come, lords, away
To fight with Glendower and his complices :
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

Flourish : Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, the Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly castle call you¹ this at hand ?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace
the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

Rich. Needs must I like it well : I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again. —
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

³ *Entreat* was often used in the sense of *treat*.

H.

¹ The quarto of 1597 reads *they* ; all the other old copies *you*.

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :
 As a long-parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting,
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. —
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.²

Car. Fear not, my lord : that Power that made
 you king

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
 The means that Heaven yields must be embrac'd,³
 And not neglected ; else, if Heaven would,
 And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse,
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;

² So the first two quartos ; the other old copies, "*rebellious* arms." H.

³ This and the three following lines are wanting in the folio. Such an omission must evidently render the next speech very unapt. And at the end of Aumerle's speech all the quartos have "*great in substance, and in power ;*" the folio has *friends for power*. Also, in the third line of the king's speech following, the old copies read "*that lights the lower world.*" The appropriate change of *that* to *and* was made by Johnson. H.

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance, and in power

Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;⁴
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes.⁵
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

⁴ The first quarto reads "*bouldy* here," which was probably a misprint for *bouldly*, the old spelling of *boldly*. The other old copies read "*bloody* here," which is retained in all modern editions. Mr. Dyce says, — "With such authority for *boldly*, I indeed wonder that modern editors should have retained *bloody*. Nothing can be plainer than that *boldly* is put in opposition to *trembling* in the last line of this glorious passage." H.

⁵ The folio wants this line. And six lines below, the quartos read "can wash the balm off from" *Off* is rightly left out in the folio H.

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the
right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
'Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men.
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welchmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace
so pale?

Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty!⁶ thou sleep'st.

⁶ So in the folio: in all the quartos "*coward* majesty." It may be fairly questioned which is the better word; but, on the whole, we prefer *sluggard*, as seeming to cohere better with "*thou sleep'st*." And as the two words differ so much that neither could well have been mistaken for the other, we may suppose the change to have been made by the Poet himself. Also, in the next line the quartos have "*twenty* thousand," which was altered in the folio to *forty*

Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?
Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. — Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king : are we not high ?
High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here ?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my
liege,

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd :
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care ;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care ?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so :
Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;
They break their faith to God, as well as us :
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty ; and boys, with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :

The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
 Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;⁷
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
 Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so
 ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?
 What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?
 That they have let the dangerous enemy
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed,
 my lord.

Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemp-
 tion !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
 heart !

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !
 Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence !⁸

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
 Again uncure their souls ; their peace is made
 With heads, and not with hands : those whom you
 curse

⁷ *Yew* is called *double-fatal*, because of the poisonous quality of the leaves, and on account of the wood being used for instruments of death. It has been supposed that *yews* were anciently planted in churchyards not only to defend the church from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows* ; while their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to the cattle in that sacred enclosure.

⁸ *Offence*, wanting in all the quartos, was added in the first folio probably to complete the measure.

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd⁹ in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire
dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their
heads.

Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his
power?

Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man
speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so, — for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model¹⁰ of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;¹¹
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: — for within the hollow crown,

⁹ The verb is not peculiar to Shakespeare. George Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, makes the duke of Suffolk say, — "And my hedles body, vouchsafe to se it *graved*." — In the preceding fine the folio has *hand* instead of *wound*, the reading of all the quartos, and apt for the rhyme. H.

¹⁰ A *small model*, or *module*, for they were the same in Shakespeare's time, seems to mean in this place a *small portion* or *quantity*. It is a Latinism from "*modulus*, the *measure* or *quantity* of a thing."

¹¹ An elliptical way of speaking, not unfrequent with the Poet of course meaning "the ghosts of those they have depos'd." H.

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,¹²
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell, king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want,
 Taste grief, need friends: — Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me — I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their
 woes,¹³

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.¹⁴
 Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:

¹² Thus in 1 Henry VI., Act iv. sc. 7: "Thou *antic*, *death*, which laugh'st us here to scorn." This choice image is thought to have been suggested to the Poet by some fine emblematic wood cuts called *Imagines Mortis*, a fac-simile of which has been given by Douce in his book entitled *The Dance of Death*. Death is there represented taking off an emperor's crown, not keeping his court in it: so that it could at most but have *suggested*, not *furnished*, the image in the text. H.

¹³ So in the quartos: the folio omits *and sit*, and inserts *present* before *woes*. There can be little doubt as to which is the best reading. H.

¹⁴ This line is wanting in the folio. — The meaning of the second line after apparently is, that to *die fighting* is to return the evil that we suffer. H.

And fight and die is death destroying death ;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power ; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well. — Proud Boling
broke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague-fit of fear is overblown :

An easy task it is to win our own. —

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day ;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
'To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken . —
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke ;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

Rich. Thou hast said enough. —
[*To AUMERLE.*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst
lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.¹⁵
Go to Flint castle : there I'll pine away ;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

¹⁵ : This sentiment," says Johnson, "is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts, which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer."

That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
 To ear ¹⁶ the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none — Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
 From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE and
 Forces ; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.*

Bol. So that by this intelligence we learn,
 The Welchmen are dispers'd ; and Salisbury
 Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
 With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord :
 Richard not far from hence hath hid his head

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland
 To say King Richard : — Alack, the heavy day !
 When such a sacred king should hide his head

North. Your grace mistakes ; only to be brief,
 Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
 Would you have been so brief with him, he would
 Have been so brief with you to shorten you,
 For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

¹⁶ To ear the land is to till it, to plough it ; from the Saxon. So
 In All's Well that Ends Well : " He that ears my land, spares my
 team."

Bol. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,

Lest you mistake : The heavens are o'er our heads

Bol. I know it, uncle ; and oppose not
Myself against their will. — But who comes here ?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry : What ! will not this castle yield ?

Per. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bol. Royally ? Why, it contains no king.

Per. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king : King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond' lime and stone ;
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury
Sir Stephen Scroop ; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence ; who, I cannot learn.

North. O ! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Bol. [*To NORTH.*] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person ; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted :
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen •
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. —

[NORTH. *advances to the Castle,
with a Trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the castle's tatter'd battlements¹
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock²
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him. —
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*A Parley sounded, and answered by another Trumpet
within. Flourish. Enter on the Walls King
RICHARD, the Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE,
SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.³

¹ That is, "*ragged* battlements." — The first two quartos have *totter'd*, the other old copies *totter'd*. Modern editions generally retain *totter'd*, explaining it to mean *tottering*, the passive for the active. But Mr. Collier observes that in the old writers *tattered* was commonly spelt *tottered*. See King John, Act v. sc. 5, note 1

H.

² So in the first quarto: all the other old copies have *smoke* for *shock*.

H.

³ In all the old copies, quarto and folio, *this* and the five pre-

York. Yet looks he like a king : behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty : Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show !

Rich. [*To NORTH.*] We are amaz'd ; and thus
long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends ;
Yet know, my Master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he stands,)
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war ;⁴

ceding lines are printed as a part of Bolingbroke's speech. In modern editions generally, they are run in with the following speech, and the whole is assigned to York, on the ground that the six lines in question were "erroneously given to Bolingbroke in the old copies." How this was known to be an error, hath not been told us : which being the case, we see not how we can do better than stick to the *authorized* arrangement. H.

⁴ The common explanation of this line is, that Shakespeare uses *testament* in its legal sense ; and that Bolingbroke is come to

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face;^b
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the
 king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said;
 His coming hither hath no further scope,
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

open the testament of war, that he may see what is there written in his favour. But Mr. Whiter, in his *Specimen of a Commentary*, quotes a similar line from the old play, *Jeronimo*, — “Then I unclasp the purple *leaves* of war;” and he adds, — “Whatever be the *direct* meaning of the words in question, I am persuaded that the idea of a book with a purple covering suggested this combination of words to the mind of our Poet.” H.

^b That is, England's flowery face, the flowery surface of England. The same mode of expression is used in Sidney's *Arcadia* — “Opening the cherry of her lips,” that is, her cherry lips

Rich. Northumberland, say, — thus the king returns :

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends. —

[*NORTHUM. retires to BOLING.*

[*To AUMERLE.*] We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, good my lord let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

Rich. O God ! O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond' proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth.⁶ O ! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name ;
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

Rich. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?

The king shall do it : Must he be depos'd ?

⁶ *Sooth* is *sweet*, as well as *true*. Here it means *sweetness* or *softness*. Thus to *soothe* still means to calm and sweeten the mind

The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel⁷ for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,⁸ where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And, buried once, why not upon my head? —
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin! —
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus; — to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well? — Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me. —
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

⁷ Richard's expense in regard to dress was very extraordinary.
'He had one coate which he caused to be made for him of gold
and stones, valued at 3000 marks.' — *Holinshed*.

⁸ That is, some way of frequent resort, a common course; as,
at present, a road of much traffic, frequent resort.

North. My lord, in the base court⁹ he doth attend
To speak with you : may't please you to come down ?

Rich. Down, down, I come ; like glistering Phaeton,
[*NORTH. returns to BOLING.*

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court ? Come down ? Down, court !
down, king !

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should
sing. [Exeunt, from above.

Bol. What says his majesty ?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man :
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Attendants, below

Bol. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty. —
My gracious lord, — [Kneeling.

Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
'Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [Touching his Crown] although
your knee be low.

Bol. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bol. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

⁹ That is, the *lower court* of the castle. Thus in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey : " My lord being advertised that the duke was coming, even at hand, he caused all his gentlemen to wait upon him down through the hall into the *base court* "

Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve
to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Bol. Yea, my good lord.

Rich. Then I must not say, no.¹⁰
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Langley. The Duke of YORK's Garden.

Enter the QUEEN, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full
of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.¹

¹⁰ The following is given by Stowe from the manuscript of a person who was present: "The duke, with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the king's horses; and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth: the king was set on one, and the earle of Salisburie on the other; and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Gloucester's sonne (that loved him but little, for he had put their father to death), who led him straight to the castle."

¹ The *bias* was a weight inserted in one side of a bowl, which gave it a particular inclination in rolling. See King John, Act ii sc. 2, note 22.

1 *Lady*. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 *Lady*. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy? ²

1 *Lady*. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain

1 *Lady*. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou
weep.

1 *Lady*. I could weep, madam, would it do you
good.

Queen. And I could sing,³ would weeping do me
good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees. —
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.⁴

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

² All the old copies read "of sorrow or of *grief*." Pope made the alteration, and the context fully warrants it.

³ That is, if tears could heal my sorrow, I have already wept so much that I should be able to sing, and so need no tears of thine.

All the old copies have *sing*, which Pope changed to *weep*, and the change has been generally adopted. The fine logic of the passage was evidently unperceived or unregarded. H.

⁴ The Poet supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a king

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs. —
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government. —
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

I Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd,⁵ and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

I Serv. What! are they dead?

dom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending.

⁵ The regular, symmetrical beds of a garden were called *knots* Thus in Milton's description of Eden:

“Flowers worthy Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon
Pour'd forth.”

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
 Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. — O ! what pity is it,
 That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
 As we this garden. We at time of year
 Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
 Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,⁶
 With too much riches it confound itself :
 Had he done so to great and growing men,
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
 Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches⁷
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
 Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
 down.

1 *Serv.* What ! think you, then, the king shall
 be depos'd ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd,
 Tis doubt, he will be : letters came last night
 To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. [*Coming forward.*] O ! I am press'd to
 death, through want of speaking.⁸

So the first quarto ; the other old copies have "*with* sap and blood." The second *we* in two lines before is wanting in all the old copies, but is evidently required by the sense. H.

⁷ So in all the quartos : the 1632 folio inserts *all* before *superfluous*. The *pause* seems better in itself than the word, besides having better authority. — Three lines after, the folio has "*waste and idle hours.*" — Coleridge thus comments on this charming scene : " See here the skill and judgment of our Poet in giving reality and individual life, by the introduction of accidents in his historic plays, and thereby making them dramas, and not histories. How beautiful an islet of repose — a melancholy repose indeed — is this scene with the Gardener and his Servant ! And how truly affecting and realizing is the very horse Barbary, in the scene with the Groom in the last act ! " H.

⁸ Malone's explanation of this passage is probably right. " The Poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine forte et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons who, being arraigned

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this un-
pleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd,
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. — Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's king in woe. —
What! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke? —
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
'Pray God, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no
worse,

refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressea*
to death by a heavy weight laid on their stomach" H.

I would my skill were subject to thy curse. —
 Here did she fall⁹ a tear; here, in this place,
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:¹⁰
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall.¹

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne;
 the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.
 Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTH-
 UMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord,
 the Bishop of CARLISLE, the Abbot of WESTMIN-
 STER, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.*

Bol. Call forth Bagot. —

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
 What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
 Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
 The bloody office of his timeless end.²

Bag. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

⁹ So in the first quarto: the other old copies have *drop* instead of *fall*. Shakespeare often uses *fall* transitively; as in *Othello*, Act iv. sc. 1: "Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile." And in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act v. sc. 1: "And, as she fled, her mantle she did *fall*." H.

¹⁰ *Rue* was often called *herb of grace*, and sometimes *herbgrace* for brevity. See *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 3, note 5. H.

¹ The rebuilding of Westminster Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.

² That is, untimely.

Bol. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bag. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say, — "Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?"

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding, withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble iords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,³
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips. —
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Bol. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,⁴

³ Poetry, and even common speech, still retains traces of the old notion that men's fortunes were signified or governed by the stars under which they were born, the fairest and brightest stars belonging to the rich and great. H.

⁴ That is, on equality of blood or rank. By the old laws of chivalry a man was not bound to fight with an adversary of lower rank, because a nobler life might not be staked in duel against a baser. — *Sympathy* being an affection incident at once to two

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
 By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
 If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
 In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
 And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
 To prove it on thee to the extremest point
 Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
 And never brandish more revengeful steel
 Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like,⁵ forsworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
 As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
 From sun to sun.⁶ There is my honour's pawn:
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

subjects, implies likeness or equality of nature; and hence the Poet transferred the term to equality of blood.

⁵ That is, I lay upon the earth the weight of my challenge. To *task the earth* seems to have been a sort of flash phrase for throwing down a gage. Steevens quoted a line in illustration from Warner's *Albion's England*, 1586: "Lo! here my gage, (he *terr'd* his glove,) thou know'st the victor's meed." The first quarto has *task*, the others *take*. — This speech and the next are wanting in the folio. H.

⁶ That is, from sunrise to sunset. So in *Cymbeline*:

"*Imo.* How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?"

Pisa. One score 'twixt *sun and sun*,
 Madam 's enough for you, and too much too."

Aum. Who sets me else ? by Heaven, I'll throw
at all :

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Sur. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true : you were in presence then ;
And you can witness with me this is true.

Sur. As false, by Heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Sur. Dishonourable boy !

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof there is my honour's pawn :
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse !
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction. —
As I intend to thrive in this new world,⁷
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Bol. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,

⁷ That is, in this world, where I have just begun to be an actor
Surrey has just called him *boy*.

And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories. When he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.⁸

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen. —
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy, and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,

⁸ The matter of this scene is given by Holinshed in substance thus: There was much ado in this parliament about the murder of the late duke of Gloucester. Sir William Bagot, then a prisoner in the Tower, disclosed many secrets to which he was privy; and, being brought to the bar, he testified that touching Gloucester's death there was no man to whom King Richard was so much beholden as to Aumerle, for that he had specially set his hand to fulfil the king's pleasure therein: besides, that he had heard Aumerle say he had rather than twenty thousand pounds that Hereford were dead; not for any fear he had of him, but for the trouble he was like to cause in the realm. Thereupon Aumerle rose up and said that the things alleged touching himself were utterly false, as he would prove with his body in whatever manner should be thought fit. A few days later Lord Fitzwater rose up and said, that whereas Aumerle had excused himself of Gloucester's death, he was in truth the very cause of it; and he then threw down his hood as a gage to prove it with his body. And twenty other lords threw down their hoods as pledges to prove the same. Then Aumerle threw down his hood to try it against Fitzwater, as having lied in that he had charged him with. The duke of Surrey also stood up, affirming that what Fitzwater had said was false; and therewith he threw down his hood. Then, it having been alleged on Norfolk's authority that Aumerle had sent two of his servants to Calais to murder Gloucester, Aumerle said that if Norfolk affirm it, he lied, at the same time throwing down another hood which he borrowed. All these gages were delivered to the constable and marshal, and the parties put under arrest. Some while after, Fitzwater prayed to have a time and place appointed for his appeal against Aumerle; and the king said he would send for Norfolk to return, and at his coming the matter should be tried. There the quarrel rested, it being known soon after that Norfolk had died in exile. H.

And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Bol. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.⁹

Bol. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the
bosom

Of good old Abraham! — Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:

Ascend his throne, descending now from him, —
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Bol. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid! —

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
'Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard: then, true nobless¹⁰ would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,

⁹ So in the first quarto: the other old copies have *sure* for *surely*. H.

¹⁰ That is, *nobleness*. The word was common in the Poet's time. The first quarto has *nobless*, the other old copies *nobleness* H.

His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present ? O ! forbend it,¹¹ God
 That in a Christian climate souls refin'd
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king ;
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,

¹¹ So in all the quartos : the folio has *forbid*. Knight prefers *forfend* for the strange reason that it is "the less common word." — The Bishop's speech, as given by Holinshed, is too good to be omitted : "The bishop of Carleill, a man both learned, wise, and stout of stomach, boldlie shewed foorth his opinion ; affirming that there was none amongst them woorthie or meet to give judgment upon so noble a prince as King Richard was, whom they had taken for their sovreigne and liege lord, by the space of two and twentie yeares and more. And I assure you, said he, there is not so rank a traitor, nor so errant a thief, nor yet so cruell a murtherer apprehended or deteined in prison for his offense, but he shall be brought before the justice to heare his judgment ; and will ye proceed to the judgment of an anointed king, hearing neither his answer nor excuse ? And therefore I say, that you have done manifest wrong, to proceed in anie thing against King Richard, without calling him openlie to his answer and defense." — Daniel's Civil Wars has two or three expressions so similar to some in this speech of the brave bishop's as fairly to infer an obligation between the authors one way or the other. Thus in the first stanza of the poem : "Whilst *kin their kin*, brother the brother so ls." And in what he makes the bishop say on the same occasion :

"Never shall this poor breath of mine consent
 That he that two-and-twenty years hath reign'd
 As lawful lord, and king by just descent.
 Should here be judg'd, unheard and unarraign'd ;
 By subjects too, (judges incompetent
 To judge their king, unlawfully detain'd,)
 And unbrought-forth to plead his guiltless cause ;
 Barring the Anointed liberty of laws."

And future ages groan for this foul act :
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound ;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
 O ! if you raise ¹² this house against this house,
 It will the wofullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest children's children cry against you — woe !

North. Well have you argu'd, sir ; and, for your
 pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here. —

My lord of Westminster, be it your charge

To keep him safely till his day of trial.¹³

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.¹⁴

Bol. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 He may surrender : so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit*

Bol. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer. —
 [*To CARLISLE.*] Little are we beholding to your love,
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

¹² All the quartos have *raise* ; the folio *rear*. H.

¹³ So in Holinshed : " As soone as the bishop had ended his tale,
 he was attached by the earle marshall, and committed to ward in
 the abbey of saint Albons." H.

¹⁴ This line and what follows, nearly to the end of the scene,
 were first inserted in the third quarto, 1608, forming the " new ad-
 ditions " mentioned in the title-page. — In the quartos the next
 speech is printed as a part of Northumberland's speech. It was
 first assigned to Bolingbroke in the folio of 1623, which is evidently
 right. H

Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.

Rich. Alack ! why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs :¹⁵
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
'The favours¹⁶ of these men : Were they not mine ?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail ! to me ?
So Judas did to Christ : but He, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one ; I, in twelve thousand,
none.

God save the king ! — Will no man say amen ?
Am I both priest and clerk ? well, then, amen.
God save the king ! although I be not he ;
And yet, amen, if Heaven do think him me. —
To do what service am I sent for hither ?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer ;
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

Rich. Give me the crown. — Here, cousin, seize
the crown :

On this side my hand, and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
'That owes¹⁷ two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water :
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my grief, whilst yor mount up on high

¹⁵ So in the quartos ; in the folio *knee*.

¹⁶ Countenances, features

¹⁷ Owns.

Bol. I thought you had been willing to resign

Rich. My crown, I am ; but still my griefs are mine :

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Bol. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done ;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won :
The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Bol. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

Rich. Ay, no ; — no, ay ; — for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself : —
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart :
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,¹⁸
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duties, rites :¹⁹
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee !

¹⁸ The oil of his anointing. He has before said, — “ Not all the water of the rough rude sea can wash the *balm* from an ancient king.”

¹⁹ So in the quartos : in the folio “ *all duteous oaths.*” The using of *oaths* here will hardly agree with what he says just after, — “ God pardon all *oaths* that are broke to me !” Five lines below the quartos read, — “ God keep all vows unbroke *that swear* to thee ;” which was justly changed to *are made* in the folio. H.

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days ! —
What more remains ?

North. [*Offering a paper.*] No more, but that you
read

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them ? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself, —
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch : read o'er these articles.

Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see ;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort ²⁰ of traitors here.

²⁰ That is, *set. company*, or *pack* ; a not uncommon use of the word in Shakespeare's time. Thus in *The Faerie Queene*, Book vi. can. 9, stan. 5

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest ;
 For I have given here my soul's consent,
 To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
 Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave ;
 Proud majesty a subject ; state a peasant.

North. My lord, —

Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught,²¹ insulting
 man,

Nor no man's lord : I have no name, no title,
 No, not that name was given me at the font,
 But 'tis usurp'd. — Alack, the heavy day !
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself.
 O ! that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops. —
 Good king, — great king, — and yet not greatly good,
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Bol. Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.
[Exit an Attendant.]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth
 come.

Rich. Fiend ! thou torment'st me ere I come to
 hell.

Bol. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

“ There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,
 He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes
 Playing on pypes and caroling apace.” H.

²¹ *Haught* was often used by the old writers both in prose and verse for *haughty*. Milton has it in his version of the eightieth Psalm : “ And drovest out nations proud and *haut*.” W

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's — myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read. —
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? — O, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? ²² Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink? ²³
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last outfac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the Glass against the ground.]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers. —
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, —
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

²² Richard's prodigality is thus described by Holinshed: "He kept the greatest port, and maintained the most plentiful house that ever any king in England did either before his time or since. For there resorted dailie to his court above ten thousand persons that had meat and drinke there allowed them. In his kitchen were three hundred servitors, and everie other office was furnished after the like rate. Of ladies, chamberers, and landerers, there were above three hundred at the least. And in gorgious and costlie apparell they exceeded all measure; not one of them that kept within the bounds of his degree. Yeomen and groomes were clothed in silkes, with cloth of graine and skarlet, over sumptuous ye may be sure for their estates." H.

²³ This line and the four preceding words, "was this the face," were added in the folio. H.

Bol. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

Rich.

Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Bol.

Name it, fair cousin.

Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king;
For when I was a king my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Bol. Yet ask.

Rich. And shall I have?

Bol. You shall.

Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Bol. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bol. Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.

Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you
all,²⁴

'That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt* RICHARD and Guard.

²⁴ *Convey* and its derivatives were often used with reference to cheats, jugglers, thieves, and pickpockets. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. sc. 3, Ancient Pistol reproves his fellow Nym for using *steal*: "*Convey*, the wise it call: *Steal*! foh! a

Bol. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, CARLISLE,
and AUMERLE.*

Abb. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come : the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot ?

Abb. My lord, before I freely speak my mind
herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears :

Come home with me to supper ; I will lay

A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. London.

A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come : this is the
way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,¹

fico for the phrase ! ” — The next line finishes the “ new additions ”
that first appeared in the quarto of 1608. H.

¹ Tradition assigns the building of the most ancient part of the

To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD and Guards.

But soft! but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. --
Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map² of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,³
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother,⁴ sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:

Tower to Julius Cæsar. It is here called *ill-erected*, because erected for ill purposes: thus referred to by Gray:

“Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.” H.

² *Model* anciently signified, according to the dictionaries, “the platform or form of any thing.” And *map* is used for *picture*. In *The Rape of Lucrece* Shakespeare calls sleep “the *map* of death.”

³ *Inn* does not probably here mean a house of public entertainment, but a *dwelling* or *lodging* generally; in which sense the word was anciently used.

⁴ *Sworn brother* alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who in the age of adventure bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and
mind

Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thy intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit⁵ their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,⁶
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd.
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower. —

⁵ To *requite* their mournful stories.

⁶ So in all the quartos: in the folio "*fall* of me." The superiority of *tale* is evident.

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you :
With all swift speed you must away to France.

Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption : Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all ;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;
That fear to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part ; for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd ! — Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife. —
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made. —
Part us, Northumberland : I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;
My wife to France ; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas,⁷ or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided ? must we part ?

Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart
from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

*North.*⁸ That were some love, but little policy.

⁷ Hallowmas is All-Saints Day, the first of November

⁸ The quartos give this speech to the king.

Queen Then whither he goes, thither let me go
Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;
Better far off, than — near, be ne'er the near'.⁹
Go ; count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans

Queen. So, longest way shall have the longest
moans.

Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way
being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part :
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good
part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[*They kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay :
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same.

A Room in the Duke of YORK's Palace

*Enter YORK and the Duchess.*¹

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the
rest,

⁹ That is, "never the nearer." His meaning seems to be, — Since we must be separated, better have much space between us than little. So, we shall be less likely to brood over our loss. H.

The first wife of Edmund, duke of York, was Isabella, daugh-

When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried — “ God save thee, Boling-
broke ! ”

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once, —
“ Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke ! ”
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus, — “ I thank you, countrymen : ”
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard ! where rode he the
while ?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes

ter of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon. He married her in 1372, and had by her the duke of Aumerle, and all his other children. In introducing her the Poet has departed widely from history ; for she died in 1394, four or five years before the events related in the present play. After her death York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had three other husbands.

Did scowl on gentle Richard :² no man cried, God
save him ;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off, —
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience, —
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.³
But Heaven hath a hand in these events ;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

² So in all the quartos : in the folio *gentle* is wanting. H.

³ “ The painting of this description,” says Dryden, “ is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it in any other language.” Daniel’s description of the same event has some passages so good, that it seems but just to produce them here :

“ And look how Thames, enrich’d with many a flood,
Glides on with pomp of waters, unwithstood,
Unto the ocean, which his tribute craves ;
So flock the mighty, with their following train,
Unto the all-receiving Bolingbroke,
Who wonders at himself, how he should gain
So many hearts as now his party took.
And manifold confusion, running, greets,
Shouts, cries, claps hands, thrusts, strives, and presses ne .
Houses impoverish’d were t’enrich the streets,
And streets left naked, that, unhappy, were
Plac’d from the sight where joy with wonder meets.
He that in glory of his fortune sat,
Admiring what he thought could never be,
Did feel his blood within salute his state,
And lift up his rejoicing soul, to see
So many hearts and hands congratulate
The advancement of his long-desir’d degree ;
When, prodigal of thanks, in passing by
He resalutes them all with cheerful eye.
Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on
The unregarded king ; that drooping went
Alone, and, but for spite, scarce look’d upon :
Judge, if he did more envy or lament.”

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was ;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend ;
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.⁴
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets
now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of
time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and tri-
umphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy
bosom? ⁵

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me:

⁴ "The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter were deprived of their dukedoms by an act of Henry's first parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon." — *Holinshed*.

⁵ The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment appendant to them.

It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see
I fear, I fear, —

Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a
bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. —
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not
show it.

York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason! foul treason! — villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? Saddle my
horse.

God for His mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my
horse: —

Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace! foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace: — What is the matter,
son?

Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. — Poor boy, thou art amaz'd :

Hence, villain ! never more come in my sight. —

[*Exit Servant.*]

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons, or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here hath ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none,

We'll keep him here : Then, what is that to him ?

York. Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times My son, I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou would'st be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind : thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son.

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :

He is as like thee as a man may be ;

Not like to me, nor any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman ! [*Exit.*]

Duch. After, Aumerle ! mount thee upon his horse ;

Spur, post, and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind : though I be old.

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York ;
 And never will I rise up from the ground,
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee : Away !
 Begone.⁶ [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Windsor. A Room in the Castle

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King ; PERCY, and other Lords.

Bol. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son ?
 'Tis full three months since I did see him last :
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
 I would to God, my lords, he might be found :
 Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions ;

⁶ In the events of this fine scene the Poet follows the narrative of Holinshed very closely, save in the part of the Duchess ; a breach of history that is amply justified by the addition of spirit and interest which it is made to yield : " The earle of Rutland, departing from Westminster to see his father, as he sat at dinner, had his counterpane of the indenture of the confederacie in his bosome. The father, espieing it, would needs see what it was ; and though the sonne humblie denied to shew it, the father, being more earnest to see it, by force tooke it out of his bosome ; and, perceiving the contents thereof, in a great rage caused his horsse to be saddled out of hand, and, spitefullie reprooving his sonne of treason, for whom he was become suretie in open parlement, he incontinentlie mounted on horssebacke to ride towards Windsore to the king, to declare unto him the malicious intent of his complices. The earle of Rutland, seeing in what danger he stood, tooke his horsse and rode another waie to Windsore in post, so that he got thither before his father ; and when he was alighted at the castell gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saieing that he must needs deliver the keies to the king. When he came before the king's presence, he kneeled down, beseeching him of mercie and forgiveness, and, declaring the whole matter unto him, obtained pardon. Therewith came his father, and, being let in, delivered the indenture which he had taken from his sonne, unto the king."

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Per. My lord, some two days since I saw the
prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Bol. And what said the gallant?

Per. His answer was, — he would unto the stews,
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Bol. As dissolute as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth.¹ But who comes here?

¹ So in the first quarto, and in the folio. The other quartos have “some *sparkles* of a better hope;” which, though greatly inferior in force and spirit, is generally retained in modern editions, — partly, perhaps, to avoid a verse of twelve syllables, than which scarce any irregularity is more common with the Poet. — This reference to Prince Hal of Eastcheap memory, though quite unwarranted by historical fact, serves very happily to link the present play on to the one that follows. Prince Henry was but twelve years old when his father took the crown; so that what is here said of him could not be true. We learn from Holinshed that Richard took the prince along with him to Ireland, “and here for some valiant act that he did, or some other favourable respect which the king bare to the lord Henrie, sonne to the duke of Hereford, he made him knight.” And afterwards, when he learned “how the duke of Lancaster was landed in England, and that the lords, gentlemen, and commons assembled themselves to take his part, he forthwith caused the lord Henrie, sonne to the said duke of Lancaster, and the lord Humfrie, sonne to the duke of Gloucester, to be shut up fast in the castell of Trimme.” And again, that in the first parliament summoned by Bolingbroke, “the lord Henrie, the king’s eldest sonne, claimed to beare before the king the principall sword called Curtana, and had his sute granted;” and that, being “alreadie created prince of Wales, duke of Cornwall, and earle of Chester, he was also instituted duke of Aquitaine.”

Enter AUMERLE, in great haste.

Aum. Where is the king ?

Bol. What means our cousin, that he stares
And looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your
majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Bol. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
alone. — [*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*]
What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. [*Kneeling.*] For ever may my knees grow
to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Bol. Intended, or committed, was this fault ?
If on the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Bol. Have thy desire. [*AUMERLE locks the door.*]

York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware ! look to thy-
self :

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Bol. [*Drawing.*] Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengful hand : thou hast no cause
to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy
king :

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face ?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*]

Enter YORK.

Bol. What is the matter, uncle ? speak ;

Recover breath : tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise
past :

I do repent me ; read not my name there :
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it
down. —

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king :
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Bol. O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy! —
O, loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer,² immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.³

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

² To *shear* is to *cut*, to *separate* : hence the adjective naturally came to mean *severed from any mixture or alloy*, that is, *pure* ; and in this sense it was often used by the old writers. Thus in Spenser we meet with such phrases as "Pactolus with his waters *shere*," and "having viewed in a fountaine *shere* his face." H.

³ To *digress* is to deviate from what is right or regular. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. sc. 2, note 8.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho ! my liege ! for God's sake let me in.

Bol. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king ; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door ;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Bol. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."⁴
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in :
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound ;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king ! believe not this hard-hearted man .
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here ?⁵

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. — [*Kneeling.*]
Hear me, gentle liege.

Bol. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech :
For ever will I walk⁶ upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

⁴ The old ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid is here alluded to. The reader may find it in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. sc. 2, note 7

⁵ That is, what dost thou *do* here ?

⁶ So in the quartos ; in the folio *kneel*.

Aum. [*Kneeling.*] Unto my mother's prayers, I
bend my knee.

York. [*Kneeling.*] Against them both, my true
joints bended be.

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace ! ⁷

Duch. Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his face ;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest ;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast ;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside :
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do outpray his ; then, let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Bol. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say — stand up ;
But, pardon first, and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now ;
Say — pardon, king ; let pity teach thee how :
The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king : say, *pardonnez*
moi. ⁸

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?
Ah ! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word !
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land :

⁷ This line is not in the folio.

⁸ That is, *excuse me* ; a polite way of denying a suit. Johnson says, — "The whole passage is such as I could well wish away" And so say we.

The chopping French⁹ we do not understand.
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there ;
 Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
 That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce
 Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Bol. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Bol. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee !
 Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;
 Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
 But makes one pardon strong.

Bol. I pardon him with all my heart.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Bol. But for our trusty brother-in-law,¹⁰ and the
 abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels. —
 Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell, — and cousin too, adieu :¹¹
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son : — I pray God make
 thee new. [*Exeunt.*

⁹ That is, the *changing* or changeable French. Thus "*chopping churches*" is *changing* one church for another ; and *chopping logic* is discoursing or *interchanging* logic with another. To *chop* and *change* is still a common idiom.

¹⁰ The brother-in-law meant was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon, half-brother to Richard II., who had married the Lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.

¹¹ *Too*, which is not in the old copies, was added by Theobald for the sake of the metre.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir PIERCE of Exton, and a Servant.

Ext. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
he spake? —

“Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?”
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Ext. “Have I no friend?” quoth he: he spake
it twice,

And urg’d it twice together, did he not?

Serv. He did.

Ext. And, speaking it, he wistly look’d on me;¹
As who should say, — I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let’s go:
I am the king’s friend, and will rid² his foe.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ The first two quartos have *wishtly*, which is generally changed to *wistfully* in modern editions. The other quartos and the folio have *wistly*, which Mr. Dyce says “is undoubtedly the right reading.” The word is from *wis*, to know, to understand. — Here, again, Daniel’s poem has some resemblances closer than could well have been altogether accidental:

“But yet complains so far, that men might deem
He would ’twere done, and that he thought it good;
And wish’d that some would so his life esteem,
As rid him of those fears wherein he stood:
And therewith eyes a knight that then was by
Who soon could learn his lesson by his eye.
The man, he knew, was one that willingly
For one good look would hazard soul and all,
An instrument for any villainy,
That needed no commission more at all.”

H

² To *rid* and to *despatch* were formerly synonymous. Thus Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1576: “To *ridde* or *dispatche* himself of any man.” — “To *dispatche* or *ridde* one quickly”

SCENE V.

Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King RICHARD.

Rich I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world :
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it. — Yet I'll hammer't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
My soul, the father ; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world ;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word :¹
As thus, — “ Come, little ones ; ” and then again, —
“ It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.”
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,

¹ So in all the quartos : the folio has *faith* for *word*. Of course *the word* means Holy Writ. — And three lines after, the folio omits *small* before *needle's eye*, which is the reading of all the quartos. See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 2, note 16. H.

That many have, and others must sit there :
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,²
And none contented : Sometimes am I king ;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am : Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king ;
Then am I king'd again : and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. — But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. — Music do I hear ? [*Music*
Ha, ha ! keep time : — How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check ³ time broke in a disorder'd string ;
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock :
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.⁴

² This is the reading of the first quarto, alluding, perhaps, to the custom of our early theatres. The title-pages of some of our Moralities show that three or four characters were frequently represented by *one person*. All the other old copies read “in one prison.”

³ So in all the quartos ; in the folio *hear*.

H.

⁴ There are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz., by the swinging of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the king severally

Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours; — but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock.⁵
 This music mads me: let it sound no more;
 For, though it hath holpe madmen to their wits,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch⁶ in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

Rich. Thanks, noble peer;⁷

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
 That brings me food to make misfortune live?

alludes; his sighs corresponding to the *jarring* or ticking of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial-plate, or *outward watch*, to which the king compares his eyes; and the want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, and his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the *dial's point*: his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.

⁵ In Shakespeare's time clocks had miniature automaton to strike the hour. This *Jack of the clock*, as it was called, is often referred to by the old writers. H.

⁶ *Brooch*, an ornamented buckle, and also a jewel in general, were figuratively used for *ornament*.

⁷ The humour of the royal sufferer, as shown in this sprightly retort, is very gentle and graceful. See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. sc. 9, note 7. Boswell thinks there is some allusion intended to the pieces of coin called *royal* and *noble*. In this passage with the Groom there is enough to prove that Bolingbroke has *not* "depos'd his intellect:" if his mind be too much framed and filled with moral and sentimental embroidery, here are such flashes of manhood as secure him both our sympathy and our respect. H.

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
York,

With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O! how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.⁸

Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.⁹

⁸ This delightful stroke of art is altogether original with the Poet. Froissart, however, has a story, which Shakespeare may have seen in Lord Berner's translation, about a favourite greyhound of Richard's, "who was wont to leape upon the king, but left the king and came to the erle of Derby, duke of Lancastre, and made to him the same frendly countenance and chere as he was wont to do to the king." Steevens, referring to the passage of Roan Barbary, calls that of the greyhound *a yet more silly tale*. O, thou pleniloquent George! spare us thy scorn. H.

⁹ *Jauncing* is *hard riding*, from the old French word *jancer*, which Cotgrave explains "To stir a horse in the stable till he sweat withal"

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. [*To the Groom.*] Fellow, give place : here is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, wil't please you to fall to ?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not : Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee !

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats him.*

Keep. Help, help, help !

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

Rich. How now ! what means death in this rude assault ?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another ; then EXTON strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. — Exton, thy fierce
hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own
land.

Mount, mount, my soul ; thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies*

Ext. As full of valour as of royal blood :
Both have I spilt ! O, 'would the deed were good

For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear :—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.¹⁰

[*Exeunt.*

¹⁰ This whole representation of Richard's death is according to Holinshed. The oldest authority for it is in Caxton's additions to Hygden's Polychronicon, and in a manuscript in the Royal Library of Paris. The story is now pretty much exploded ; but it was generally believed in the Poet's time, which belief was reason enough why he should follow it. There are two other accounts that are thought to be more deserving of credit than this ; the one representing him to have died of voluntary, the other of compulsory starvation. Holinshed notices both of these, and gives the following from Thomas of Walsingham, who was living at the time : " When he heard that the complots and attempts of such his favourers, as sought his restitution and their owne advancement, were annihilated, and the cheefe agents shamefullie executed, he took such conceit at these misfortunes, and was so beaten out of hart, that wilfullie he starved himselfe, and so died in Pomfret castell on S. Valentines daie ; a happie daie for him, for it was the beginning of his ease, and the ending of his paine." We subjoin the account as it stands in Holinshed. " King Henrie, sitting on a daie at his table, said, ' Have I no faithfull freend which will deliver me of him whose life will be my death ? ' This saieng was much noted of them which were present, and especiallie of one called sir Piers of Exton. This knight incontinentlie departed with eight strong persons in his companie, and came to Pomfret, commanding the esquier that was accustomed to take the assaie before king Richard to doo so no more. King Richard sat downe to dinner, and was served without courtesie or assaie, whereupon, much marvelling at the sudden change, he demanded of the esquier why he did not his dutie. ' Sir,' said he, ' I am otherwise commanded by sir Piers of Exton, which is newlie come from king Henrie.' When king Richard heard that word, he tooke the kerving knife in his hand, and strake the esquier on the head, saieng, ' The divell take Henrie of Lancaster and thee togither.' And with that word sir Piers entred the chamber with eight tall men, everie of them having a bill in his hand. King Richard, perceiving this, put the table from him, and, steping to the foremost man, wrung the bill out of his hands, and so valiantlie defended himself, that he slue foure of those that thus came to assaile him. Sir Piers, being halfe dismaied herewith, lept into the chaire where king Richard was wont to sit, while the other foure persons fought with him, and chased him about the chamber. And in con

SCENE VI. Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

*Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with
Lords and Attendants.*

Bol. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire ;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord : What is the news ?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is, — I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper]

Bol. We thank thee, gentle Percy for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely ;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Bol. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

clusion, coming by the chaire where sir Piers stood, he was felled with a stroke of a pollax, which sir Piers gave him upon the head, and therewith rid him out of life. It is said, that sir Piers of Exton, after he had thus slaine him, wept right bitterlie, as one stricken with the pricke of a giltie conscience, for murthering him whome he had so long time obeied as king." H.

¹ So the folio. The quarto reads of *Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent*. The folio is right according to the histories.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of CARLISLE.

Per. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,²

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Bol. Carlisle, this is your doom : ³ —
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.

Ext. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Bol. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander,⁴ with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Ext. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this
deed.

² This abbot of Westminster was William of Colchester. The relation, which is taken from Holinshed, is untrue, as he survived the king many years ; and though called " the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy at least nothing was proved against him.

³ The bishop of Carlisle was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the pope, at the king's instance, translated him to a bishoprick *in partibus infidelium* ; and the only preferment he could ever after obtain was a rectory in Gloucestershire.

⁴ So in the first quarto ; in all the other old copies *slaughter* which makes odd work with *upon my head*. H

Bol. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.⁵ —
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand. —
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

⁵ Holinshed yields nothing from which the Poet could have taken a hint for this passage. The matter is thus put by Daniel :

“First, he for whom thou dost this villany,
Though pleas'd therewith, will not avouch thy fact,
But let the weight of thine own infamy
Fall on thee unsupported and unback'd :
Then all men else will loathe thy treachery,
And thou thyself abhor thy proper act.
So th'wolf, in hope the lion's grace to win,
Betraying other beasts, lost his own skin.”

It need scarce be said that such a resemblance cannot well be accounted for but by supposing that either the two poets had some common authority, or else one of them borrowed from the other

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH was entered in the Stationers' Register to Andrew Wise, February 25, 1598; the entry running thus: "A book intituled the History of Henry IV., with the battle at Shrewsbury against Henry Hotspur of the North, with the conceited Mirth of Sir John Falstaff." The same year it was published in a quarto pamphlet of forty leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "The History of Henry the Fourth, with the battle at Shrewsbury between the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North: With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaff. At London: Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Angel. 1598." It was issued again in 1599, the title-page being the same, except the addition, — "Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare." And there was a third issue in 1604, with a title-page varying from that of 1599 thus: "Printed by Valentine Simmes for Matthew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Fox." It was also published a fourth and a fifth time by Matthew Law, in 1608 and 1613. Thus far it is simply called "The History of Henry the Fourth," and nothing is said of its being "The First Part;" but in the folio of 1623 it is entitled "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry surnamed Hot-spur." The play was also mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, in 1598, and was transferred from Wise to Law at the Stationers', June 27, 1633. No further contemporary mention of it has been discovered.

All these editions have been collated by Mr. Collier, who says that "the text is unquestionably found in its purest state in the quarto of 1598." The five later editions appear to have been printed from that and from one another, all the errors of the first being retained, and new ones added in every reimpression.

We have already stated our firm conviction that King John and

Richard II. were both written some time before the play in hand, the priority of the former seeming so clear from the internal evidence, as to render other argument needless, especially if we bear in mind the Poet's constant progress in art as shown in all his other plays. The extraordinary success and popularity of Henry IV. appears in that no less than five issues were called for within a few years; and we might naturally infer therefrom that the play would not be suffered to remain unpublished long after it became known. It can scarce be doubted, however, as we shall presently see, that the original name of Falstaff was Sir John Oldcastle; so that we must suppose the writing to have been long enough before the first entry at the Stationers' for the Poet to see good cause for making the change, as that entry mentions "the conceited Mirth of Sir John Falstaff." Nevertheless there seems no strong reason for assigning the composition to an earlier period than 1597.

As to the fact of the change in question, there are some indications thereof in the play itself; as in Act i. sc. 2, where the prince calls Falstaff "*my old lad of the castle*;" and in the Epilogue to the Second Part, where the speaker says,—"For any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." And in the quarto edition of the Second Part, Act i. sc. 2, one of Falstaff's speeches has the prefix *Old.*, the change probably not having been in that instance marked in the manuscript. Further evidence to the same effect has been found in the mention of "*fat Sir John Oldcastle*," in a tract dated 1604, and entitled "*The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinary*;" and in the fact that Weaver makes Oldcastle, as Shakespeare does Falstaff, to have been page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk. And the matter is put beyond question by a passage in *Amends for Ladies*, a play by Nathaniel Field, published in 1618, and probably written as early as 1611: "*Did you never see the play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle, did tell you truly what this honour was?*" which could refer to nothing else than Falstaff's soliloquy in Act v. sc. 1 of this play.

The reason of the change probably was, that the name and memory of "*Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham*," might be rescued from the profanations of the stage. Thus much seems hinted in the passage quoted above from the Epilogue, and may be gathered from what Fuller says in his *Church History*: "*Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and is substituted buffoon in his place.*" Likewise in the Prologue to the *History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, we have the lines, —

“ It is no pamper’d glutton we present,
 Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
 But one whose virtues shine above the rest,
 A valiant martyr, and a virtuous peer ;”

wherein the writer apparently refers to what he considered an abuse of the hero’s name on the stage. For Oldcastle, having been put to death as a Wickliffite, grew to be exceedingly popular and his name was held in great reverence after the Reformation. Another motive for the change may have been, the better to distinguish Shakespeare’s play from *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, a play which had been on the stage some years, and wherein Sir John Oldcastle was among the names of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as were also Ned and Gadshill.

From all which, as well as from other causes, Mr. Halliwell reasonably concludes, that the stage already had a rude outline of Falstaff under the name of Oldcastle ; that Shakespeare at first took this latter name, but changed it to Falstaff before his play was printed ; and that in some theatres that name was still retained after the change had been made.

As to *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, there is no telling with any certainty when or by whom it was written. It is known to have been on the boards as early as 1588, because one of the parts was played by Tarleton, the celebrated comedian, who died that year. And Thomas Nash thus alludes to it in his *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592 : “ What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dolphin to swear fealty.” It was also entered at the Stationers’ in 1594 ; and a play called *Harry the Fifth*, probably the same one, was performed by Henslowe’s company in 1595 ; and not less than three editions of it were put forth, one in 1598, the others undated. All which tells strongly for its success and popularity. The action of the play extends over the whole space of time occupied by Shakespeare’s two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* The Poet can scarce be said to have built upon it or borrowed from it at all, any further than the taking of the above-mentioned names. The play, indeed, is every way a most wretched, worthless performance, being altogether a mass of stupid vulgarity ; at once vapid and vile ; without the least touch of wit in the comic parts, or of poetry in the tragic ; the verse being such only to the eye ; Sir John Oldcastle being a dull low-minded profligate, uninformed with the slightest felicity of thought or humour, the prince an irredeemable compound of the ruffian, the blackguard, and the hypocrite, and their companions the fitting seconds of such principals : so that to have drawn upon it for any portion or element of Shakespeare’s *Henry IV.*, were much the same as “ extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.”

Of the *First and Second Parts of Henry IV.* Dr. Johnson rightly

remarks, — “These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected that the second is merely a sequel to the first ; to be two, only because they are too long to be one.” For which cause it will be most convenient to regard them as one in our introductory matter.

In these plays, as elsewhere, Shakespeare’s main authority was Holinshed, in whatsoever he has of historical fact. And in this case it’s hard to say whether the Poet have showed a more creative or a more learned spirit ; there being perhaps no other work to be named, which in the same compass unites so great freedom of invention with so rich a fund of historical matter. Nor is it easy to decide whether there be more even of historical truth in what he created or in what he borrowed ; for, as Hallam justly observes, “what he invented is as truly English, as truly historical in the large sense of moral history, as what he read.”

We have already seen, in the Introduction to the preceding play, that Bolingbroke came to the throne in 1399, having first deposed his cousin, Richard II. The chief agents or instruments in this usurpation were the Percys, known in history as Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur, three haughty and turbulent noblemen, who afterwards troubled him to keep the crown, as much as they had helped him to get it ; the obligations they had laid upon him being indeed just of the kind to beget ingratitude on his part and discontent on theirs. For, whatsoever favours were conferred on them, they regarded as their due ; if any were denied, they thought themselves wronged : while he could as little bear to be reminded of their services as they could to have them forgotten.

The rightful heir to the crown, next after Richard, was Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, a lad then about seven years old, whom, together with a younger brother, the king held in a sort of honourable custody, using various arts to prevent any popular discussion of his claims. Early in his reign, one of his leading partisans in Wales, Lord Grey of Ruthven, went to insulting and oppressing Owen Glendower, a nobleman of that country, who had been trained up in the English court, and grown to be an apprentice in the law. Glendower petitioned the king and parliament for redress, and, his petition being rejected with insult, he thereupon took the work of redress into his own hands, and made indiscriminate war on all who abetted the king’s cause, aiming at nothing less than the independence of his country. Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the young earl of March, and brother to Hotspur’s wife, being sent against him with an army, his forces were utterly broken, himself taken prisoner, and put into close confinement by Glendower, where the king suffered him to lie unransomed, being glad perhaps to be thus rid of him, lest, as the natural guardian of the young earl, he might at some future time undertake to assert the rights of his nephew. Shakespeare, however, following Holinshed,

makes the earl himself, who was then encaged at Windsor, to have been Glendower's prisoner; and it is remarkable that Hume has fallen into the same mistake.

Glendower approved himself one of the most bold and enterprising warriors of the age. After Mortimer's defeat and captivity, the king led three powerful armies against him in succession, and was as often baffled by the valour or the policy of the Welchman, who, eluding his approaches when he could not resist them, sought to wear out his patience by a protracted guerilla warfare. At length the elements made war on the king; his forces were storm-stricken, blown to pieces by tempests: which bred a general belief that Glendower could "command the devil," and "call spirits from the vasty deep." The king finally gave up and retired, leaving Glendower unconquered; but still consoled himself that he yielded not to the arms but to the magic arts of his antagonist.

In the beginning of his reign the king led an army into Scotland, and summoned the Scottish king to appear before him at Edinburgh, and do homage for his crown: but finding that the Scots would neither submit nor fight, and being pressed by famine, he soon gave over the undertaking and withdrew. To retaliate for this invasion, an army of Scots broke into England, where many of them perished, and the rest were taken prisoners; in revenge of which loss the earl Douglas at the head of ten thousand bold Scots burst into England, and advanced as far as Newcastle, spreading terror and havoc around him. Returning home loaded with plunder, they were met by the Percys at Homildon, where after a fierce and bloody battle the Scots were totally routed; Douglas himself being taken prisoner, as were also many other Scottish noblemen, and among them Murdac, earl of Fife, son to the duke of Albany, who was brother to the king, and at that time regent of Scotland. The most distinguished of the English leaders on this occasion was the well-known Hotspur, a man of a most restless, daring, fiery, and impetuous spirit, who first armed when he was twelve years of age; from which time, it is said, his *spur was never cold*, he being continually at war with the Scots.

The Percys rightly claimed by the laws of war to hold for ransom all the prisoners taken at Homildon, except the earl of Fife, whom, as being a prince of the Scottish blood royal, they were bound to deliver over to their sovereign. The king, however, demanded them all, as he wished to use them in bettering the terms of peace with Scotland. This demand the Percys stoutly refused, unless the king would ransom their kinsman Mortimer; which he as stoutly refused to do, alleging that Mortimer had treacherously suffered himself to be taken. With which fraudulent answer and excuse the Percys were not a little fumed; and so they departed, purposing nothing less than to depose the king, and place the earl of March in his seat. Douglas being still their prisoner, they forthwith took him into their friendship, and at the same time

struck a league with Glendower, who also set Mortimer free, and gave him his daughter in marriage. Thus were "that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower," all banded together against King Henry.

Nor was the king wanting on his part. Being informed of their doings, he quickly gathered about him such power as he could, and passed forward with such speed, that he was in sight of them near Shrewsbury before they had any thought of his coming. Northumberland being kept back either by craft or by sudden illness, and Glendower not having yet come up, each side feared that the other might gain strength by delay; so that policy made them hasten an engagement. Composition, however, being first tried, the rebel chiefs set forth a list of their grievances, and Worcester was sent to confer with the king; but when the latter had condescended to all that was reasonable, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet, the former returned to Hotspur, and reported just the contrary of what had been offered. The battle which followed was one of the most obstinate and bloody on record: Hotspur surpassed his former self, and Douglas, emulating him, performed amazing feats of valour, seeking the king all over the field, and slaying several captains arrayed in his garb; until the fall of Hotspur by an unknown hand, and the consequent dispiriting of his men, at last gave the victory to the king. Worcester and Douglas being both taken, the former suffered as a rebel, the other was treated honourably as a prisoner of war. This battle took place in July, 1403, Prince Henry being then sixteen years old. Young, however, as he was, he did the work of a man: though wounded in the face with an arrow, insomuch that many tried to withdraw him from the field, yet, fearing lest his departure might strike doubt into his men, he stayed with them to the last, never ceasing to fight where the battle was hottest.

Meanwhile Northumberland had set out with an army to join his son: but, hearing of the event at Shrewsbury, he disbanded his forces, and made his submission, alleging that his purpose in arming was to mediate between the parties; which apology the king accepted, thinking that too great severity would tend to propagate insurrection. Some two years later the earl entered into a fresh conspiracy with Lord Mowbray, the archbishop of York, and others, and again withheld himself when the issue came, thus leaving his confederates to fight it out alone, after he had drawn them too far to retreat. They having gathered an army, the earl of Westmoreland and Prince John, the king's third son, were sent against them, and came up with them near York: but the earl, finding his force inferior, crushed them by a stratagem, wherein it seems doubtful whether he showed more perfidy, or they more simplicity. Negotiations being opened, and a conference appointed in the space between the armies, the earl heard their complaints, granted their demands, and engaged that the king should

satisfy them ; then, seeing their joy at his concessions, proposed that they should drink together in sign of agreement, that the people on both sides might see it. The archbishop then gave word to his men to lay aside their arms, and they, beholding such tokens of peace, as shaking of hands and drinking together of the lords in loving manner, broke up their field and returned homewards. But the earl had given secret orders for his men to keep their places ; and, as soon as he saw the prey fairly within his grasp, he arrested the lords of the other side as traitors, and ordered a murderous attack on their men.

Thereupon Northumberland, together with Lord Bardolph, fled into Scotland ; and about three years after, in 1408, they broke into England with a power of Scots, surprised several castles, and were advancing with high hopes, when Sir Thomas Rokesby, sheriff of Yorkshire, brought a force upon them at Branham Moor ; where, after a sharp conflict, the victory fell to the sheriff, both the earl and Bardolph being slain. Thus ended the risings of the Percys ; they all having deservedly fallen before the power which they had so wickedly helped to strengthen, and which they were therefore all the more eager to pull down, because of the part they had in setting it up : strong sinews, indeed, with Bolingbroke for a head ; but against that head their strength only served to work their own overthrow.

In the spring of 1405 Prince Henry, being then in his nineteenth year, was at the head of an army in Wales, where Glendower had hitherto carried all before him. By his activity, prudence, and perseverance, the young hero gradually wrought the Welchman's downfall. Soon after reaching the scene of war he gained a clean victory over Griffith, Glendower's son, taking him prisoner, and pursued his success until checked by the arrival of foreign auxiliaries on the other side. The fall of Northumberland having at length rid the king of domestic enemies, he was able to furnish his indefatigable son with adequate supplies of men and means. Advancing slowly but constantly, he at last brought the whole country into subjection. He continued in this service most of the time for about four years ; his valour and conduct awakening the most favourable expectations, and bringing him a degree of fame which is said to have moved his father's jealousy. Even before the action at Shrewsbury he had given some tokens of the promise which afterwards rose up so enchantingly, but which was not a little clouded by his rampant hilarity during the intervals of labour in the field. His father was much grieved at these irregularities, and both his grief and his jealousy were augmented by some loose and unfilial words which were reported by certain meddling pickthanks as having fallen from the prince in hours of merriment. Hearing of this, he went with a train of his followers to expostulate with his father ; yet even then he enacted a strange freak of oddity, arraying himself in a gown of blue satin wrought

full of eyelet holes, and at every eyelet the needle still hanging by the silk. Being admitted to an interview in the presence of a few friends, he fell on his knees, and, presenting a dagger, begged the king to take his life, since he had withdrawn his favour. His father, being much moved, threw away the dagger, and, embracing, kissed him, and owned with tears that he had indeed held him in suspicion, though, as he now saw, without just cause; and promised that no misreport should thenceforth shake his confidence in him.

At another time, one of his unruly minions being convicted of felony and sentenced to prison by Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the prince undertook to rescue him, and even went so far as to make an assault on the judge; whereupon that pattern of judicial integrity and firmness ordered him into close keeping, and he had the good sense quietly to submit. Upon being told this his father exclaimed, — "Happy the king that has a judge so firm in his duty, and a son so obedient to the law." When he came to the throne, the prince showed his high appreciation of this righteous man by retaining him in office.

In the fourteenth year of his reign the king went about the design he had long cherished of undertaking the recovery of Jerusalem from the infidels. The provision for this being all made ready, he was stricken with "a very apoplexy" which soon ended his life. One day, while he was lying in a fit, apparently dead, having the crown on a pillow beside him, Prince Henry carried it into another room. Upon reviving, the king asked sternly who had taken it, and, being told, ordered the prince into his presence. Pacified by his dutiful words, the king sighed out, — "Alas! fair son, what right have you to the crown, since your father had none?" He answered, — "My liege, with the sword you won it, and with the sword I will keep it." "Well," said the king faintly, "do as you think best: I leave the issue with God, and hope He will have mercy on my soul." At the time of the last attack he was making his prayers at the shrine of St. Edward, and his attendants, fearing his present death, bore him into a chamber near by, belonging to the abbot of Westminster. As soon as he could speak, he asked the name of the room he was in, and, being told it was called Jerusalem, he said, — "Laud be given to the Father of heaven; for now I shall die here, according to the prophecy concerning me, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."

One of the finest passages in English criticism is in the seventh of Coleridge's series of lectures delivered in 1818, where, after speaking of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, he adds the following: — "What had a grammatical and logical consistency for the ear, — what could be put together and represented to the eye, — these poets took from the ear and eye, unchecked by any intuition of an inward impossibility; — just as a man might put together a quarter of an orange, a quarter of an apple, and

the like of a lemon and a pomegranate, and make it look like one round diverse-coloured fruit. But nature, which works from within by evolution and assimilation, according to a law, cannot do so, nor could Shakespeare ; for he too worked in the spirit of nature. In the Shakespearian drama *there is a vitality which grows and evolves itself from within, — a key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout.*"

What is here so justly said of the Poet's dramas generally holds good in the fullest measure of the First and Second Parts of King Henry IV., which, as already remarked, are essentially one drama arranged and marked as two, "only because too long to be one." Where, then, are we to find the centre and principle of vital unity here ? what is the "key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout" this work ? Doubtless it is to be sought for in the character of Prince Henry, and in the wonderful change alleged to have taken place in his behaviour on coming to the crown. Why was Henry of Monmouth so loose and wanton a reveller in his youth, and yet such a proficient in all noble and virtuous disciplines in his manhood ? what causes, internal and external, determined him to the one ; what impulses from within, what influences from without, transformed or developed him into the other ? This, to the best of our judgment, is the central point where all the persons and events, with the strange alternations of wit and poetry, run together into an organic whole. So that, if viewed in the light of this principle, the entire work, with its broad, rich variety of character and incident, will be found, we think, to proceed in a spirit of wise insight and design ; the whole evincing indeed a wonderful opulence of imagination, but perhaps a still more wonderful mastery of reason.

Accordingly, in the very first scene of the play this self-same matter is put forth as uppermost in the king's thoughts. We refer to the passage between Westmoreland and the king touching the victory at Homildon ; where the former declares "it is a conquest for a prince to boast of ;" and the latter thereupon owns that the fame of Hotspur makes him sad and makes him sin, as he sees "riot and dishonour stain the brow of his young Harry," and wishes it could be proved that Hotspur was indeed his son, and the prince a scion of some other stock. The whole play is mainly ordered with a view to unfold the grounds and reasons of the wish thus expressed, and also the causes and process of their removal.

The character of Bolingbroke was dwelt upon somewhat in our Introduction to King Richard II. All accounts agree in representing him as a man of great valour and policy ; intensely aspiring, yet equally prudent ; a profound master of state-craft ; a keen discernor of the secret springs and workings of public opinion, and therefore a great favourite with the people ; and, therewithal, full of impassioned energy, and of a certain fiery yet well-governed enthusiasm. Which representation is fully borne out in that, though

his reign was little else than a series of rebellions and commotions drawn on by the injustice whereby he reached the crown, and the bad title whereby he held it, yet he always got the better of them, and even turned them to his advantage ; so that all efforts to undo his usurpation only served in the end to strengthen and confirm it where he could not win the heart, cutting off the head, and managing to extract fresh security out of every danger, his last years, however, were much embittered, and his death probably hastened, by the anxieties growing out of his position, and the remorse consequent upon his crimes.

But though such be the character generally ascribed to him, no historian has come near Shakespeare in the painting thereof. As matter especially in point, take the account he is made to give of himself while remonstrating with the prince against his idle courses ; which is not less admirable for historic truth than for power of art. Equally fine, also, both for truth of history and for skill of pencil, is the account of his predecessor, immediately following that of himself ; where we may see that he has the same piercing insight of men as of means, and has made Richard's follies and vices his tutors ; from his miscarriages learning how to supplant him, and perhaps encouraging his errors, that he might make a ladder of them, to mount up and overtop him. And how his penetrating and remorseless sagacity is flashed forth in Hotspur's outbursts of rage at his demanding all the prisoners taken at Homildon ; wherein that roll of living fire is snappish enough to be sure, but then he snaps out much truth. And his artful practice is still more forcibly apparent in what the same person says of him on the eve of the battle at Shrewsbury, representing him as shrewdly and unscrupulously encouraging rebellion, that he might use the rebels till he was strong enough to do without them, or to crush them if they got in his way. And long afterwards, in his "very latest counsel" to the prince, we have his deep subtle policy working out, like a passion strong in death ; yet its workings come forth suffused with gushes of right feeling, thus showing that after all he was not all politician ; that beneath his firm close-knit prudence there was a soul of moral sense, a kernel of religion. And it is quite observable how the Poet, following the leadings both of nature and of history, makes him to be plagued by foes springing up in his own bosom in proportion as he ceases to be worried by external enemies ; the crown beginning to scald his brows as soon as he has put down those who would pluck it from him. Moreover, the workings of conscience arm the irregularities of his son with the stings of a providential retribution : though not ignorant of the prince's noble and gentle qualities, and of the encouragement they offer, yet the knowledge of his own mistreadings fills him with apprehensions of the worst ; his very virtues, his patriotism and paternal love, being thus turned into ministers of sorrow by the memory of his former deeds.

But though policy was perhaps the leading trait in the character of this great man, nevertheless it was not so prominent but that other and better ones were strongly visible. And even in his policy there was much of the breadth and largeness which go to distinguish the statesman from the politician. Besides, he was a man of great spirit and prodigious bravery, had a real eye to the interests of his country as well as of his family, and in his wars he was humane much above the custom of his time. So that the more we study what he was and what he did, the more we shall probably be inclined to say with "well-languaged Daniel," —

"And, Lancaster, indeed, I would thy cause
Had had as lawful and as sure a ground,
As had thy virtues and thy noble heart,
Ordain'd and born for an imperial part."

How different is the atmosphere which waits upon that marvellous group of rebel war-chiefs, whereof Hotspur is the soul, and where chivalry reigns as supremely as wit and humour do in the haunts of Falstaff. It is exceedingly difficult to speak of Hotspur satisfactorily; not indeed because the lines of his character are not bold and prominent enough, but rather because they are so much so. For his frame is greatly disproportioned, which causes him to be all the more distinguishable, and perhaps to seem larger than he really is; and one of his leading excesses manifests itself in a wiry, close-twisted, red-hot speech, which burns into the mind such an impression of him as must needs make any commentary seem prosaic and dull. There is no mistaking him: no character in Shakespeare stands more apart in plenitude of peculiarity; and stupidity itself can hardly so disguise or disfigure him with criticism, but that he will still be recognized by any one that has ever seen him. He is as much a monarch in his sphere as the king and Falstaff are in theirs; only they rule more by power, he by emphasis and stress: there is something in them that takes away the will and spirit of resistance; he makes every thing bend to his arrogant, domineering, capricious temper. Who that has been with him in the scenes at the palace and at Bangor, can ever forget his bounding, sarcastic, overbearing spirit? How he hits all about him, and makes the feathers fly wherever he hits! it seems as if his tongue could go through the world, and strew the road behind it with splinters. And how steeped his speech every where is in the poetry of the sword! In what compact and sinewy platoons and squadrons the words march out of his mouth in bristling rank and file! as if from his birth he had been cradled on the iron breast of war. How doubly charged he is, in short, with the electricity of chivalry! insomuch that you can touch him nowhere but that he will give you a shock.

In those two scenes, what with Hotspur, and what with Glendower, the poetry is as unrivalled in its kind as the wit and humour in the

best scenes at Eastcheap. What a dressing Hotspur gives the silken courtier who came to demand the prisoners ! And how still more effectual is that he gives the king for persisting in his demand where he seems to be under a spell, a fascination of rage and scorn nothing can check him, he cannot check himself, because, besides the boundings of a most turbulent and impetuous nature, he has always had his own way, having from his boyhood held the post of a feudal war-chief: whatsoever thought touches him, it forth with kindles into an overmastering passion that bears down all before it: irascible, headstrong, impatient, every effort to arrest or divert him only produces a new impatience; and we have "the uncontrollable rush of an energetic mind, surrendering itself to impulses impossible to be guided by will or circumstance, and sweeping into its own torrent whatsoever barriers of prudence feebler natures would oppose to it." We see that he has a rough and passionate soul, great strength and elevation of mind, with little gentleness and less delicacy, and "a force of will that rises into poetry by its own chafings;" — that when he once gets thoroughly started, nothing can stop him but exhaustion; and that when this comes "the passion of talk is ready to become the passion of action." "Speaking thick" is elsewhere set down as one of his peculiarities; and it seems doubtful whether the Poet took this from some tradition concerning him, or considered it a natural result of his prodigious rush and press of thought.

Hotspur's untamed boisterousness of tongue has perhaps its best setting forth in the scene at Bangor between him and Glendower. Here one hardly knows which to admire most, his wit or his impudence. He finally stops the mouth of his antagonist, or heads him off upon another subject; as he does again shortly after in a dispute about the partitioning of the realm; and he does it not so much by force of reason as of will and speech. His contempt of poetry is highly characteristic; though it is observable that he has spoken more poetry than any other person in the play. But poetry is altogether an impulse with him, not a purpose, as it is with Glendower; and he loses all thought of himself and of his speech in the intensity of passion with which he contemplates the object or occasion that moves him. His celebrated description of the fight between Glendower and Mortimer has been censured as offending good taste by its extravagance. Perhaps, indeed, it were not in good taste to put such a strain into the mouth of a contemplative sage, like Prospero; but in Hotspur its very extravagance is in good taste, because hugely characteristic.

Another consequence, apparently, of Hotspur's having so much of passion in his head, is the singular absence of mind so well described by Prince Henry, and so finely exemplified in the scene with his wife; where, after she has closed her noble strain of womanly eloquence, he calls in a servant, makes several inquiries about his horse and orders him to be brought into the park, hears her reproof, exchanges some questions with her, and fights

a battle in imagination, before he answers her tender remonstrance. Here it is plain that his absence is not from any lack of strength, but from a certain rapidity and skittishness of mind : he has not the control of his thinking ; the issues of his brain being so conceived in fire as to preclude steadiness of attention and the pauses of thought : that which strikes his mind last must pop out first ; and, in a word, he is rather possessed by his thoughts, than possessing them.

The qualities we have remarked must needs in a great measure unfit Hotspur for a military leader in regular warfare ; the whole working of his nature being too impulsive and heady for the counterpoise of so weighty an undertaking. Too impetuous and eager for the contest to concert operations ; too impatient for the end to await the adjustment of means ; abundantly able to fight battles, but not to scheme them ; he is qualified to succeed only in the hurly-burly of border warfare, where success comes more by fury of onset than by wisdom of plan. All which is finely shown just before the battle of Shrewsbury, where if he be not perversely wrong-headed, he is so headstrong, peremptory, and confident even to rashness, as to render him quite impracticable : we see, and his fellow-chieftains see, that there is no coming to a temper with him that he will be sure to fall out and quarrel with whoever stands out from or against his purposes. Yet he nowhere appears more truly the noble Hotspur than on this occasion, when amidst the falling off of friends, the backwardness of allies, and the thickening of dangers, his ardent and brave spirit turns his very disadvantages into sources of confidence.

Hotspur is a general favourite : whether from something in himself, or from the injuries he has suffered at the hands of the king, he has our good will from the first : we can scarce choose but wish him success ; nor is it without some reluctance that we set the prince above him in our regards. Which may be owing in part to the interest we take, and justly, in his wife, who, timid, solicitous, affectionate, playful, is a woman of the true Shakespearian stamp, and such as we shall find delineated nowhere else. Nothing can well surpass, in its way, the harmony which we feel to be between her prying inquisitive gentleness, and his rough, stormy courage ; for in her gentleness there is much strength, and his bravery is not without gentleness. The scene at Warkworth, where they first appear together, is a choice heart-refection : combining the beauty of movement and of repose, it comes into the surrounding elements like a patch of sunshine in a tempest.

The best of historical matter for poetical and dramatic uses probably was never turned to better account that way than in the portrait of Glendower. He is represented, with great art and equal truth, according to the superstitious belief of his time ; a belief wherein he doubtless shared himself : for if the winds and tempests came *when* he wished them, it was natural for him to

think as others thought, that they came *because* he wished them. The popular ideas respecting him all belonged to the region of poetry; and Shakespeare has given them with remarkable exactness, at the same time penetrating and filling them with his own spirit.

Crediting the alleged portents of his nativity, Glendower might well conclude he was not "in the roll of common men," and so betake him to the study and practice of those magic arts which were generally believed in then, and for which he was specially marked by his birth and all the courses of his life. And for the same cause he would naturally become somewhat egotistical, long-winded, and tedious, presuming that what was interesting to him, as relating to himself, would be equally so to others for its own sake. So that we need not altogether discredit Hotspur's account of the time spent "in reckoning up the several devils' names that were his lackeys." For, though Hotspur exaggerates here, no doubt, as he does every where else, yet we see that he has some excuse for his sauciness to Glendower, in that he has been greatly bored by him. And there is something ludicrous, withal, in the Welchman's being so wrapped up in himself and his matter, as not to perceive the unfitness of talking thus to one so harebrained and skittish.

Glendower, however, is no ordinary enthusiast: a man of wild and mysterious imaginations, yet he has, therewithal, a practical skill that makes them tell against the king; his dealing in magic rendering him even more an object of fear, than his valour and conduct. And his behaviour in the disputes with Hotspur approves him as much superior in the external qualities of a gentleman, as he is more superstitious, and amply justifies Mortimer's apology for him. Though no suspicion of any thing little or mean can attach to Hotspur, it is characteristic of him to indulge his haughty temper even to the thwarting of his purpose: he will hazard the blowing up of the conspiracy rather than put a bridle on his impatience; which the Welchman with all his grandeur and earnestness of pretension is too prudent to do. In the portrait of Glendower there is nothing unwarranted by history; only Shakespeare has with great beauty made the enthusiastic and poetical spirit of the man send him to the study of magic arts, as involving some natural aptitude and affinity for them. It may be interesting to know that he managed to spin out the contest among the wilds of Snowdon far into the next reign; his very superstition perhaps lending him a strength and firmness of soul which no misfortune could break. We cannot leave this strange being without remarking how sweetly his mind nestles in the bosom of poetry, as appears in the passage where he acts as interpreter between Mortimer and his wife; and where, in the words of our Mr. Whipple, "the thought seems born of melody, and the melody to pervade it as an essence."

Prince Henry was evidently a great favourite with the Poet. And he makes him equally so with his readers, centring in him

almost every manly grace and virtue, and setting him forth as the mirror of Christian kings and loadstar of honour, a model at once of an hero, a gentleman, and a sage. Wherein, if not true to fact, he was so to the sentiment of the English nation; that people having probably cherished the memory of Henry V. with more fondness than any other of their kings since the great Alfred.

In our Introduction to King John it was intimated that in the character of Prince Henry Shakespeare deviated from all the historical authorities known to have been accessible to him, and that this deviation has been borne out by later researches, thus giving rise to the notion that he drew from some traditionary matter that had not yet found a place in written history. A special and extraordinary conversion, it would seem, was generally thought to have fallen upon the prince on coming to the throne; and such and so great appears to have been the difference in his behaviour as prince and as king, that the old chroniclers could only account for the change by some miracle of grace, or touch of supernatural benediction. Walsingham, a contemporary, gives out that "as soon as he was invested with the ensigns of royalty he was suddenly changed into a new man, behaving with propriety, modesty, and gravity, and showing a desire to practise every kind of virtue." Caxton, also, says that he "was a noble prince after he was king and crowned; howbeit in his youth he had been wild, reckless, and spared nothing of his lusts nor desires." Fabyan in like sort tells us that "this man before the death of his father applied himself to all vice and insolency:" and divers other old writers speak of him in the same strain. And herewith agrees the speech of Holinshed: "This king, even at first appointing with himself to show that princely honours should change public manners, determined to put on him the shape of a new man. For whereas aforetime he had made himself a companion unto misruly mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence; and in their places chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy, by whose wise counsel he might at all times rule to his honour and dignity." It should be observed, however, that he elsewhere speaks of him more in accordance with the Poet's representation: "Indeed he was youthfully given, grown to audacity, and had chosen him companions, with whom he spent the time in such recreations and delights as he fancied. Yet it should seem by the report of some writers, that his behaviour was not offensive, or at least tending to the damage of any body; since he had a care to avoid doing of wrong, and to tender his affections within the tract of virtue, whereby he opened unto himself a ready passage of good liking among the prudent sort, and was beloved of such as could discern his disposition."

There is no question that Prince Henry's conduct was indeed such as to lose him his seat in the council, where he was replaced by his younger brother. And it is equally certain that in mental and literary accomplishment he was far in advance of the age,

being in fact as well one of the most finished gentlemen, as of the greatest statesmen and best men of his time. This seeming contradiction between the prince and the king is all cleared up and smoothly reconciled in the Poet's representation. It was for the old chroniclers to talk of his miraculous conversion: Shakespeare in a far wiser spirit brings his conduct within the ordinary rules and measures of human character, representing whatsoever changes occur in him as proceeding by the methods and proportions of nature. We shall see hereafter how his early "addiction to courses vain" is fully accounted for by the marvellous array of attractions presented in Falstaff; it being no impeachment either of his moral or his intellectual manhood, that he is drawn away by such a mighty magazine of fascinations. It is true, he is not altogether unhurt by his connection with Sir John: he is himself plainly sensible of this; and the knowledge thereof is one of the things that go to justify his treatment of Falstaff on coming to the crown. And even in his wildest merrymakings we have pregnant arguments of his virtue, as when the Hostess reminds Sir John how "the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor." Shakespeare has nothing finer in its way than the gradual sundering of the ties that bind him to Falstaff, as the higher elements of his nature are called forth by emergent occasions, and his turning the dregs of his vile companionship into food of noble thought and sentiment, extracting the sweetness of wisdom from the weeds of his dangerous experiences. And his whole progress through this transformation, until, "like a reappearing star," he emerges from the cloud of wildness wherein he had obscured his contemplation, is dappled with rare spots of beauty and promise.

It should be remarked that Hotspur was in fact about twenty years older than the prince: which difference of age would naturally foreclose any rivalry or emulation between them; and one of the Poet's most judicious departures from literal truth is in approximating their ages, as if on purpose that such influences may have a chance to work. And the king shows his usual policy in endeavouring to make the fame of Hotspur tell upon his son; though even here he strikes wide of his real character, misderiving his conduct from a want of noble aptitudes, whereas it springs rather from a lack of such motives and occasions with which his better aptitudes can combine. Yet the king's great sagacity appears in his speaking thus to the prince; for he has more penetration than to be ignorant that there is matter in him that will take fire when such sparks are struck into it. Accordingly, before they part, the prince speaks such words, and in such a spirit, as to win his father's confidence; the emulation kindled in him being no less noble than the object of it. Now it is that his many-sided, harmonious manhood begins fully to unfold itself. He has already developed susceptibilities answering to all the attractions of Falstaff; and we hope none of our readers will think the worse of him for preferring the atmosphere of Eastcheap to that of the

court. Henceforth the issue proves that he has far better and stronger susceptibilities, which sleep indeed during the absence, but spring forth at the coming of their proper stimulants and opportunities. In the close-thronging dangers that beset his father's throne, he has noble work to do, and in the thick-clustering honours of Hotspur he has noble motives for doing it; and both together furnish those more congenial attractions whereby he is gradually loosened and detached from the former, and drawn up into that nobly-proportioned beauty with which both poetry and history have invested him.

We cannot now dwell on the many gentle and heroic qualities that make up his well-rounded, beautiful character. His tenderness of filial piety appears in the words, — "My heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick;" and his virtuous prudence no less, in his putting off all show of grief, as knowing that this, taken together with his past levity, will be sure to draw upon him the imputation of hypocrisy: his magnanimity, in the eloquence with which he pleads for the life of Douglas: his ingenuousness, in the free and graceful apology to the king for his faults: his good-nature and kindness of heart, in the apostrophe to Falstaff, when he thinks him dead: his chivalrous generosity, in the enthusiasm with which he praises Hotspur; and his modesty in the style of his challenge to him. And yet his nobilities of heart and soul come along in such easy natural touches, drop out so much as the spontaneous issues of his life, that we scarce notice them, thus engaging him our love and honour, we know not how or why. Great without effort, and good without thinking of it, he is indeed a noble ornament of the kingly character. We must dismiss the enchanting theme with a few sentences from Knight. "Our sympathies," says this writer, "would be almost wholly with Hotspur and his friends, had not the Poet raised up a new interest in the chivalrous bearing of Henry of Monmouth, to balance the noble character of the young Percy. Rash, proud, ambitious, prodigal of blood, as Hotspur is, we feel that there is not an atom of meanness in his composition. He would carry us away with him, were it not for the milder courage of young Harry, — the courage of principle and of mercy. Frank, liberal, prudent, gentle, yet brave as Hotspur himself, the prince shows that even in his wildest excesses he has drunk deeply of the fountains of truth and wisdom. The wisdom of the king is that of a cold and subtle politician; — Hotspur seems to stand out from his followers as the haughty feudal lord, too proud to have listened to any teacher but his own will; — but the prince, in casting away the dignity of his station to commune freely with his fellow-men, has attained that strength which is above all conventional power: his virtues as well as his frailties belong to our common humanity; the virtues capable, therefore, of the highest elevation, the frailties not pampered into crimes by the artificial incentives of social position."

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY OF MONMOUTH, } his Sons.
JOHN OF LANCASTER, }

RALPH NEVILLE, Earl of Westmoreland.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.

HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, his Son, surnamed HOTSPUR.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York

ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a Friend of the Archbishop.

POINS. GADSHILL.

PETO. BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur.

LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower.

MRS. QUICKLY, Hostess in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawer
Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

FIRST PART OF HENRY IV

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the KING, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and Others

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil¹
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,

¹ Of course *entrance* here means *mouth*, for what but a mouth should have *lips*? nor can we appreciate the difficulty which commentators have found in the expression. Some obscurity there is indeed; but this, as Coleridge observes, is of the Shakespearian sort; nor, we may add, is it any more than naturally arises from a slight want of integrity of metaphor, than which scarce any thing is more common in Shakespeare. Several emendations of the text have been proposed, such as *entrants*, *entrails*, and *Erinnyes*, and many pages of note written in support of them; all which may well be set aside by a simple reference to Genesis iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand." H.

Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross,
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,²
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go ;
 Therefore we meet not now :³ — Then, let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.⁴

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge⁵ set down
 But yesternight ; when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,

² Steevens assures us that to *levy* a power to a place "is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt ;" and he proposes *lead* instead of *levy* : which Gifford has effectually upset by the following from Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1587 : " Scipio, before he *levied* his forces to the walles of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake, to be devoured." H.

³ That is, we meet not now on *that question* ; the question whether we will go. H.

⁴ The Poet sometimes uses *expedience* and *expedition* interchangeably : likewise, *expedient* and *expeditious*. See *King John*, Act i. sc. 2, note 4. H.

⁵ That is, *conditions* or *estimates* of the expense. H

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken ;
A thousand of his people butchered,⁶
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
lord ;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import :
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met ;
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;

⁶ So in all the quartos : the folio has "*And a thousand.*" We prefer the former, not only as having better authority, but because it makes the connection plainer between *a thousand people* and *whose dead corpse*. Of course *being* is understood before *butchered*, and *corpse* is used as a collective noun. — The matter of the passage is thus related by Holinshed : "Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble together against him, under the conduct of Edmund Mortimer, earle of March. But comming to trie the matter by battell, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortun'd, that the English power was discomfitted, the earle taken prisoner, and above a thousand of his people slaine in the place. The shamefull villanie used by the Welshwomen towards the dead carcasses was such as honest eares would be ashamed to heare, and continent toongs to speake thereof. The dead bodies might not be buried, without great summes of monie given for libertie to conveie them awaie."

For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd⁷ with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours,
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood,⁸ did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas,⁹ and the earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
me sin

⁷ No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner, "to stand *stained with travel*."

⁸ *Balk'd* in their own blood is *heaped*, or *laid on heaps*, in their own blood. A *balk* was a ridge or bank of earth standing up between two furrows; and to *balk* was to throw up the earth so as to form those heaps or banks.

⁹ This reads as if the earl of Fife were the son of Douglas, whereas in fact he was son to the duke of Albany, who was then regent or governor of Scotland, the king, his brother, being incapable of the office. The matter is thus given by Holinshed, pointing and all: "Of prisoners among other were these, Mordacke earle of Fife, son to the governour Archembald earle Dowglas, which in the fight lost one of his eies, Thomas erle of Murrey, Robert erle of Angus, and (as some writers have) the earles of Atholl & Menteith, with five hundred other of meaner degrees." The Poet's mistake was evidently caused by the omission of the comma after *governour*.

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son :
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant ;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O ! that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet :
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts : — What think you,
 coz,

Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.¹⁰

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worces-
ter,

Malevolent to you in all aspects ;¹¹
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this ;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

¹⁰ Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife ; for, he being a prince of the royal blood, Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

¹¹ An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. — A hawk is said to *prune* herself when she picks off the loose feathers and smooths the rest. We now use *plume* in the same sense.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.¹²

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Prince HENRY and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the¹ seven stars, and not by Phœbus, — he, “that wandering knight so fair.”² And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag,

¹² That is, more is to be said than anger will suffer me to say

¹ So in the first four quartos: the other old copies and modern editions generally omit *the*. H.

² Falstaff, with great propriety, according to vulgar astronomy calls the sun a *wandering knight*, and by this expression apparently alludes to some knight of romance; perhaps *The Knight of the Sun*, a popular book in his time. The words may be part of some forgotten ballad.

when thou art king, — as, God save thy grace, — majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

Prince. What ! none ?

Fal. No, by my troth ; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then ? come, roundly, roundly

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty : ³ let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon ; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we — steal.

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too ; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now : A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ; got with swearing — lay by, and spent with crying — bring in ; ⁴ now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

³ Falstaff is an inveterate player upon words, as here between *night* and *knight*, and *beauty* and *booty*. A *squire of the body* originally meant an attendant on a knight, but became a sort of flash phrase for a *pimp*. — As to *Diana's foresters*, Hall the chronicler tells of a pageant exhibited in the reign of Henry VIII., wherein were certain persons called *Diana's knights*. H.

⁴ *Lay by*, the commentators say, is a nautical phrase for to *slacken sail*, and is here used in the sense of *be still*, or *keep quiet*, something like the phrase of our time, “lie low and keep dark ;” as in Henry VIII., Act iii. sc. 1, Song : “Even the billows of the sea hung their heads, and then *lay by*.” — *Bring in* was a call to the drawers to *bring in more wine*. H.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?⁵

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No: I'll give thee thy due; thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent, — But, I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd, as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

⁵ A *buff jerkin* was a jerkin or coat made of ox-hide, (from the French, *bœuf*,) and was commonly worn by sheriff's officers. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. sc. 2, note 6. It seems to have been called a *robe of durance*, both because of its great *durability*, and because it was the wearer's business to put debtors and criminals in *durance*. Accordingly Johnson explains the prince's reply as meaning, "whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison, by running in debt to this sweet wench." H

Prince. Thou judgest false already : I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits ?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib⁶ cat, or a lugg'd bear.

Prince. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.⁷

Prince. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch ?⁸

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative,⁹ rascalliest, sweet

⁶ A *gib* cat is a *male* cat, from Gilbert, the northern name for a he cat. *Tom* cat is now the usual term. Chaucer has "*gibbe* our cat" in the *Romaunt of the Rose*. From Thibert, *Tib* was also a common name for a cat. Ray has this proverbial phrase, "as melancholy as a *gibd* cat." In Sherwood's *English and French Dictionary* we have "a *gibbe* or *old male cat*." It was certainly a name not bestowed upon a cat early in life, as we may be assured by the melancholy character ascribed to it.

⁷ *Lincolnshire bagpipes* is a proverbial saying; the allusion is as yet unexplained. Perhaps it was a favourite instrument in that county, as well as in the north.

⁸ The *hare* was esteemed a melancholy animal, from her solitary sitting in her form; and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song ii. : "The *melancholy* hare is form'd in brakes and briers." Pierius, in his *Hieroglyphics*, says that the Egyptians expressed melancholy by a *hare* sitting in her form. — *Moor-ditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome, impassable morass, and was consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields, and therefore had an air of melancholy. Thus in Taylor's *Pennyless Pilgrimage*, 1618 : "My body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy*."

⁹ *Comparative* is used here for *one who is fond of making com*

young prince. — But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O! thou hast damnable iteration,¹⁰ and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal: — God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.¹¹

parisons. So again in Act iii. sc. 2, of this play: "Stand the push of every beardless vain *comparative*." — All the old copies till the folio of 1632 have "unsavoury *smiles*."

¹⁰ That is, a naughty trick of *repetition*, referring, no doubt, to what the prince keeps doing throughout this scene, namely, iterating, retorting, and distorting Falstaff's words. This note were hardly needful, but that *iteration* has generally been explained as referring merely to the prince's allusion to the passage in Proverbs, i. 20, 24: "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets. — I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded."

H.

¹¹ To *baffle* is to use contemptuously, or treat with ignominy, to unknight. It was originally a punishment of infamy inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was *hanging them up by the heels*.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal : 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.¹² Poins ! — Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.¹³ O ! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried, Stand ! to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says monsieur Remorse ? What says Sir John Sack-and-

¹² We shall err greatly, if we believe all that Shakespeare's characters say of themselves ; for, like other men, they do not see themselves as others see them, nor indeed as they are. And this especially in case of Sir John, who seldom speaks of himself even as he sees himself ; that is, he speaks for art, not for truth : and a part of his humour lies in all sorts of caricatures and exaggerations about himself ; what he says being often designed on purpose to make himself a laughing-stock, that he may join in the laughter. Such appears to be the case in what he here charges himself with. For his *vocation* throughout the play is that of a soldier, which is also the vocation of the prince. But the trade of a soldier was at that time notoriously trimmed and adorned with habits of plundering : so that to set it forth as a purse-taking vocation, was but a stroke of humorous exaggeration, finely spiced with satire, both as regarded the prince and himself. The exploit at Gads-hill is the only one of the kind that we hear of in the play. H.

¹³ So in all the quartos ; in the folio, "set a *watch*," which does not agree with the event, as they do not *set a watch*, but *concert a stratagem* of robbery. *Setting a match* appears to have been one of the technicalities of thievery. Thus in Ratsey's Ghost, a tract printed about 1606, and pointed out by Farmer : "I have been many times beholding to tapsters and chamberlains for directions and *setting of matches*." Likewise in Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, the phrase is used for making an appointment : "Peace, sir ; they'll be angry if they hear you eavesdropping, now they are *setting their match*." H.

Sugar ? ¹⁴ Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg ?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word ; the devil shall have his bargain ; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs : he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses ; I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves : Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester ; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap : we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

¹⁴ A deal of learned ink has been shed in discussing what Sir John's favourite beverage might be. The very learned arcndeacon Nares has pretty much proved it to have been the Spanish wine now called *Sherry*. Thus in Blount's *Glossographia* : "*Sherry* sack, so called from *Xeres*, a town of Corduba in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made." And in Gervase Markham's *English Housewife* : "Your best sacke are of *Seres* in Spaine." And indeed Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*. The latter part of the name, *sack*, is thought to have come from its being a *dry* wine, *vin sec* ; and it was formerly written *seck*. It appears, however that there were divers *sacks*. Thus in Howell's *Londinopolis* : "I read in the reign of Henry VII. that no sweet wines were brought into this reign but Malmseys." And again : "Moreover no *sacks* were sold but Rumney, and that for medicine more than drink, but now *many kinds of sacks* are known and used." And still more conclusively in Venners's *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637 : "But what I have spoken of mixing *sugar* with *sack*, must be understood of *Sherrie sack*, for to mix sugar with other wines, that in a common appellation are called *sack*, and are *sweeter in taste* makes it unpleasant to the pallat, and fulsome to the taste." H

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward : if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops ?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one ?

Prince. Who, I rob ? I a thief ? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.¹⁵

Prince. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone : I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief ; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell : you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring ! Farewell, All-hallowen summer !¹⁶ [Exit FALSTAFF

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow : I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto,¹⁷

¹⁵ Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*.

¹⁶ That is, late summer ; *All-hallowen* meaning All-saints, which festival is the first of November.

¹⁷ All the old copies have *Harvey* and *Rossill* here. instead of

and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid : yourself and I will not be there ; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth ?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail ; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut ! our horses they shall not see ; I'll tie them in the wood : our visors we will change, after we leave them ; and, sirrah,¹⁸ I have cases of buckram for the nonce,¹⁹ to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason,

Bardolph and Peto. Whether Harvey and Rossill were names of actors that somehow got inserted into the text, or the original names of the persons, inadvertently left unchanged in this place, we have no means of deciding. There can be no doubt, however, that the names should be Bardolph and Peto, since these are the persons engaged with Falstaff and Gadshill in the robbery. H.

¹⁸ This passage shows that *sirrah* was sometimes used merely in a playful, familiar way, without implying any lack of respect. H.

¹⁹ For the *nonce* signified for the *occasion*, for the *once*. Junius and Tooke, in their Etymology of *Anon*, led the way ; and Mr. Gifford has since clearly explained its meaning. The editor of the new edition of Warton's History of English Poetry has shown that it is nothing more than a slight variation of "for then anes" — "for then anis" — "for then ones, or once"

I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof²⁰ of this, lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night²¹ in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit* POINS.]

Prince. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;²²

²⁰ *Reproof* is *confutation*. To refute, to refell, to disallow, were ancient synonymes of *to reprove*. Thus in Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, *Testes refutare* is rendered to "*reproove* witnesses."

²¹ Editors generally have thought this should be *to-night*, as referring to the time when the robbery is to be committed; whereas it plainly refers to the night after, when the prince is to enjoy "the virtue of the jest," which is the matter that most interests him and invites him onward. H.

²² *Hopes* is used simply for *expectations*, not uncommon use of the word even at the present day.

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit*

SCENE III. The same.

Another Room in the Palace.

*Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,
HOTSPUR, BLUNT, and Others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,¹
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord, —

King. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
O, sir ! your presence is too bold and peremptory,

¹ *Condition* is used for *nature, disposition*, as well as *estate* or *fortune*. It is so interpreted by Philips, in his *World of Words*. And we find it most frequently used in this sense by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i sc. 2 note 9

And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier² of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. —

[*Exit* WORCESTER.]

[*To* NORTH.] You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners:
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:³
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,⁴ which ever and anon

² *Frontier* is said anciently to have meant *forehead*, to prove which the following quotation has been adduced from Stubbes' *Anatomy of Abuses*: "Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth ousted round their *frontiers*, and hangeth over their brow." Nares justly observes, that this does not explain the passage: "The moody *forehead* of a servant brow" is not sense. Surely it may be better interpreted "the moody or threatening *outwork*;" in which sense *frontier* is used in Act ii. sc. 3: "Of palisadoes, *frontiers*, parapets."

³ To understand this the reader should bear in mind that the courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed*, and would therefore show like a stubble land new reap'd.

⁴ A *pouncet-box* (that is, *pounded*, from *pounce*, to *pierce*, to *make holes*) was a box perforated with small holes, for carrying

He gave his nose, and took't away again ;
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff: ⁵ — and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
 He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the
 mark !)

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 'This ⁶ villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;

musk, or other perfumes then in fashion. Warburton says that
 "various aromatic powders were thus used in *snuff*, long before
 tobacco was thus used." H.

⁵ *Took it in snuff* means no more than *snuffed it up* : but there
 is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff at*
it, in familiar modern speech ; to be angry, to take offence.

⁶ So in all the quartos : the folio has *that* instead of *this*. H

And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er lord Harry Percy then had said,⁷
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception, —
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower;⁸
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married.⁹ Shall our coffers, then,

⁷ So in the first quarto; the others omit *lord*, and the folio makes up the metre by turning *whate'er* into *whatever*. H.

⁸ The reputed magic of Glendower is thus set forth by Holinshed: "About mid August," (1402) "the king went with a great power of men into Wales, but in effect he lost his labor; for Owen conveyed himselfe out of the waie into his knowen lurking places, and (as was thought) through art magike he caused such foule weather of winds, tempest, raine, snow, and haile to be raised for the annoiance of the kings armie, that the like had not beene heard of; in such sort, that the king was constrained to returne home, having caused his people yet to spoile and burne first a great part of the countrie" H.

⁹ So in Holinshed: "Edmund Mortimer, earle of March, prisoner with Owen Glendour, whether for irksomnesse of cruell captivitie, or feare of death, or for what other cause, it is uncerteine, agreed to take part with Owen against the king of England, and tooke to wife the daughter of the said Owen." We have seen in the Introduction that the Mortimer, who had been sent into Wales, was not the earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the earl, and therefore perhaps distrusted by the king, as the natural protector of his nephew. At this time the earl of March was but

Be emptied to redeem a traitor home ?
 Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,¹⁰
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war : to prove that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound¹¹ the best part of an hour

about ten years old, and was held in safe keeping at Windsor. The mistake runs through Holinshed's chapter on the reign of Henry IV., and was not original with him. H.

¹⁰ To *indent with*, as explained in old dictionaries, and used in old authors, is to make a covenant or compact with any one : Here it seems to bear the sense of to compromise, or make terms. — We have already seen that Shakespeare sometimes uses subject and object interchangeably ; as in *Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 3 : " Present *fears* are less than horrible imaginings ; " where *fears* is put for *dangers*, that is, the things or persons feared. And so in the text *fears* apparently means *objects* of fear. Nor is this mode of speech peculiar to Shakespeare. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, Act iv. sc. 1 : " 'Twas time to look about : if I must perish, yet shall my *fears* go foremost ; " that is, *those whom I fear* shall perish first. So that the meaning of the passage in the text evidently is, — " Shall we buy off traitors, or make terms with persons once dangerous indeed, but who have now forfeited and lost whatsoever rendered them formidable ? " Knight puts forth a deal of very learned, ingenious, and elaborate absurdity in explanation of the text, much too long for quotation. Collier explains it, — " Subscribe an indenture, as if under apprehension ; " which, if less absurd than Knight's, has none of its ingenuity. Our explanation has the sanction of Dyce and Verplanck, than which none higher. H.

¹¹ Shakespeare again uses *confound* for *spending* or losing time in *Coriolanus*, Act i. sc. 6 : " How could'st thou in a mile *confound* an hour ? "

In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,

Upon agreement, of swif. Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head¹² in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base¹³ and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then, let him not be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost be-
lie him:

He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,

¹² The same image occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*: "The Volga trembled at his terror, and hid his seven *curled heads*." Likewise in one of Jonson's *Masques*:

"The rivers run as smoothed by his hand,
Only their *heads* are *crisped* by his stroke." —

In 1762 some very profound genius put forth A Dialogue on Taste, wherein the passage in the text is commented on thus: "Nature could never have pointed out, that a river was capable of cowardice, or that it was consistent with the character of a gentleman such as Percy, to say the thing that was not." A piece of criticism which, though hugely curious, probably needeth not to be criticised. Yet we might ask whether Milton be not guilty of an equal sin against nature, when he represents Sabrina, a tutelary power of the Severn, as rising, attended by water nymphs and singing, —

"By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays."

H.

¹³ So in the folio; the quartos have *bare*. Monck Mason observes, not without reason, that *bare* policy would be no *policy* at all

H

He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shal' hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. — My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son: —
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Excunt the KING, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: — I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.¹⁴

North. What! drunk with choler? stay, and pause
awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. [*To WORCESTER.*] Brother, the king hath
made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;

¹⁴ So in all the quartos; but changed in the folio to "*Although it be with hazard of my head.*" The reason of the change does not appear, as it manifestly was not for the better. H.

And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood? ¹⁵

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft! I pray you, did King Richard, then,
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve. ¹⁶
But shall it be, that you, — that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, — shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,

¹⁵ Roger Mortimer, earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the crown in 1385; but was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person proclaimed by Richard II. previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund* Mortimer, son of Roger, who was then but seven years old: he was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. He was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard.

¹⁶ So in all the quartos; in the folio, *starv'd*. Of course *to* is understood before *starve*. H.

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? —
O! pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf, —
As both of you, God pardon it! have done, —
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this cauker, Bolingbroke? ¹⁷
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd ¹⁸ contempt,
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, —

Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter-deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! — or sink or swim
Send danger from the east unto the west,

¹⁷ The *canker* is the *dog-rose*, — the rose of the hedge, not of the garden. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i. sc. 3, note 4

H.

¹⁸ That is, disdainful; the passive for the active.

So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple : — O ! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,¹⁹
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities :
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend. —
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners, —

Hot. I'll keep them all :
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes. —
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,

¹⁹ Warburton observes that Euripides has put the same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles : " I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts ; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom."

And in his ear I'll holla — Mortimer !
 Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
 Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
 To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,²⁰
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
 And that same sword-and-buckler²¹ prince of Wales,
 But that I think his father loves him not,
 And would be glad he met with some mischance,
 I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman ! I will talk to you,
 When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue²² and impatient
 fool

²⁰ To *defy* was sometimes used in the sense of to *renounce*, *reject*, *refuse* : Thus Constance, in *King John* : “No, I *defy* all counsel, all redress.”

²¹ The meaning and force of this epithet are well shown by a passage in Stowe's *Survey of London* : “This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians' Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frayes and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use ; when every *serving man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword*.” And John Florio, in his *First Fruites*, 1578 : — “What weapons bear they ? Some sword and dagger, some *sword and buckler*. — What weapon is that *buckler* ? A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman.”

²² So in the second quarto. The first quarto has *wasp-stung*, the folio *wasp-tongued*. Surely, there can be no doubt that *wasp tongue* is far the best. Mr. Collier, however, prefers *wasp-stung*, and gives his reason thus : “Northumberland of course means that his son is as impatient as if he had been stung by a wasp, not that he had a wasp's tongue in his head, for the tongue of a wasp is harmless.” Which seems a huge little piece of impertinence ; for the meaning of *wasp-tongue* manifestly is not that he has the tongue of a wasp, but that his tongue is *waspish* ; in speech he is as peevish, fretful, and stinging as a wasp : which is precisely true of him as he shows himself in this scene and elsewhere

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,

tled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

How Edward's time, — what do you call the place ? —
upon't ! — it is in Gloucestershire ; —

where the madcap duke his uncle kept,²³

where ; — where I first bow'd my knee

to his smiles, this Bolingbroke,

and he came back from Ra

back some of my castle.

22

23

courtesy²⁴

did proffer me !

Look, — “ when his infant fortune came to age,”

And — “ gentle Harry Percy,” — and, “ kind cousin,” —

O, the devil take such cozeners ! — God forgive me ! —

Good uncle, tell your tale : I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again ;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,

²³ Shakespeare uses *kept* several times in the sense of *dwelt*. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii. sc. 3 : “ It is the most impenetrable cur that ever *kept* with men.” H.

²⁴ That is, “ what a deal of candy courtesy.”

Will easily be granted. — [*To NORTHUM.*] You, my lord,

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,²⁵
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down ;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it :

Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.²⁶

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.²⁷

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot. —
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head ;²⁸
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt ;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

²⁵ Conjecture.

²⁶ *Wondrous* was first supplied in the folio of 1623. H.

²⁷ This phrase is taken from hunting. *To let slip* is to loose a greyhound.

²⁸ A body of forces.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin,²⁹ farewell. — No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you, and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: — we shall thrive,
I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu. — O! let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day,
I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain¹ is over the new
chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What,
ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a

²⁹ This was a common address in Shakespeare's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren.

¹ *Charles' Wain* was the vulgar name for the constellation called the *Great Bear*. It is a corruption of *Chorles'* or *Churl's Wain*. *Chorl* is frequently used for a *countryman* in old books. from the Saxon *ceorl*.

few flocks in the point : the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.²

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank³ here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots : this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow ! never joy'd since the price of oats rose :⁴ it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas : I am stung like a tench.⁵

1 *Car.* Like a tench ? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney ; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.⁶

² That is, out of all *measure*, excessively. To *cess*, or assess, was to number, value, *measure*, or appraise. — *Point* of course refers to a part of the saddle. *Flocks* are flakes or locks of wool.
H.

³ *Dank* is wet, moist : “as wet as a dog” is a phrase still in use. Mr. Dyce quotes a passage from Taylor’s *The World runs on Wheels*, showing that dogs did much the same service in the way of comparisons then as now : “But many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon dogges, so that it would make a dogge laugh to heare and understand them : As I have heard a man say, I am as hot as a dogge, or, as cold as a dogge ; I sweat like a dogge, (when a dogge never sweates,) as drunke as a dogge, hee swore like a dogge ; and one told a man once that his wife was not to be beleev’d, for shee would lye like a dogge.”
H.

⁴ The price of grain was very high in 1596 ; which may have put Shakespeare upon making poor Robin thus die of one idea.
H.

⁵ Dr. Farmer thought *tench* a mistake for *trout* ; the red spots of the trout having some resemblance to the spots on the skin of a flea-bitten person.

⁶ It appears from a passage in Holland’s translation of Pliny

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes⁷ of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.⁸ — What, ostler! — A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. — Come, and be hang'd: — Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.⁹

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? — Lend me thy lantern, quoth a? — marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas: "Last of all some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed fleas and lice; among which the chalcis, a kind of turgot, is one." Mason suggests that "breeds fleas as fast as a loach breeds loaches" may be the meaning of the passage; the loach being reckoned a peculiarly prolific fish.

⁷ A *raze* or *race* of ginger seems to have meant originally no more nor less than a *root* of ginger: whether it afterwards came to mean any thing else, and, if so, what, hath not been discovered

H.

⁸ This is one of the Poet's anachronisms. Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

⁹ The Carrier has just said, — "An't be not *four* by the day I'll be hang'd." Probably he suspects Gadshill, and tries to mislead him.

H

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. — Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers*

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.¹⁰

Gads. That's even as fair as — at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.¹¹

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin¹² in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with St. Nicholas' clerks,¹³ I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman: for I know thou worship'st St. Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

¹⁰ A slang phrase of the time, often found in old plays. H.

¹¹ Thus in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, 1605: "He dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house, to learn which way they went in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they sped."

¹² A freeholder or yeoman, a man above a vassal or villain, but not a gentleman. This was the *Franklin* of the age of Elizabeth. In earlier times he was a person of much more dignity.

¹³ As Nicholas or Old Nick is a cant name for the devil, so thieves are equivocally called *St. Nicholas' clerks*. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. sc. 1, note 14.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgo-masters, and great oneyers;¹⁴ such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.¹⁵

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her.¹⁶ We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.¹⁷

¹⁴ Doubtless, as Johnson observes, a cant phrase for *great ones*; the word being formed in much the same way as auctioneer, privateer. — *Foot land-rakers* were *footpads*, wanderers on foot. — *Long-staff, sixpenny strikers* were petty thieves, such as would knock a man down for a sixpence. — *Purple-hued malt-worms* were probably such whose faces were made red with drinking ale.

11.

¹⁵ A quibble upon *boots* and *booty*.

¹⁶ Alluding to *boots* in the preceding passage. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff says, — "They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me."

¹⁷ *Fern-seed* was of old thought to be itself invisible, and therefore, perhaps, to have the power of rendering those invisible who carried it. Thus in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, Act i. sc. 1: "Because indeed I had no medicine, sir, to go invisible; no *fern-seed* in my pocket."

H.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase,¹⁸ as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to ; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Road by Gads-hill.

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS ; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter : I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.¹

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins ! Poins, and be hang'd ! Poins !

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal ! What a brawling dost thou keep !

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal ?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill : I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek POINS.*

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied

¹⁸ *Purchase* was anciently understood in the sense of *gain*, *profit*, whether legally or illegally obtained. Thus in *Henry V.*, Act iii. sc. 2 : "They will *steal* any thing, and call it *purchase*."

¹ Thus in *The Malcontent*, 1604 : "I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, *fret*, *fret*." Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum ; but the consequence was, that the stuff being thus hardened quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.

him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire² further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. — Poin! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! — Bardolph! — Peto! — I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! — A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt³ me thus?

Prince. Thou liest, thou art not colted; thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

² That is, the *square*. A carpenter's rule was called a *square*.

³ To *colt* is to *trick*, *fool*, or *deceive*; perhaps from the wild tricks of a colt. Of course the prince plays upon the word, as Falstaff has lost his *horse*.

Prince. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too, — I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O! 'tis our setter:⁴ I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue: 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

Prince. What! a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

⁴ That is, the one who was to set a match. See Act i. sc 2 note 13.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge : when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by : stand close.

[*Exeunt the Prince and POINS.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,⁵ say I : every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour ; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill : we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us !

Fal. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains throats. Ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O ! we are undone, both we and ours, forever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves ! Are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ;⁶ I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves !

⁵ That is, happiness be his lot or portion.

⁶ A *chuff*, according to Richardson, is a "burly, swollen man ; swollen either with gluttony and guzzling, or with ill tempers." Thus in Massinger's *Duke of Milan* : "To see these *chuffs*, who every day may spend a soldier's entertainment for a year, yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins." — The following passage from Sir Thomas More will show the meaning of *gorbellied* : "As a great *gorbelyed* glotton ; so corpulente and fatte that he canne scantelye goe."

young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[Exeunt FAL. &c. driving the Travellers out]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

Prince. Your money. *[Rushing out upon them.]*

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them. FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving the booty behind them.]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.*¹

— “But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.” — He could be contented, — Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house: — he shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous;” — Why, that’s certain: ’tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower safety. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.” — Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. ’Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady’s fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower?

¹ This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.

Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are, they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? ² I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord! why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks, And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, "Courage! — to the field!" And thou hast talk'd

² Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, which was not *Katherine* but *Elizabeth*, or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the name of *Kate*. Hall and Holinshed call her erroneously *Elinor*.

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*⁷ —
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you,
To line⁸ his enterprise: but if you go —

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away!

Away, you trifler! — Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: This is no world,
To play with mammetts,⁹ and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. — Gods me, my horse! —
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have
with me?

⁷ The motto of the Percy family.

⁸ That is, to *strengthen*. So in *Macbeth*: "Did *line* the rebel with hidden help and vantage."

⁹ *Mammetts* were *puppets* or *dolls*, here used by Shakespeare for a *female plaything*; a diminutive of *mam*. Thus in Junius's *Nomenclator*, 1585: "Icunculæ, *mammetts* or *puppets* that goe by devises of wyer or strings, as though they had life and moving."

Lady. Do you not love me ? do you not indeed ?
Well, do not then ; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?
And when I am o'horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :
Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise ; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are ;
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,
No lady closer ; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate !

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate .
Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate ?

Lady. It must, of force. [*Excunt*

SCENE IV. Eastcheap.¹

A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

Prince. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room.
and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

¹ Eastcheap is selected with propriety for the scene of the prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence ; a mansion called Cold Harbour, near All-Hallows Church, Upper

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as — Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian,² a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me,) and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem! and bid you play it off.³ — To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any

Thames-Street, being granted to Henry prince of Wales. In the old anonymous play of King Henry V. *Eastcheap* is the place where Henry and his companions meet: “*Hen.* You know the old tavern in Eastcheap; there is good wine.” Shakespeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the Boar’s Head tavern was very near Blackfriars’ Playhouse.

² A *Corinthian* was a *wencher*, a *debauchee*. The fame of *Corinth*, as a place of resort for loose women, was not yet extinct. Thus Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnus*: — “And raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatic old prelatess with all her young *Corinthian* laity.”

³ To *breathe in your watering* is to stop and take breath when you are drinking. So in Rowland’s *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine*, 1600, a passage first pointed out by Sir W. Scott in his edition of those rare satires:

“A pox of *piece-meal drinking*, William says,
Play it away, we’ll have no stoppes and stayes;
 Blown drinke is odious; what man can digest it?
 No faithful drunkard but he should detest it.”

Thus also in Peacham’s *Compleat Gentleman*: “If he dranke off his cups cleanelly, *took not his wind in his draught*, spit not, left nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize.”

tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,⁴ clapp'd even now in my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than — “Eight shillings and sixpence,” and — “You are welcome;” with this shrill addition, — “Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,”⁵ or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling — Francis! that his tale to me may be nothing but — anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit* POINS.]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

⁴ It appears that the drawers kept *sugar* folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack. — An *under-skinker* is a tapster, an *under-drawer*. *Skink* is *drink*, *liquor*, from *scenc*, drink, Saxon.

⁵ *Half-moon* is used as the name of a room in the tavern; and so is *Pomegranate* a little after. — *Score* was a term for keeping accounts, when *tally-sticks* were in use.

Prince. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, — about Michaelmas next I shall be —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. — Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me, — 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I would it had been two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis, —

Fran. My lord?

Prince. — wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,⁶ crystal button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stockings, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish pouch, —

⁶ Of course the prince refers to Francis' master, to whom he applies these contemptuous epithets. — *Nott-pated* is *shorn-pated*, or *cropped*; having the hair cut close. — *Puke-stockings* are dark-coloured stockings. *Puke* is a colour between russet and black. — *Caddis* was probably a kind of *ferret* or *worsted lace*. A slight kind of serge still bears the name of *cadis* in France.

Fran. O Lord, sir! who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard⁷ is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvass doublet will sully: In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue: Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

⁷ A kind of sweet Spanish wine, of which there were two sorts, brown and white. Baret says that "*bastarde* is *muscadet*, *sweete wine*, *mulsum*." *Bastard wines* are said to be *Spanish wines* in general, by Olaus Magnus. He speaks of them with almost as much enthusiasm as Falstaff does of sack.

Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

[*Exit.*

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman. — His industry is — up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, — “Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.” “O, my sweet Harry,” says she, “how many hast thou kill'd to-day?” “Give my roan horse a drench,” says he, and answers, “Some fourteen,” an hour after; “a trifle, a trifle.” I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*,⁸ says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun!⁹ if thou didst, then behold that compound.

⁸ Of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered.

⁹ This passage has caused a great deal of controversy. In the first folio it stands thus, *literatim et punctuatim*: “Didst thou never

Fal. You rogue, here's lime¹⁰ in this sack too : there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man : Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it ; a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt : if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.¹¹ There live not three good men unhang'd in England ; and one of them is fat, and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say ! I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or any thing.¹² A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack ! what mutter you ?

Fal. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,¹³ and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese,

see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne ? ” And it is the same in all the quartos, save that the first two have *sonnes* instead of *sunne*. Taking the passage thus, the best arrangement is Warburton's, which encloses *pitiful-hearted Titan* in parentheses, and makes *that* refer to *butter* preceding. We follow Theobald and Singer, repeating *butter* instead of *Titan*, which makes the sense perfectly consistent and clear. Both *Titan* and *butter* having just occurred, nothing was more natural than for the old compositor or transcriber to repeat the wrong word.

H.

¹⁰ Eliot, in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says, “ The vintners of London put in lime ; and thence proceed infinite maladies, especially the goutes.”

¹¹ A *shotten herring* is one that has cast her spawn, and is therefore very lean and lank.

H.

¹² Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in *Twelfth Night*. The protestants who fled from the persecutions of the duke of Alva were mostly *weavers*, and, being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. Weavers were supposed to be generally good singers : their trade being sedentary, they had an opportunity of practising, and sometimes in parts while they were at work.

¹³ A *dagger of lath* is the weapon given to the Vice in the *Old Moralities*. In the second part of this play Falstaff calls Shallow a *Vice's dagger*. See *Twelfth Night*, Act iv. sc. 2, note 13

I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.¹⁴

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-

¹⁴ So in the first two quartos; the others omit *day*. Such was the phraseology of the time, and Mr. Collier says "it is still used in our eastern counties."

saw, *ecce signum* ! I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards ! — Let them speak : if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs ; how was it ?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen, —

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. — and bound them.

Peto. No, no ; they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them ; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, —

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What ! fought ye with them all ?

Fal. All ? I know not what ye call all : but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish : if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

Prince. 'Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for : I have pepper'd two of them : two, I am sure, I have paid ; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, — if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward : — here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, —

Prince. What, four ? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal ; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly

thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of, —

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. —their points being broken, —

Poins. Down fell their hose.¹⁵

Fal. -- began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green,¹⁶ came at my back, and let drive at me; — for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.¹⁷

¹⁵ The jest lies in a quibble upon *points*, Falstaff using the word for the *sharp end of a weapon*, Poins for the *tagged lace* with which garments were then fastened. See *Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 5, note 2; and *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i. sc. 2, note 8. H.

¹⁶ *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood and his men. The colour took its name from *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture. *Green* still continues the colour of woodmen and gamekeepers.

¹⁷ We cannot persuade ourselves that Falstaff thinks of deceiving any body by this string of "incomprehensible lies." He tells them, surely, not expecting or intending them to be believed, but partly for the pleasure he takes in the excited play of his

Prince. These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,¹⁸ —

Fal. What ! art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

Prince. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand ? come, tell us your reason : what say'st thou to this ?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the strappado,¹⁹ or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plenty

faculties, partly for the surprise he causes by his still more incomprehensible feats of dodging ; that is, they are studied self-exposures to invite an attack ; that he may provoke his hearers to come down upon him, and then witch them with his facility and felicity in extricating himself. Thus his course here is all of a piece with his usual practice of surrounding himself with difficulties, the better to exercise and evince his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought ; as knowing that the more he entangles himself in his talk, the richer will be the effect when by a word he slips off the entanglement. We shrewdly suspect that he knew the truth all the while, but determined to fall in with and humour the joke, on purpose to make sport for himself and the prince ; and at the same time to retort their deception by pretending to be ignorant of their doings and designs. At all events, we must needs think it were a huge impeachment of his sense, to suppose that in telling such gross and palpable lies he has any thought of being believed.

H.

¹⁸ A *keech* is a round lump of fat, rolled up by the butcher in order to be carried to the chandler, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly.

¹⁹ The *strappado* was a dreadful punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals, by drawing them up on high with their arms tied backward. Randle Holme says that they were suddenly let fall half way with a jerk, which not only broke the arms but shook all the joints out of joint. He adds, "which punishment it is better to be hanged than for a man to undergo."

as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh; —

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,²⁰ you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish, — O, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck; —

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. — Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. — Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as He that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for

²⁰ It has been proposed to read *eel-skin*, with great plausibility Shakespeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the prince Stowe, speaking of him, says, "He exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body *slender* and *lean*, and his bones small."

me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.²¹ But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; — and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! My lord the prince, —

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,²² and send him back again to my mother.

²¹ 'The logic of this passage even beats the wit, fine as is the latter. The prince, as we have seen, was not the true prince, according to the settled rule of succession. The logic is, that none but a man composed and framed of royalty could inspire a lion with such fear; and on the other hand no beast but the lion is brave and gentle enough to feel this instinctive respect for royalty. So that Falstaff's running from him proves him to be what he is not, and is alike honourable to them both. H.

²² The hostess has just called the messenger a *nobleman*. The prince refers to this, and at the same time plays upon the words *royal man*. *Royal* and *noble* were names of coin, the one being 10s. the other 6s. 8d. If, then, the messenger were already a

Fal. What manner of man is he ?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at mid night ? — Shall I give him his answer ?

Prince. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs ; by'r lady, you fought fair ; — so did you, Peto ; — so did you, Bardolph : you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no ; — fie !

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest : How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd ?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight ; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass, to make them bleed ; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before ; I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain ! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,²³ and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire²⁴ and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away : what instinct hadst thou for it ?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you behold these exhalations ?

nob. man, give him 3s. 4d. and it would make him a *royal* man. Hearne relates how " Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said, — ' My *royal* queen,' and a little after, — ' My *noble* queen.' Upon which says the queen, — ' What, am I ten groats worse than I was ? ' " H.

²³ That is, *taken in the act*. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i sc. 1, note 17.

²⁴ The fire in Bardolph's face.

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.²⁵

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.²⁶

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! ²⁷ How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon ²⁸ the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welch hook,²⁹ — what, a plague, call you him? —

Poins. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; — and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that

²⁵ That is, drunkenness and poverty.

²⁶ Of course there is a quibble implied here between *choler* and *collar*. It is observable that the prince deals very much in this kind of *implied* puns, as if the Poet sought thereby to reconcile the native dignity of this most princely gentleman with his occasional levity and playfulness. *Explicit* puns were too small a species of wit for such a heroic spirit even to play with. H.

²⁷ *Bombast* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the cotton plant the *bombast* tree. It is here used for the *stuffing of clothes*. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. sc. 2, note 46.

²⁸ A demon, who is described as one of the four kings who rule over all the demons in the world.

²⁹ The *Welch hook* was a kind of hedging-bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert

sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

Prince. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.³⁰

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps³¹ more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.³²

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot sun, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way. — But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

³⁰ Pistols were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakespeare's time.

³¹ *Blue caps* being of old the national head-dress of Scottish soldiers, the Scotsmen themselves are here appropriately called *blue-caps*.

H.

³² This might be aptly quoted as showing that civil disorders had much the same effect on property in Shakespeare's time as in ours.

H.

Prince. Not a whit, i'faith.
instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly
when thou comest to thy father: in
practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father,
ine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. — This chair shall
state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion
crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy
golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy pre-
cious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out
of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup
of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be
thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion,
and I will do it in King Cambyeses' vein.³³

Prince. Well, here is my leg.³⁴

Fal. And here is my speech. — Stand aside, no-
bility.

Host. O Jesu! this is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears
are vain.

Host. O, the father! how he holds his counte-
nance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful
queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these
harlotry players as I ever see.

³³ The banter is here upon the play called "A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirthe, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia," by Thomas Preston, 1570

³⁴ That is, *my obeisance* to my father

...ant-pot! peace, good tickle-
 ...do not only marvel where thou
 ..., but also how thou art accom-
 ...ugh the camomile, the more it is
 ...e faster it grows, yet youth, the more
 ...the sooner it wears. That thou art my
 ...ve partly thy mother's word, partly my
 ...union; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine
 ...and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that
 ...h warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here
 ...es the point: — Why, being son to me, art thou so
 ...pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove
 ...a micher,³⁶ and eat blackberries? a question not to
 ...be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief,
 ...and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is
 ...a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and
 ...it is known to many in our land by the name of
 ...pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth
 ...defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry,
 ...now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears;
 ...not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only,
 ...but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man,
 ...whom I have often noted in thy company, but I
 ...know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpu-
 lent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most
 noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty,

³⁵ *Tickle-brain* appears to have been a slang term for some potent kind of liquor. H.

³⁶ A *micher* here means a *truant*. So in Lyly's *Mother Bom-
 bie*, 1594: "How like a *micher* he stands, as if he had *truanted*
 from honesty." And in Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words
 and Phrases*: "*Moocher*. A *truant*; a 'blackberry moucher,' —
 a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries." H

or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker,³⁷ or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry! whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false! — nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch³⁸ of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard³⁹ of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that

³⁷ That is, a *sucking rabbit*.

³⁸ The receptacle into which meal is *bolled*.

³⁹ *Bombard* was generally used in the Poet's time for a large barrel; sometimes, however, for a huge leathern vessel for hold-

roasted Manningtree ox⁴⁰ with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,⁴¹ but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you:⁴² Whom means your grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pha-

ing liquor, which is probably its meaning here. Thus Heywood speaks of "the great black jacks and *bombards* of the court," and Shirley of "the black jacks or *bombards* toss'd by the king's guards." See, also, *The Tempest*, Act ii. sc. 2, note 3. H.

⁴⁰ *Manningtree* was a place in Essex noted for its fine pastures and large oxen, and for the great fairs that were used to be held there, at which the old plays called moralities were performed, and eating and drinking were done on a large scale. It is not unlikely that on some of these occasions oxen may have been roasted whole with puddings done up in them, as is said in a ballad written in 1658: "Just so the people stare at an ox in the fair, roasted whole with a pudding in's belly." Perhaps, as Mr. Collier suggests, it was some unmarked influence of association that prompted the allusion to Vice and Iniquity, which were prominent characters in the old moralities. H.

⁴¹ *Cunning* is here used in the sense of *wise* or *knowing*. H

⁴² That is, let me understand you.

raoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord : banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins ; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company : banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess and BARDOLPH.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O ! my lord, my lord ! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue ! play out the play : I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu ! my lord, my lord !—

Fal. Heigh, heigh ! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick.⁴³ What's the matter ?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door : they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit : thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major : if you will deny the sheriff, so ; if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

⁴³ This is thought to be an allusion to the old Puritan horror of *fiddles* for the use made of them in dancing.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras :⁴⁴ — the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had ; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and POINS*

Prince. Call in the sheriff. —

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master Sheriff, what's your will with me ?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here ; For I myself at this time have employ'd him.⁴⁵ And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

⁴⁴ When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the walls of houses and castles ; but this practice was soon discontinued. After the damp of the stone and brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as prevented the damp from being injurious ; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.

⁴⁵ Shakespeare has been blamed for making the prince utter this falsehood. Surely the blame were more justly visited on the prince than on the Poet. Shakespeare did not mean to set forth the connection with Falstaff as altogether harmless ; and if he had done so, he would have been untrue to nature. The prince is indeed censurable ; yet not so much for telling the falsehood as for letting himself into a necessity either to do so, or to betray his accomplice. What he does is bad enough ; but were it not still worse to expose Falstaff in an act which himself has countenanced ?

That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these
men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier*]

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.
Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff! — Fast asleep behind the arras,
and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath.
Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast
thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be: read them.

<i>Poins.</i> Item, a capon,	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce,	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons,	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, .	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread,	ob. ⁴⁶

Prince. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth
of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! — What
there is else, keep close: we'll read it at more ad-
vantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the
court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and
thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat

⁴⁶ We give this account just as it stands in all the old copies
Ob. is for *obolum*, which was the common mode of signifying a
halfpenny.

rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score.⁴⁷ The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor.

A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and
GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction¹ full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will
you sit down? And, uncle Worcester: — A plague
upon it! I have forgot the map!

Glen. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster

⁴⁷ That is, "a march of twelve-score will be his death." A *score*, as here used, was *twenty yards*. So that *twelve-score* was *two hundred and forty yards*. H.

⁴⁸ All the old copies have *Peto* both here and in the foregoing prefixes. Modern editions generally have *Poins* instead of *Peto*; which were very well, doubtless, but that all authority is against it: the change indeed seems for the better, nevertheless the Poet probably thought otherwise. H.

¹ *Induction* is used by Shakespeare for *commencement, beginning*. The introductory part of a play or poem was called the *induction*.

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen
Glendower spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him : at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ;² and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same
season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though
yourself had never been born.³

Glen. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glen. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O ! then the earth shook to see the heavens
on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions : oft the teeming earth

² *Cressets* were *lights* used as beacons, and sometimes as torches to light processions ; so named from the French, *croissette*, because the fire was placed on a little cross. Cotgrave thus describes them : " A *cresset* light, made of ropes wreathed, pitched, and put into small open cages of iron." — The singular behaviour of nature at the birth of Glendower is thus mentioned by Holinshed : " Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativité of this man ; for the same night he was borne all his fathers horsse in the stable were found to stand in blood up to the bellies." And in 1402 a blazing star appeared, which the Welch bards construed as foretokening success to Glendower. H.

³ This and the preceding speeches of Hotspur, which are commonly printed as verse, are here given in their proper order. Mr. Verplanck justly observes, — " The contrast between Glendower's self-deceiving enthusiasm and Hotspur's impatient bluntness is stronger by the metre of the one and the prose of the other." H.

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, — that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.⁴
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, — clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales, —

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welch.
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ! you will make him
mad.

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man :
But will they come, when you do call for them ?

⁴ So in the description of an earthquake at Catania, quoted by Malone: "There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once ; the sea retired from the town above two miles ; the birds flew about astonished ; the cattle in the fields ran crying."
H

Glen. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,

By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil. —
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come;

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glen. Come, here's the map: Shall we divide our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.⁵

⁵ This matter is thus given by Holinshed: "They by their deputies, in the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realme amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to bee made and sealed with their seales, by the covenants whereof all England from Severne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the earle of March; all Wales and the lands beyond Severne, westward, were appointed to Owen Glendour; and the remnant, from Trent northward, to the lord Persie."

And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. —
[*To GLEN.*] Within that space you may have drawn
together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords ;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety,⁶ north from Burton
here,

In quantity equals not one of yours.
See, how this river comes me cranking in,⁷
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half moon, and monstrous cantle out.⁸
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glen. Not wind ? it shall ; it must : you see it
doth.

⁶ A *moiety* was often used by the writers of Shakespeare's age as a portion of any thing, though not divided into equal parts

⁷ To *crank* is to crook, to turn in and out.

⁸ A *cantle* is a *portion*, a *part*, a *corner* or *fragment* of any thing. The French had *chanteau* and *chantel*, and the Italians *canto* and *cantore* in the same sense

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course,
and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so : a little charge will do it.

Glen. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then :
Speak it in Welch.

Glen. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;
For I was train'd up in the English court ;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
I had rather hear a brazen canstick⁹ turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glen. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

⁹ A very common contraction of *candlestick*. Thus in *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, 1636 :

“ As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
Where they *turn brazen candlesticks* ”

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend ;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glen. The moon shines fair, you may away by
night :

I'll haste the writer,¹⁰ and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my
father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp¹¹ and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies ;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulted raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what, —
He held me last night at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys : I cried, " humph," and
" well, go to,"

But mark'd him not a word. O ! he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live

¹⁰ That is, the writer of the articles.

¹¹ The *moldwarp* is the *mole* ; so called because it warps or renders the surface of the earth uneven by its hillocks. Holinshed is here Shakespeare's authority : " This was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though King Henry was the *moldewarpe*, cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, which should divide this realme between them."

With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments;¹² valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your
speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

¹² Skilled in wonderful secrets.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me, -
My wife can speak no English, I no Welch.

Glen. My daughter weeps : she will not part with
you,
She'll be a soldier too ; she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, that she and my aunt
Percy¹³
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to her in Welch,*
and she answers him in the same.

Glen. She's desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd
harlotry,
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*She speaks to MORTIMER in Welch.*

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welch
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heav-
ens,

I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*She speaks again.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
Makes Welch as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

¹³ We have already seen that Hotspur's wife was sister to Sir Edmund Mortimer, and therefore of course aunt to the young earl of March. And she has been spoken of in the play as Mortimer's sister, yet he here calls her his *aunt*. From which it appears that Shakespeare not only mistook Sir Edmund for the earl of March, or rather followed an authority who had so mistaken him, but sometimes confounded the two.

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.¹⁴

Glen. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*She speaks again.*

Mort. O! I am ignorance itself in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you
down,¹⁵

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing
By that time will our book,¹⁶ I think, be drawn.

Glen. Do so;

And those musicians, that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here: Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in
thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The Music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welch;
and 'tis no marvel, he is so humorous. By'r lady,
he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical;

¹⁴ *Divisions*, which were then uncommon in vocal music, are *variations* upon some given fundamental melody.

¹⁵ It was anciently the custom to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.

¹⁶ It was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a *book* in ancient times, such as patents, grants, articles, covenants, &c. — Of course the *book* here referred to was the "indentures tripartite."

for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welch.

Hot. I had rather hear lady, my brach,¹⁷ howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.¹⁸

Lady P. Now, God help thee !

Hot. To the Welch lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that ?

Hot. Peace ! she sings.

[*A Welch Song by Lady M.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth ! 'Heart ! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife ! Not mine, in good sooth : and, As true as I live ; and, As God shall mend me ; and, As sure as day :

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.¹⁹
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath ; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
'To velvet-guards,²⁰ and Sunday citizens.
Come, sing.

¹⁷ Hound.

¹⁸ That is, 'tis a woman's fault not to be still.

¹⁹ *Finsbury*, being then open walks and fields, was the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many old plays.

²⁰ *Velvet-guards*, or *trimmings of velvet*, were the city fashion in Shakespeare's time. So in *Histriomastix*, 1610 :

“Nay, I myself will wear the courtly grace ;
Out on these *velvet-guards*, and black-lac'd sleeves,
These simp'ring fashions simply followed !”

Thus also Fynes Moryson : “ At public meetings the aldermen of

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher.²¹ An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glen. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the KING, Prince HENRY, and Lords.

King. Lords, give us leave: The prince of Wales
and I
Must have some private conference: But be near at
hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in His secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,

London weere skarlet gownes, and their wives a close gowne of skarlet with *gardes* of black velvet."

²¹ Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing. The meaning is, "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds."

Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal :
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd
 (Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear)
 By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.¹

King. God pardon thee !—yet let me wonder,
 Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,²
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood :
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man

¹ The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure. Johnson thus explains it : “ Let me beg so much extenuation that *upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true.*” *Reproof* means *disproof*.

² The Poet here anticipates an event that took place several years later. Holinshed, having just spoken of the prince's assault on the Chief Justice, adds,—“ The king after expelled him out of his privie councill, banisht him the court, and made the duke of Clarence, his yoonger brother, president of councill in his stead.”

Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, "This is he"
Others would say, "Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin³ wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd; carded⁴ his state,

³ *Bavins* are brush-wood, or small faggots used for lighting fires. Thus in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "*Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt."

⁴ This word has been explained in divers ways. Warburton thought it was used for *discard*. Ritson took it to mean, that Richard played away his royalty *at cards*. Knight suggests yet another sense, — that he fretted away his dignity, as a carder does locks of wool. The most probable meaning of the word is shown in Bacon's *Natural History*, § 46: "It is an excellent drink for a consumption, to be drunk either alone, or *carded* with some other beer." Likewise in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*: "You *card* your beer (if you see your guests begin to get drunk; ha!f

Mingled his royalty, with carping⁵ fools;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative;⁶
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd⁷ himself to popularity:
 That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey; and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sunlike majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
 But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries;

small, half strong." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed*, Act iv. sc. 4: "But mine is such a drench of balderdash, such a strange *carded* cunningness." Accordingly, Steevens explains the text thus: "To *card* is to mix, or debase by mixing. The metaphor is probably taken from mingling *coarse* wool with *fine*, and carding them together, thereby diminishing the value of the latter." Our own notion, then, is, that "*carded* his state" means the same as the following clause, the latter being explanatory of the former. H.

⁵ The first quarto reads *capring*; the other old copies read *carping*, which agrees well with the context. "A *carping* momus" and "a *carping* fool" were common phrases in the Poet's time. But, though *carping* agrees thus with the context, it must be owned that *capering* bears a sense equally appropriate, as referring to the *dancing* sprigs that Richard II. drew about him. H.

⁶ That is, every beardless, vain young fellow who affected wit, or was a *dealer in comparisons*. See Act i. sc. 2, note 9.

⁷ That is, *gave himself up*, absolutely and entirely, to popularity. To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to give or grant any thing to another in fee simple. 57, 8, 16167

Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou :
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation : not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg ;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,⁸
Than thou, the shadow of succession :
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm ;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,⁹
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honor hath he got
Against renowned Douglas ! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,

⁸ We should now write *in* the state, but this was the phraseology of the Poet's time. So in *The Winter's Tale* : "He is less frequent *to* his princely exercises than formerly."

⁹ The Poet with great dramatic propriety approximates the ages of the prince and Hotspur, for the better kindling of a noble emulation between them. So that we need not suppose him ignorant that Hotspur was about twenty years the older

This infant warrior, in his enterprises
 Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate ¹⁰ against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest ¹¹ enemy?
 Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels, and courtesy at his frowns,
 To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
 And God forgive them, that have so much sway'd
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!

will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours ¹² in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,

¹⁰ To *capitulate*, according to the old dictionaries, formerly signified to make articles of agreement.

¹¹ So in *Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 2: "Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio." For this use of *dear* see *Twelfth Night*, Act v. sc. 1, note 3. H.

¹² All the old copies have *favours*: perhaps it should be *favour*; at all events the word *mask* ascertains that the reference is to his *face*. H.

And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;¹³
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel¹⁴ of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland¹⁵ hath sent word,

¹³ Bonds.

¹⁴ Part.

¹⁵ There was no such person as *lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a Scottish earl of March and an English earl of March, and this sameness of title probably led the Poet into a confusion of the names. The Scottish earl of March was George Dunbar, who, having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the parliament petitioned the king to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of King Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury.

That Douglas and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
For this advertisement ¹⁶ is five days old.
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward ;
On Thursday we ourselves will march :
Our meeting is Bridgnorth ; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Eastcheap.

A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown : I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ; ¹ I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse.² The

¹⁶ Intelligence.

¹ *Liking* is condition, plight of body. So in Baret's *Alvearie* :
"If one be in better plight of body, or better *liking*."

² That Falstaff was unlike a brewer's horse may be gathered

inside of a church ! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it : — Come, sing me a bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough : swore little ; dic'd not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter — of an hour ; paid money that I borrowed three or four times ; lived well, and in good compass ; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass ; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral,³ thou bearest the lantern in the poop, — but 'tis in the nose of thee : thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori* : I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face : my oath should be, By this fire, that's God's angel :⁴

from a conundrum in *The Devil's Cabinet Opened* : “ What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse* ? — Because one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly.”

³ So Dekker, in his *Wonderful Year*, 1605 : “ An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose*. — The *Hamburghers* offered I know not how many dollars for his company in an *East Indian voyage*, to have stood a nights in the *poope of their admiral*, only to save the charges of candles.”

⁴ So in all the quartos : the folio omits the words, “ that's God's angel ”

but thou art altogether given over ; and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O ! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern :⁵ but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap,⁶ at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years : God reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen ? have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket ?

Host. Why, Sir John ! what do you think, Sir John ? Do you think I keep thieves in my house ? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant : the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess : Bardolph was shav'd and

⁵ Steevens has taken occasion here to mention that *candles and lanterns to let* were then cried about London, the streets not being then lighted.

⁶ *Cheap* is the past participle of *cypan*, Sax., to traffic, to bargain, to buy and sell. *Good cheap* was therefore a *good bargain*. Our ancestors used *good cheap* and *better cheap* as we now use *cheap* and *cheaper*. Baret translates the *minoris vendere aliquid*, of Plautus, by *to sell better-cheap*. And Florio has "*buon-mercato, good-cheape, a good bargaine.*"

lost many a hair ; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd : Go to, you are a woman ; go.

Host. Who I ? I defy thee : God's light ! I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to ; I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John ; you do not know me, Sir John : I know you, Sir John : you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas : I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.⁷

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, Holland of eight shillings an ell.⁸ You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it ; let him pay.

Host. He ? alas ! he is poor ; he hath nothing.

Fal. How ! poor ? look upon his face : What call you rich ? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What ! will you make a younker⁹ of me ? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd ? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

⁷ *Bolters* were sieves, used for sifting or bolting meal. H

⁸ *Eight shillings an ell*, for Holland linen, appears a high price for the time ; but hear Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses* : " In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillings, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least ; and yet that is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

⁹ *Younker* is here used for a novice, a dupe, or a person thought less through inexperience

Host. O Jesu ! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How ! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup : ¹⁶
'Sblood . an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad ! is the wind in that door, 'faith ? must we all march ?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion ?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly ? How does thy husband ? I love him well : he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Jack ?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd : this house is turn'd bawdy-house ; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack ?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal ? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle ; some eightpenny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord ; and I said I heard your grace say so : And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

¹⁶ Mr. Collier suggests that perhaps this should be *sneck up*, a term of abuse for which see *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. sc. 3, note 17 But Mr. Dyce says, "*sneak cup* is plainly one who sneaks from his cup."

Prince. What ! he did not ?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune ;¹¹ nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox ; and for womanhood, maid Marian¹² may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing ? what thing ?

Fal. What thing ? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it : I am an honest man's wife ; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou ?

Fal. What beast ? why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John ? why an otter ?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh ; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so : thou.

¹¹ *Stewed prunes* were a refection particularly common in brothels in Shakespeare's time, perhaps from mistaken notions of their antisymphilitic properties. It is not easy to understand Falstaff's similes ; perhaps he means as faithless as a *strumpet* or a *bawd*. A *drawn fox* is a *hunted fox*, a fox *drawn* from his cover, whose cunning in doubling and deceiving the hounds makes the simile perfectly appropriate. Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Tamer Tamed*, call Moroso, a cunning, avaricious old man, "that *drawn fox*."

¹² Maid Marian was the inward partner of Robin Hood, who, in the words of Drayton, "to his mistress dear, his loved Marian, was ever constant known." As this famous couple afterwards became leading characters in the morris dance, and as Marian's part was generally sustained by a man in woman's clothing, the name grew to be proverbial for a mannish woman. There is a curious old tract bearing date 1609, and entitled 'Old Meg of Herefordshire for a *Mayd Marian*.' H.

or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou !

Prince. Thou say'st true, hostess ; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord ; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah ! do I owe you a thousand pound ?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal ! a million : thy love is worth a million ; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph ?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea ; if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper : dar'st thou be as good as thy word now ?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare : but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion ?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion : Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break.

Prince. O ! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine ; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded ; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it ; you will not pocket up wrong : Art thou not asham'd ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. — You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified. — Still? — Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, — how is that answered?

Prince. O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: — The money is paid back again.

Fal. O! I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord.

Prince. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland. —

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. —

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world! — Hostess, my
breakfast; come: —

O! I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter: I defy

The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot.

Do so, and 'tis well. —

*Enter a Messenger, with letters.**What letters hast thou there ? — I can but thank you.**Mess.* These letters come from your father.*Hot.* Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord : he's grievous sick.*Hot.* 'Zounds, how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?
Under whose government come they along ?*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.*Wor.* I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed ?*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;
And, at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been
whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited :

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth
infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise :

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. —

He writes me here, — that inward sickness —

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn ; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us :

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now ;

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off: —
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. — Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should,
Where¹ now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement² lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead³ of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here
The quality and hair⁴ of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.

¹ *Where* was often used in the Poet's time for *whereas*. It occurs thus in Holinshed continually. H.

² That is, a support to which we may have recourse.

³ That is, the youth, or immaturity, the *maidenhood*. H.

⁴ *Hair* was anciently used metaphorically for *complexion*, or *character*. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour*: "A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying." And in the old comedy of *The Family of Love*: "They say I am of the right *haire*, and indeed they may stand to't." So in the interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*: "But I bridled a colt of a contrary *haire*." And in an old manuscript play entitled *Sir Thomas Moore*: "A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt to be a secretaries follower."

And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For, well you know, we of the offering side ^b
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot.

You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use : —
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head,
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down. —
Yet all goes well ; yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

^b The *offering* side is the *assailing* side.

The nimble-footed⁶ madcap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd; like estridges that with the wind
Bated; like eagles having lately bathed;⁷
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,⁸
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

⁶ Shakespeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the prince: "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke, or doe, in a large parke."

⁷ This is the reading, though not the pointing, of all the old copies. Divers emendations and explanations have been proposed, all which Mr. Singer sets aside, and explains the passage thus. "The prince and his comrades were all furnished, all in arms, all plumed: like estridges (ostriches) that bated (that is, flutter or beat) the wind *with their wings*; like eagles having lately bathed. The ostridge's plumage would be likely to occur to the Poet, from the circumstance of its being the cognizance of the prince of Wales. So in Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, Song 22:

'Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been,
'The Mountford's *all in plumes like estridges* were seen.'

Bating, or to *bate*, in falconry, is the unquiet fluttering of a hawk. All birds *bate*, that is, flutter, beat, or flap their wings to dry their feathers after bathing; and the mode in which the ostrich uses its wings, to assist itself in running with the wind, is of this character; it is a fluttering or a flapping, not a flight. The fluttering motion and flapping of the plumed crests of the prince and his associates naturally excited these images. *Bated* refers both to the flapping of the plumes, and of the wings of the ostrich; the plumage of that bird is displayed to more advantage when its wings are in motion, than when at rest; and hence the propriety of representing the feathers of the helmets flouting the air to the plumage of the ostrich when its wings were in motion." H.

⁸ The *beaver* of a helmet was a moveable piece, which lifted up or down to enable the wearer to drink or to take breath more freely.

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in
 March,

'This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours. — Come, let me taste my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse. —
 O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
 My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster¹⁰ speedily:
 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

⁹ So in the first two quartos: the other old copies have *take*.
Taste was often used for *try*. See *Twelfth Night*, Act iii. sc. 1,
 note 9. H.

¹⁰ So in all the old copies: modern editions, until Knight's,

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.¹

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [Exit.

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet.² I have misus'd the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd

have "*make* a muster:" which gives a wrong meaning; for to *make* a muster is to assemble troops, while to *take* a muster is to make an account of troops already assembled; and this is just what Hotspur proposes to do. H.

¹ Of course this was the *coin* called *angel*, concerning which see *The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. sc. 7, note 1. H.

² The *gurnet*, or gurnard, was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably deemed a vulgar dish when soused or pickled, hence *soused gurnet* was a common term of reproach.

me none but such toasts and butter,³ with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-fac'd ancient:⁴ and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

³ Thus in Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617: "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and *eaters of buttered toasts*." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*: "They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow bell suckers."

⁴ *Ancient* was used both for the *standard*, and for the *person* that bore it. Falstaff here means an old *patched flag*. H.

Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? — My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss;⁵ food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man! mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What! is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

⁵ That is, good enough to toss upon pikes; a war phrase of the time.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a
feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Rebel Camp, near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and*
VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him, then, advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so ? looks he not for supply ?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd : stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well :
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas : by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives :
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition : Certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt ; and 'woud
to God

You were of our determination !
Some of us love you well ; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,¹
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so
So long as, out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty.
But, to my charge. — The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs ; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,

¹ That is, of the same *kind* with us. The Poet often uses *quality* thus in its classical sense.

He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and, well we know, the
king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears ;
And, — when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home, —
My father gave him welcome to the shore :
And, — when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery,² and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal, —
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less³ came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages ; follow'd him,⁴
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,

² That is, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands. This law term has been already explained in King Richard II. Act ii. sc. 1, note 19.

³ The greater and the less.

⁴ We adhere to the common pointing here. The old copies have it thus : " Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him " The reasons of the change are plainer than to need stating. Mr. Collier retains the old pointing, affirming that " it ought to be some guide though no rule." H

Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;⁵
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,⁶
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;

⁵ So in Painter's Palace of Pleasure: "Great mischiefes succeeding one in another's necke." — *Task'd* is here used for *taxed*. The usage, though common, was not strictly correct; a *task* being more properly a *tribute* or *subsidy*. Thus Philips, in his *World of Words*: "*Tasck* is an old British word, signifying *tribute*, from whence haply cometh our word *task*, which is a duty or labour imposed upon any one."

⁶ The old copies read *engag'd*, which Theobald altered to *incag'd* without reason. To be engaged is to be pledged as an hostage. So in Act v. sc. 2: "And Westmoreland that was *engag'd* did bear it."

In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king, and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and
love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray God you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. York.

A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK and Sir MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed
brief,¹

With winged haste, to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Mich. My good lord, I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch: for, sir, at Shrewsbury,

* A *brief* is any short writing, as a *letter*

As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry : and I fear, Sir Michael, —
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,³
And comes not in, o'erruled by prophecies, —
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Mich. Why, my good lord, you need not fear :
There is Douglas and lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry
Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester ; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is ; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together :
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt ;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well op-
pos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed :
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy ;
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him :
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

³ A strength on which we reckoned, a help of which we made account.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter the KING, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, Sir
WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF*

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yond' bosky¹ hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester! 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs² in ungentle steel:

¹ "I do not know," says Mr. Blakeway, "whether Shakespeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmound Hill from that spot as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a *bosky* hill." *Bosky* is *bushy, woody*. See *The Tempest*, Act iv. sc. 1, note 11. Milton's *Comus* has the word in a passage so laden with poetical wealth as to pay quoting here:

"I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every *bosky* bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood." H.

² The king was at this time but thirty-six years old. But per

This is not well, my lord ; this is not well.
 What say you to it ? will you again unknit
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
 And move in that obedient orb again,
 Where you did give a fair and natural light ;
 And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it ! how comes it
 then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, chewet,³ peace !

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
 Of favour from myself, and all our house ;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,

haps in this reference he includes his captains and chiefs, many of whom were of course much older than himself. And it is clear all along that in his developement of historical characters Shakespeare had little regard to dates, so he could bring the substance of historic truth within the conditions of dramatic effect ; and he here anticipates several years in the king's life, that he may make Prince Henry of a proper age for his sweet heroic manhood to display itself. See, however, *King Richard II.*, Act i. sc. 1. note 1. H.

³ A *chewet* was a noisy chattering bird, a *magpie* or *jackdaw* ; called also in French *chouette*. The word is a diminutive of *chough*, pronounced *chouh*. Belon, in his *History of Birds*, describes the *chouette* as the smallest kind of chough or crow ; and this will account for the diminutive termination of its name.

When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid: But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you, —
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead; —
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,⁴

⁴ Shakespeare has here given us a choice piece of natural history, and his gift is the more curious, in that it was apparently drawn fresh from his own observation, as it varies materially, and in the direction of truth and nature, from all that, so far as we know, had then been written on the subject. The fact, as hath since been scientifically ascertained, is, that the cuckoo has an ungentle habit of laying her eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and leaving them there to be hatched by the owner. The cuckoo chickens are then cherished, fed, and cared for by the sparrow as her own children, until they grow so large as to "oppress *her* nest," and become so greedy and voracious as to frighten and finally drive away their feeder from her own home, and from the objects of her tender solicitude. Thus Dr. Jenner, writing in 1787: "I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which then contained a cuckoo and three

Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things, indeed, you have articulate,⁵
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation:
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause;

hedge-sparrow's eggs." And Colonel Montagu found a cuckoo "a few days old in a hedge-sparrow's nest, in a garden close to a cottage." Something of the same kind is affirmed of the cuckoo and *titlark* in Holland's Pliny, which first came out in 1601, some years after this play was written: "The *Titling*, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another bird;—and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow*, being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat her up that hatched her." Shakespeare seems to have been the first to notice how the *hedge-sparrow* was wont to be treated by that naughty bird. Perhaps it should be remarked, that *gull* is here used in an active sense, for the *guller*, not for the *gulled*; unless, indeed, it be another word, from the Latin *gulo*, a glutton, or gourmand. H.

⁵ So in the quartos. Of course *articulate* is here used in the past tense for *articulated*, as in the passage from Holland's Pliny in the preceding note: "Being once *fledge* and readie to flie abroad." Many instances of the same usage occur in our version of the Bible. To *articulate* is to set down in articles. H.

Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,⁶
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my father's majesty, —
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture
thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. — No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well ; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part ;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do : — But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone :

⁶ That is, taken from his account.

We will not now be troubled with reply :

We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Excunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life :
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;
For, on their answer, will we set on them ;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Excunt* KING, BLUNT, and *Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
bestride me,⁷ so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that
friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet : I would be loth to pay
Him before His day. What need I be so forward
with him that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no mat-
ter ; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if hon-
our prick me off when I come on ? how then ?
Can honour set to a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No.
Or take away the grief of a wound ? No. Hon-
our hath no skill in surgery, then ? No. What is
honour ? A word. What is that word, honour ?
*Air.*⁸ A trim reckoning ! — Who hath it ? He that

⁷ In the battle of Agincourt Henry, when king, did this *act of friendship* for his brother the duke of Gloucester. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act v. sc. 1, note 12, and *Macbeth*, Act iv. sc. 3, note 1.

⁸ So in the fifth quarto and the folio. The first two quartos have it thus : " What is honour ? A word. What is *in* that word, honour ? *What is that honour ?* Air." The fourth quarto has it the same, except the omission of *in*. The earliest reading is so perplexed, and redundant, that we should scarce hesitate to take the later, even if no judgment but our own spoke in its favour. Mr Collier, however, retains the former : whereupon Mr. Dyce remarks

died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot:
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,

that the reading of the fifth quarto and the folio "is evidently the true one. The earlier readings are not in harmony with the brevity and precision of the rest of this 'catechism,' and must have originated in the mistake of some transcriber who had written the interrogatory twice."

A harebrain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; Officers and Soldiers
behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd: — Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.¹ — Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus, —
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have
thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

¹ Westmoreland had been retained in pledge for the safe return of Worcester. See Act iv. sc. 3.

And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,² did bear it ;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before
the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O ! 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads ;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking ?³ seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul : I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms
He gave you all the duties of a man ;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you ;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital⁴ of himself ;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd⁵ there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause : but let me tell the world, —
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe⁶ so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured

² That is, *held* by the rebel chiefs as an *hostage*.

³ So in the first quarto ; in all the other old copies *talking*.
Tasking as well as *taxing* was used for *reproof*. We still say
"he took him to *task*."

⁴ That is, *mention* of himself. To *cite* is to quote, allege, or
mention any passage or incident.

⁵ That is, *was master of*. In the next line *instantly* is used in
the sense of *at the same time*. H.

⁶ Own.

Upon his follies : never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o'liberty.⁷
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy. —
Arm, arm, with speed ! — And, fellows, soldiers,
 friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now. —

O gentlemen ! the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
Now, for our consciences, — the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare : the king comes on apace

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking : Only this, —
Let each man do his best : and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal

⁷ So in the first three quartos : the other old copies have “at liberty,” the meaning of which is very questionable, as appears by the controversies had about it. “So wild *of* liberty” seems clear enough. Johnson thought Hotspur meant to intimate that so wild a chap as the prince ought not to run at large ; that he was a fit subject for a mad-house.

In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now, — *Esperance!*⁸ — Percy! — and set on. —
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace;
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and
 exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Plain near Shrewsbury.

*Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the
 Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
 'Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
 bought
 Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
 This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud
 Scot;¹

⁸ *Espérance*, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Espérance* is here a word of four syllables. — Thus in Holinshed: "Then suddenlie blew the trumpets, the kings part crieng S. George upon them, the adversaries cried *Esperance*, *Persie*, and so the two armies furiouslie joined." H.

¹ So the first two quartos and the fourth. The fifth quarto has "born to yield, thou proud Scot;" the folio, "born to yield, thou haughty Scot." H.

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon
thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.²

Doug. All's done, all's won: here breathless lies
the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full
well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither³ it goes:
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the
pate. — Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt: —
there's honour for you: here's no vanity!⁴ — I am

² So the first two quartos; the other old copies, "triumph'd
over a Scot." H.

³ *Whither* for *whithersoever*.

⁴ The negative is here used ironically, to designate the excess

as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. — I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not ⁵ three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

Prince. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal! I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe awhile. — Turk Gregory ⁶ never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

of a thing. So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*: "O, here's *no* foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better."

⁵ The same form of expression has occurred before in Act iv. sc. 2: "There's *not* a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans." It seems to be a sort of Falstaffian idiom; as if the Poet meant to carry out Sir John's peculiar recklessness of truth into the smallest particulars, yet in such a way as not to prove him, in the proper sense of the term, a liar. In both these cases, modern editions very unwarrantably change *not* into *but*; as though the man had better talk grammatically than characteristically. — This passage, by the way, might be aptly quoted in disproof of Falstaff's alleged cowardice.

H.

⁶ That is, Pope Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his *Martyrology*, has made Gregory so odious that the Protestants would be well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of *their* two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: What! is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*]

Prince. What! is't a time to jest and dally now?
[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.⁷ If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado⁸ of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter the KING, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

King. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much. —
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so: —
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your
help:

⁷ "Well, if Percy be alive. I'll pierce him," is addressed to the prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is a soliloquy.

⁸ A rasher or co'lop of meat cut crosswise for the gridiron.

And Heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

John. We breathe too long: — Come, cousin
Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*

Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancas-
ter;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

King. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends metal to us all! [Exit.

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's
heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. — What art
thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

King. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves
at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be.
 And thus I win thee.¹ [*They fight : the KING being
 in danger, enter Prince HENRY.*

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
 Never to hold it up again ! the spirits
 Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :
 It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee,
 Who never promiseth, but he means to pay. —

[*They fight ; DOUGLAS flies.*
Cheerly, my lord : how fares your grace ? —
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while : —
 Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;²
 And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
 In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God ! they did me too much injury,
 'That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
 If it were so, I might have let alone
 'The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;
 Which would have been as speedy in your end,
 As all the poisonous potions in the world,
 And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton : I'll to Sir Nicholas
 Gawsey. [*Exit the KING.*

¹ The matter is thus delivered by Holinshed : " This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the king, crieng saint George, victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downe, and at that instant slue sir Walter Blunt and three others, apparalled in the kings sute and clothing, saieng, I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise, one in the necke of an other. The king indeed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes ; for, as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands six and thirtie persons of his enemies." H.

² *Opinion for reputation.* The word was then used in that sense

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and 'would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal!³ to it, Hal!—Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls*
down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. *HOT-*
SPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my
youth:

I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh:—

³ That is, "well done, Hal!" See *As You Like It*, Act ii.
sc. 6. note 1.

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;
 And time, that takes survey of all the world,
 Must have a stop.⁴ O ! I could prophesy,
 But that the earthy and cold hand of death
 Lies on my tongue. — No, Percy, thou art dust,
 And food for — [Dies

Prince. For worms, brave Percy : Fare thee well,
 great heart ! —

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough : — This earth, that bears thee dead,
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
 I should not make so great⁵ a show of zeal : —
 But let my favours⁶ hide thy mangled face ;
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
 Thy ignomy⁷ sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph ! —

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh

⁴ Hotspur, in his last moments, endeavors to console himself
 The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts ; but *thought*, being
 dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end.
Life, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being
 the fool and sport of *time* ; of time which, with all its dominion
 over sublunary things *must* itself at last be stopped. — *Johnson.*

⁵ So in all the old copies but the first quarto, which has *dear*.
 We agree with Mr. Verplanck, that "*great* seems more fitting in
 the prince's mouth, as connected with *show*, and may well be the
 Poet's own change" H.

⁶ His *scarf*, with which he covers Percy's face.

⁷ The first two quartos have *ignominy* ; the other old copies,
ignomy, which was a common contraction of *ignominy*. See
Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. 4, note 14. H.

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O! I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray. —

Embowell'd⁸ will I see thee by and by;

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

Fal. [Rising.] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder⁹ me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [Takes HOTSPUR on his back.

⁸ To *imbowell* was the old term for *embalming* the body, as was usually done to those of persons of rank. Thus in *Aulicus Coquinariæ*, 1650: "The next day was solemnly appointed for *imbowel-ling* the corps, in the presence of some of the counsell, all the physicians, chirurgions, apothecaries, and the Palsgrave's physician."

⁹ To *powder* was the old word for to *salt*. Mr. Collier says "the country people in the lower part of Surrey still speak of '*poudered* beef,' as well as of '*corned* beef;'" and Mr. Verplanck says the same is done in New York.

Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.

Prince. Come, brother John ; full bravely hast
thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

John. But, soft ! whom have we here ?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead ?

Prince. I did ; I saw him dead, breathless and
bleeding
On the ground. —

Art thou alive ? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight ? I pr'ythee, speak ;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears : —
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain ; I am not a double man :
but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.
There is Percy [*Throwing the body down*] : if your
father will do me any honour, so ; if not, let him
kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either
earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee
dead.

Fal. Didst thou ! — Lord, Lord, how this world
is given to lying ! — I grant you I was down and
out of breath, and so was he ; but we rose both at
an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury
clock. If I may be believed, so ; if not, let them
that should reward valour bear the sin upon their
own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him
this wound in the thigh : if the man were alive, and
would deny it, 'zounds ! I would make him eat a
piece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. —
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back .
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field

The Trumpets sound. Enter the KING, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. —
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon. —

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*
How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men
 Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
 And falling from a hill he was so bruis'd,
 That the pursuers took him.¹ At my tent
 The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,
 I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
 This honourable bounty shall belong.
 Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
 Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
 His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
 Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
 Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

John. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
 Which I shall give away immediately.²

King. Then this remains, — that we divide our
 power. —

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
 Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
 To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
 Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
 Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
 To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
 Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
 Meeting the check of such another day:
 And since this business so fair is done,
 Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Thus Holinshed: "To conclude, the kings enemies were vanquished and put to flight, in which flight the earle of Dowglas, for hast falling from the crag of an hie mountaine, brake one of his cullions, and was taken, and, for his valiantnesse, of the king franklie and freele delivered." H.

² This speech of Prince John, though in all the first four quartos. is strangely left out by Mr. Knight, merely because it is wanting in the folio. H.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

IN our Introduction to The First Part of Henry IV. authority was produced, such as to put it well nigh beyond question, that the original name of Falstaff was Oldcastle. It was seen, also, that if such were the case, the change must have been made before February 25, 1598, at which time the play was entered in the Stationers' Register, and "the conceited mirth of Sir John *Falstaff*" mentioned in the entry. That THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH was also written before that date, appears highly probable, to say the least, in that the quarto edition retains *Old.* as prefix to a speech in Act i. sc. 2, which unquestionably belongs to Falstaff. And the same thing might be further argued from Falstaff's being spoken of, in Act iii. sc. 2, as having been "page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;" which was true of Sir John *Oldcastle*, and has been justly adduced by Mr. Halliwell as evidence that Falstaff originally bore that name. Nothing more has been discovered from which to infer the probable date of the writing.

The play was published in 1600, in a quarto pamphlet of forty three leaves, the title-page reading as follows: "The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the Fifth: With the humours of Sir John Falstaff, and swaggering Pistol. As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London: Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." The play is not known to have been published again till in the folio of 1623. These two editions differ greatly, several of the best parts having first appeared in the folio, and on the other hand a few passages of inferior quality being found only in the quarto. And there are many smaller differences of text, too numerous to mention, and of such a nature as to infer that the folio must have been printed from an independent manuscript, and that the play had been

carefully revised by the author, and perhaps rewritten, after the first issue. And it is quite remarkable that in some copies of the quarto the whole first scene of the third act is wanting; from which we may gather that the edition was brought out hastily, and that the oversight was detected while it was in press, and corrected after a part of it had gone beyond the publisher's hand. All which of course goes to enhance the authority of the folio in comparison of the quarto. Accordingly, in this, as in all good modern editions, the text of the folio is followed in the main, with the addition of such passages from the quarto as had been omitted, and with the exception of one set of changes which, there is the best reason to believe, proceeded from the strictness of the law, not from the judgment of the Poet. We refer to such expressions as "'zounds," "'sblood," "by my faith," "by the mass," and sundry others, which, in compliance with a statute made in the third year of James I., were used to be trimmed away or softened down by the Master of the Revels, as savouring of profanity. And in respect of the passages restored from the quarto, even granting them to have been thrown out by the author himself, yet a modern edition ought by all means to retain them, both as illustrating the history of the Poet's mind, and because no right-minded reader would be content to lack any thing known to have come from Shakespeare's pen.

Various particulars, and among them all the historical matter, pertaining to the Second Part, were given in our Introduction to the preceding play. Every one, upon reading the two dramas, must be sensible of a falling-off in the latter; for, besides the disappearance of Hotspur and Glendower, whose presence shed into the First Part a vast addition of life and glory,—besides the lack of these, Prince Henry and Falstaff, though still themselves, are not presented in so great opulence of transpiration; the plot itself not yielding any such opportunities either for humour or for heroism as were furnished by the battle of Shrewsbury. As Sir John and the prince are the very summit of Shakespeare's art and excellence in comic representation, what was wanting in them could nowise be made good by the coming in of such characters as Shallow and Silence, rich and rare as are the treasures presented in the latter. It is true, something of compensation is given in the nobleness of mind, the wisdom and intrepidity of the Chief Justice and the Archbishop; but it was not for them, nor for thousands like them, to replace the unspeakable delectations which we miss. And indeed the defects in question were of a kind not to be squared up by any thing else that ever entered into the wit of man to conceive.

From what hath been said of Bolingbroke it is plain enough what order and state of things would be likely to spring up around him. His prodigious force of character must needs give shape and tone to the manners and sentiments of the court and the

council-board ; while at the same time his being is so compact of subtlety and intricacy as might well render he place any thing but congenial and inviting to a young man of free and generous aptitudes. One can easily conceive that Prince Henry, as we have described him, would breathe somewhat hard in such an atmosphere, though he might not know why : however much he might respect such a father, and even if in thought he approved the public counsels, still he would relact to mingle in them, as going against his grain ; and so would naturally be drawn away either to such occupations where his high-strung energies could act without crossing his honourable feelings, or else to some tumultuous merrymakings where, laying off all distinct purpose, and untying his mind into perfect dishabille, he could let his bounding spirits run out in transports of frolic and fun. The question, then, is, to what kind of attractions would he be likely to betake himself ? It must be no ordinary companionship that could yield entertainment to such a spirit, even in his loosest moments : whatsoever bad or questionable elements there might be in the composition of his mirth, it must have some fresh and rich ingredients, some sparkling and generous flavour, to make him relish it.

Here, then, we have a sort of dramatic necessity for the "un-imitated, inimitable Falstaff," whose character stamps itself as thoroughly on the proceedings at Eastcheap as the king's does on those at the palace. Whatsoever may have been the facts in the case, there was strong artistic reason why he should be just such a marvellous congregation of charms and vices as he is : none but an old man could be at once so dissolute and so discerning, or appear to think so much like a wise man, even when talking most unwisely ; and he must have a world of wit and sense, to reconcile a mind of such native rectitude and penetration to his riotous and profligate courses. In the qualities of Sir John we can easily see how the prince might be the madcap reveller that history gives him out, and yet be all the while secretly laying in choice preparations of wisdom and virtue, thus needing no other conversion than the calls of duty and the opportunities of noble enterprise.

Falstaff is a very impracticable subject for criticism to deal with ; his character being more complex and manifold than can well be digested into the forms of logical statement. He has more, or is more, than that one can easily tell what he is. Diverse and even opposite are the qualities that meet in him, yet their opposition only enriches, not distracts, their working ; and so perfect, withal, is their fusion, so happily are they blended, so evenly balanced, and they move together so smoothly and in such mutual good will, that no generalities can be made to set him off : if we undertake to grasp him in a formal conclusion, the best part still escapes between the fingers ; so that the only way to give any idea of him is to take the man himself along and show him. One

of the wittiest of men, yet he is not a wit ; one of the most sensual of men, still he cannot with strict justice be called a sensualist ; he has a quick, strong sense of danger, and a lively regard to his own safety, a peculiar vein indeed of cowardice, or of something very like it, yet he is not a coward ; he lies and brags prodigiously, still he is not a liar nor a braggart. No such general terms, applied to him, can do otherwise than mislead, causing us to think we understand him when we do not.

If we were to fix upon any thing as especially characteristic of Falstaff, we should say it is an amazing fund of good sense. His vast stock of this, to be sure, is pretty much all enlisted or impressed into the service of sensuality, yet nowise so but that the servant still overpeers and outshines the master. Moreover, his thinking has such agility and quickness, and at the same time is so apt and pertinent, as to do the work of the most prompt and popping wit, yet in such sort as we cannot but feel the presence of something much larger and stronger than wit. For mere wit, be it never so good, to be keenly relished must be sparingly used, and the more it tickles the sooner it tires. But no one can ever weary of Falstaff's talk, who understands it ; his speech being like pure, fresh cold water, which always tastes good, because it is — tasteless. The wit of other men seems to be some special faculty or mode of thought, and lies in a quick seizing of remote and fanciful affinities ; whereas in Falstaff it lies not in any one thing more than another, for which cause it cannot be defined ; being indeed none other than that roundness and evenness of mind which we call good sense, so quickened and pointed as to produce the effect of wit, yet without hindrance to its own proper effect.

Inexhaustible and available, however, as is his stock of good sense, he is himself fully aware of it, and rests in the calm assurance that it will never fail him ; and, though vastly proud thereof, his pride never shows itself in an offensive shape ; it being the sure effect of good sense to keep off all such unhandsome exhibitions. This proud consciousness of his resources it is, no doubt, that keeps him so perpetually at his ease ; and hence, in part, the ineffable charm of his conversation. Never at a loss, and never apprehensive that he shall be at a loss, he therefore never exerts himself, nor concerns himself for the result ; so that nothing is strained, or studied, or far-fetched : firmly relying on his strength, he still invites the toughest trials, as knowing that his powers will bring him off without any using of the whip or the spur, and by merely giving the rein to their natural briskness and celerity. Hence it is, also, that he so often lets go all regard to prudence of speech, and thrusts himself into the tightest places and narrowest predicaments, as fit opportunities of exercising and evincing his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought ; being quite assured that he shall still come off uncornered and uncaught, and that the greater his seeming perplexity, the greater will be his

triumph. And in all these cases, no sooner do the others pounce upon him, and seem to have him in their toils, than he most adroitly springs a diversion upon their thoughts, and fills them with other things. Such are his sallies and escapes when cornered up about the men in buckram, the picking of his pocket, and his threatening to cudgel the prince. And thus, throughout, no exigency turns up but that he is ready with a word that exactly fits into and fills the place ; and he always lets on and shuts off the jest precisely when and how will produce the best effect.

At other times this faculty shows itself in a quick spying and using of advantages. Which is best instanced at the battle of Shrewsbury, when, being set upon by Douglas, he falls down as if he were dead, and in that condition witnesses the death of Hotspur. The question is, how to derive upon himself the honour and profit of killing Percy, without hazarding a conflict with Prince Henry's claim. And in the stratagem which he employs to this end, his action as exactly fits into and fills the place, as his words do in other cases. When the prince says, " Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and *saw thee dead*," how quickly and how shrewdly he gives that simple mistake such a turn as to accredit all his own lies ! the prince being instantaneously made a witness against himself.

Besides this proud consciousness of his intellectual sufficiency, he has a further ground of exultant pride, in that the tranquil, easy contact and grapple of his mind acts, and he knows it acts, as a potent stimulus on others, provided they be capable of it, working and lifting them up towards the greatness that is in himself. This it is, that, in the absence of any appeals to his heroic qualities, draws Prince Henry into his company, who manifestly resorts to him chiefly for the mental excitement of his conversation and presence. Here is the conquest upon which Sir John most prides himself ; nor does he decline any effort, or scruple any knavery, whereby he may work diversion for the prince, as is clear from what he says to himself about Justice Shallow, when he has him tempering between his finger and his thumb. Nor has he any difficulty in stirring up congenial motions in Prince Henry's mind ; insomuch that the prince almost grows to equal him in his own peculiar line, and puts him to his best efforts to keep his leading. Falstaff is the same when Prince Henry is away, and indeed his wit goes bounding and dancing on in all its richness in his soliloquies. But it is not so with the prince, as appears in his occasional playing with other characters, where he is indeed sprightly, voluble, and sensible enough, but wants the strength, nimbleness, and raciness of wit, which he shows in conversation with Sir John. The cause of which plainly is, that Falstaff has his power in himself ; the prince, in virtue of Falstaff's presence : with Sir John, he is nearly as great as he in the same kind ; without him, he has none of his greatness, though he has a greatness of his own which

is far better, and which Falstaff is so far from having in himself that he cannot even discern it in another. Accordingly, it is remarkable that the prince is the only person in the play who understands Falstaff, and whom Falstaff does not understand.

One of Sir John's greatest triumphs is in the scene with the Chief Justice; the purpose of which seemingly is to justify the prince in giving in to his fascinations, by showing that there was no gravity so firm and steady but he could thaw it into mirth, if it were united to a fertile and genial mind. On no other occasion does Falstaff let off so much cool, imperturbable effrontery; yet in all his impudence there is a sly infusion of something, an indescribable witchery, whereby the judge is surprised into a tilt of wit, in spite of himself, and before he knows it. He even seems to draw out the interview, that he may have time to taste the delectable spicery of Falstaff's speech; and we cannot but fancy him laughing repeatedly in his sleeve while they are talking, and roaring himself into stitches as soon as he gets out of sight. Nor, unless our inward parts be sadly out of gear, can we help loving and honouring him the more for being drawn into such an intellectual frolic by such an intellectual player.

Coleridge has taken upon him to deny that Falstaff has, properly speaking, any humour. A formidable weight of judgment, certainly, to cope withal; nevertheless, it may as well be owned that we cannot so come at Sir John but that his whole intellectual structure and furnishing seem pervaded with a most grateful and softening moisture; nor should we well know how to understand any definition of humour, that would exclude him from being the greatest of all both verbal and practical humourists. Just think of his proposing Bardolph, — an offscouring and package of dregs, which he has picked up, nobody can guess wherefore, unless because his face has turned into a perpetual blush and carbuncle, — just think of his proposing such a person for security, and that, too, to one who knows them both! Nor is it clear whether there be more of humour in his offering such an indorser, or in what he says about the rejection of his offer. And in his most exigent moments this juice is continually playing in with a strangely-exhilarating effect, as in the exploit at Gads-hill, and the battle of Shrewsbury. And every where he manifestly takes a huge pleasure in referring to his own peculiarities, and putting upon them the most grotesque and droll and whimsical constructions; no one enjoying the jests that are vented on him more than he does himself.

Falstaff's overflowing humour results in an easy, placid good-nature towards those about him, and attaches them by the mere remembrance of pleasure in his company. The tone of feeling he inspires is well shown in what the hostess says when he leaves her for the wars: "Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well;" where she plainly

wants to say some good of him, which she cannot quite say, it is so glaringly untrue : the only instance, by the way, of her being checked by any scruples on that score. This feeling of the hostess is especially significant in view of what has passed between them, and of his outpourings of abuse upon her. She cannot be at least she cannot keep, angry with him, because in his roughest speeches there is something tells her it is all a mere carousal of his wits; and when she is most at odds with him, a soothing word at once sweetens her thoughts ; so that, instead of troubling him any further about the money he owes her, she cheerfully pawns her plate to lend him ten pounds more. And so in case of his other associates ; though he often abuses them outrageously, so far as this can be done by words, insomuch that the language seems to strain its sinews beneath the load of his impudence, and they are aghast at his speech, yet they are not really hurt by it, and never think of resenting it. Perhaps, indeed, they do not respect him enough to feel resentment towards him. But, in truth, his juiciness of spirit not only keeps malice out of him, but keeps others from supposing it in him. And it is considerable that he lets off as great tempests of abuse on himself, and means just as much by them : they are but exercises of his powers, and that, too, merely for the exercise itself ; that is, they are play ; having, indeed, a kind of earnestness, but it is the earnestness of sport. Hence, whether alone or in company, he not only has all his faculties about him, but takes the same pleasure in exerting them, if it may be called exertion. It is quite observable that he soliloquizes more than any of the Poet's characters except Hamlet ; thought being equally an ever-springing impulse in them both, though indeed in very different forms.

Upon the whole, therefore, Falstaff may be justly set down as having all the intellectual qualities that enter into the composition of practical wisdom, without one of the moral. If to his powers of understanding, his sterling inexhaustible good sense, were joined an imagination equal, it is hardly too much to say he would be as great a poet as Shakespeare. In all which who does not perceive the exquisite fitness of his character to the dramatic exigency for which he was created ? In his solid clear understanding, his discernment and large experience, and his infinite humour, what were else dark in the life of the prince is made plain, and we cannot fail to see how he is drawn to what is in itself bad, yet in virtue of something within him that still prefers him in our esteem. With less of wit, sense, and spirit, Sir John could have got no hold on the prince ; and if to these attractive qualities he had not joined others of a very odious and repulsive kind, he would have held him too fast. So that we may almost say the Poet has here but embodied in imaginary forms that truth of which the real forms had been lost.

In respect of Falstaff's alleged cowardice, Mackenzie has his

him off so aptly, that his words must needs be quoted : " 'Though,' says he, " I will not go so far as to ascribe valour to Falstaff, yet his cowardice, if fairly examined, will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him ; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear." In confirmation of which, be it observed, that amidst the perilous exigencies of the fight Sir John's matchless brain is never a whit palsied by fear ; and no sooner does he fall down to save his life, than all his wits are at work to turn his fall into a means of rising to honour. It is true, his courage never forgets or oversteps the lines of prudence ; nor on the other hand does he ever fail to make the best — or shall we say the worst ? — of his situation ; whereas it seems rather of the nature of cowardice, that pressing danger disconcerts and flusters it into imprudence. In short, his cowardice, if the word must still be used concerning him, certainly is not such as either to keep him out of danger, or to lose him the use of his powers in it : whether surrounded with pleasures or perils, his sagacity never in the least forsakes him ; and his unabated purlings of humour when death is busy all about him, and even when others are taunting him with cowardice, seem hardly reconcileable with the character generally set upon him in this respect ; for real cowards are apt to be angry braggarts whenever their bravery is called in question. As there is no touch of poetry in Falstaff, of course he sees nothing in the matter of honour but the sign ; and he has more good sense than to set such a value on this as to hazard that for which alone it is desirable : to have his name seasoned sweet in the world's regard he does not look upon as signifying any real worth in himself, and so furnishing just ground of self-respect, but only as it may yield him the pleasures and commodities of life ; whereas the very soul of honour is, that it will sooner part with life than forfeit this ground of self-respect.

It can be no paradox to say that, hugely as we delight to be with Falstaff, he is about the last man we should wish to resemble. And this our repugnance, not to him, but to being like him, is not so much because he crosses or offends the moral feelings, as because he hardly touches them at all, one way or the other. The character seems to lie mainly out of their sphere, and they agree to be silent towards him as having practically disrobed himself of moral attributes. Now, however bad we may be, these are probably the last elements of our being that we would consent to part with ; nor perhaps is there any thing that our nature so vitally shrinks away from, as to have men's moral feelings sleep concerning us. Doubtless the best of us would rather be hated by men, than be such as they should not respect enough to hate.

This abeyance of the moral feelings towards Sir John is in great part owing, no doubt, to the fact that the character impresses us throughout as that of a player, and such a player.

withal, whose good sense keeps every thing stagy and theatrical out of his playing. The question with him always is, not whether a thing be right or true, but what effect it will produce of mental entertainment: he lives but to furnish for himself and others intellectual wine, and his art lies in turning every thing about him into this. When he vows repentance and amendment of life, it is not that he meditates them, nor that he wishes to disrepute them, but merely that he may use them to this end. His immoralities are mostly such wherein the ludicrous element is prominent, and in this he loses and makes us lose sight of their other qualities. The animal susceptibilities of our nature are in him carried up to their highest pitch, and his several appetites hug their respective objects with exquisite gust. Moreover, his speech borrows additional flavour and effect from the thick foldings of flesh which it oozes through; therefore he glories in his much flesh, and cherishes it as being the procreant cradle of jests: if his body be fat, it enables his tongue to drop fatness; and in the chambers of his brain all the pleasurable agitations that pervade the structure below are curiously wrought into mental delectation. With how keen and inexhaustible a relish does he pour down sack, as if he tasted it all over and through his body to the ends of his fingers and toes! yet who does not see that he has far more pleasure in discoursing about it than in drinking it? And so it is through all the particulars of his enormous sensuality. And he makes the same use of his vices and infirmities; nay, he often exaggerates and caricatures those he has, and sometimes affects those he has not, that he may suck the same profit out of them.

Thus, throughout, Falstaff scarce strikes us otherwise than as acting a part extempore, so that our conscience of right and wrong has as little to do with the man himself as with a good representation of him on the stage: the only thought, as with him, so also with us concerning him, being the quality of his art, wherein, to be sure, he is never at fault. And his art, if it be not original and innate, has become second nature: if the actor were not born with him, it has grown to him and become a part of him, so that he cannot lay it off; and if he have nobody else to entertain, he must needs keep playing for the entertainment of himself. And the marvel is, that in his constant prodigality of mental exhilaration he should cause all moral considerations to be waived; that as with him every thing is for art, nothing either for or against virtue, so he enchants us to such a pitch with the one, that for the time we neither abjure nor welcome, but simply forget, the other. But because we do not think of applying moral tests to him, therefore, however we may surrender to his fascinations, we never feel any respect for him. And it is very considerable that he has no self-respect. The reason of which is close at hand; for it scarce need be said that respect is a sentiment of which, in the nature of things, mere players, as such, are not legitimate objects; and

as Falstaff is no less a player to himself than to others, so he of course respects himself as little as others respect him. And herein or hereabout consists the high moral scope and effect of this representation.

It must not be supposed, however, that because Falstaff touches the moral feelings so little one way or the other, therefore his company and conversation were altogether harmless to those who actually shared them. It is not, cannot be so, nor has the Poet so represented it. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," whether known and felt to be evil or not. We often hear it said, indeed, that "to the pure all things are pure;" which, no doubt, is very true: but then who is pure? or who but the impurest wretch on earth will claim to be pure? and so long as we are at all impure, we shall need to watch and ward ourselves well, lest we become more so. And Falstaff's ripe understanding will teach us, "it is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another." In the intercourse of men there are always certain secret, mysterious, sacramental influences at work: the presence of others affects us without our knowing it, and by methods and processes past our finding out; and it is always a sacrament of harm to be in the society of those whom we do not respect.

The character of Sir John keeps on developing and growing rather worse to the end of the play; and there are some positive indications of a hard bad heart in him. This is especially true in his doings and avowed designs touching Shallow. And here we come upon the delicate thread whereby that sapient justice is inked in with what we have elsewhere stated to be the central, unifying, and organic law of the drama. In the matter about Shallow we are let into those worst traits of Falstaff, such as his unscrupulous and unrelenting selfishness, which had else escaped our dull perceptions, but which through all the disguises of art have betrayed themselves to the searching and apprehensive discernment of the prince. Thus Shallow serves as a fit ground to reflect those darker shades of Sir John's character, which are not visible to us in Prince Henry's presence, though they are not so dispersed by his coming but that he takes a secret impression of them. So that the effect, as it was doubtless meant to be, is to shield the prince from misconstruction or unhandsome suspicion in the treatment which Falstaff finally gets at his hand. And something of the kind was needful, in order to bring his character off from such an act altogether bright and sweet in our regard.

We cannot leave Sir John without remarking how he is a sort of public brain from which shoot forth nerves of communication through all the limbs and members of the commonwealth. The most broadly representative, perhaps, of all ideal characters, his conversations are as diversified as his capabilities; so that through him the vision is let forth into a long-drawn yet clear perspective

of old English life and manners. What a circle of vices and obscurities and nobilities are sucked into his train! how various in size and quality the orbs that revolve around him and shine by his light! Verily he is a most multitudinous man, a thorough epitome of ancient John Bull; and can spin fun enough out of his marvellous brain to make all the world "laugh and grow fat."

We have already had several glimpses of Mrs. Quickly, the heroine of Eastcheap. She is well worth a steady and attentive looking at. One of the most characteristic passages in the play is her account of Falstaff's debt to her; which has been aptly commented on by Coleridge as showing how her mind runs altogether in the rut of actual events; that she can think and speak of things only in the precise order of their occurrence; having no power to select such as are suited to her purpose, and detach them from the circumstantial impertinences with which they stand associated in her memory.

In strict keeping with this peculiarity of mind, her character throughout savours strongly of her whereabouts in life, and is curiously elemented from her circumstances: she is plentifully trimmed up with vices and vulgarities, and they all taste rankly of her place and calling, thus showing that she has as much of moral as of intellectual passiveness. Notwithstanding, somehow she always has an odour of womanhood about her: even her worst features are such as none but a woman could have; or at least they are greatly mitigated in her case by their marriage with a woman's nature. Nor is her character, with all its ludicrous and censurable qualities, unrelieved, as we have seen, with touches of generosity that relish equally of her sex, though not so much of her situation. It is even questionable whether she would have entertained Sir John's proposals so favourably, but that when he made them he was in a condition to need her kindness; and when her "exion is enter'd" against him, she seems to move quite as much from affection for him as from desire of the money. And who but a woman could speak such words of fluttering eagerness as she speaks in urging on his arrest: "Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices;" where her very reluctance to act prompts her to the greater despatch, and her heart seems palpitating with anxious hope that what she is doing will make another opportunity for her kind ministrations. Sometimes, indeed, she gets wrought up to a pretty high pitch of temper, but she cannot hold herself there; and between her turns of anger and her returns to the opposite, there is room for more of womanly feeling than we shall venture to describe. And there is still more of the woman in the cunning simplicity — or is it simpleness? — with which she manages to keep her good opinion of Sir John; as when, upon being told that at his death "he cried out of women, and said they were devils incarnate," she replies, — "A' never could abide carnation

'twas a colour he never lik'd ;" as if she could nowise understand his words but in such a sense as would stand smooth with her interest and her affection.

It is curious to observe how Mrs. Quickly dwells on the confines of virtue and shame, and sometimes plays over the borders, ever clinging to the reputation and perhaps to the consciousness of the one, without foreclosing the invitations to the other. Nor may we dismiss her without remarking how in her worst doings she apparently hides from herself their ill favour under a fair name ; as people often paint the cheeks of their vices, and then look them sweetly in the face, though they cannot but know the paint is all that keeps them from being unsightly and loathsome. In her case, however, this may spring in part from a simplicity not unlike that which sometimes makes children shut their eyes at what affrights them, and then think themselves safe. — Upon the whole, Mrs. Quickly must be set down as one of the wicked ; the Poet evidently meant her so : and in mixing so much of good with the general preponderance of bad in her character, he has shown a rare spirit of wisdom, such as may well remind us that "both good men and bad men are apt to be less so than they seem."

Such is one department of life, to which the Poet has conducted us by a pathway leading from Falstaff. But there is an avenue opening out from Sir John into another and still richer vein of character. Aside from the humour of the characters themselves, there is great humour of art in the very bringing together of Falstaff and Shallow. Whose risibilities are not stirred up from the bottom, as he studies the contrast between the piercing sagacity of the one and the stupid vanity of the other ? Shallow is vastly proud of his acquaintance with Sir John : Sir John understands this perfectly ; and it seems doubtful whether he be drawn to the deep Shallow more for the pleasure he has in making a butt of him, or for the prospect of currying himself a road to his purse and "making him a philosopher's two stones."

One of the most irresistible spots in Justice Shallow is the exulting self-complacency with which he remembers his youthful essays towards profligacy : wherein, though without ever suspecting it, he was the sport and by-word of his companions ; he having shown in them the same boobyish, pulpy-brained ambition as he now shows in talking about them. His reminiscences on this score are in the last degree diverting ; partly, perhaps, as reminding us of a perpetual sort of people, some of whom scarce any one able to read can have failed to meet with. Another choice spot in Shallow is a huge love or habit of talking on when he can think of nothing to say, as though his tongue were hugging and kissing his words ; as when he refuses to excuse Sir John from staying with him over night. And his eloquence rises still higher, he lingers upon his words with a still keener relish, in the garden after supper. This ardent and enthusiastic caressing of his own phrases

springs not merely from sterility of thought, but partly also from that vivid self-appreciation which causes him to dwell with such rapture on the spirited sallies of his youth. One more point about fetches the compass of his mind, he being in fact considerable mainly for his loquacious thinness. It is well exemplified in his fine appreciation of Sir John's witticism on Mouldy, the name of one of the recruits he is taking up. The rare critical powers which Shallow here brings into exercise would doubtless warrant the recommending of him as a model in criticism, but that his train of imitators is already so large.

With such a theme at hand, it is little to be wondered at that Sir John's wit should grow gigantic. But that in doing so it should still keep up to the full its frolicsome agility, is something remarkable. The strain of humorous exaggeration with which he pursues the subject to himself is indeed sublime. Yet in some of his reflections on Shallow and his men we have a clear though brief view of the profound philosopher that every where underlies the profligate humourist and make-sport; for he there shows a breadth and sharpness of observation, and a depth of practical sagacity, such as might have placed him in the front rank of statesmen and sages.

One would suppose the force of feebleness could go no further than it does in Justice Shallow; yet it is carried several degrees higher in his cousin, Justice Silence. The habitual tautology of the one has its counterpart in the no less habitual taciturnity of the other. And Shallow's peculiarity herein may have grown partly from talking to his cousin, and getting no answers; for Silence has scarce energy enough to make answers, and when he does so, the answer is generally but an echo of the question. So that his immoveable taciturnity is but the proper outside of his essential vacuity, and springs from sheer dearth of soul. The only faculty he seems to have is memory, and he has not life enough of his own to set even this in motion; — nothing but excess of wine can make it stir: so that it seems fairly questionable whether wine sets him a-thinking, or he sets wine a-thinking. He is indeed a stupendous platitude of a man; his character being poetical by a sort of inversion, as extreme ugliness sometimes has the effect of beauty, and fascinates the eye. And yet he has a son at Oxford, and a daughter just blossoming into womanhood, which strangely links him with our household sympathies.

Shakespeare's fondness of weaving poetical conceptions round the leanest subjects is finely shown in the continual pouring forth of snatches from old ballads by Silence, when his native sterility of brain is overcome by the working of sack on his memory. How delicately-comical the volubility with which he trundles off the fag-ends of popular ditties, when in "the sweet of the night" his heart has grown rich with the exhilaration of wine! Who can ever forget the exquisite humour of the contrast between

Silence dry and Silence drunk ? As nothing but wine can put his tongue astir, so his tongue cannot choose but keep on till the force of the wine is spent : so long as the effect of this is on him, not even the tempestuous abuse of Pistol can stop him.

The conduct of Silence on this occasion lets us far into the style and spirit of old English mirth. We see that he must have passed his life in an atmosphere of song ; for it was only by dint of long custom and endless repetition that so passive a memory as his could be stored with such matter. And the snatches he sings are fragments of old minstrelsy “that had long been heard in the squire’s hall and the yeoman’s chimney corner,” where friends and neighbors were wont to “sing aloud old songs, the precious music of the heart.”

It were hardly just either to Shallow and Silence or to the Poet, to dismiss them without referring to their piece of dialogue about old Double : where, with all that is odd and grotesque, in itself and its circumstances, there is a strange mixture of something that draws and knits in with the sanctities of our being, and “feelingly persuades us what we are.” As with the “smooth-lipped shell” of which Wordsworth speaks so beautifully, so with this poor shell of humanity ; when we apply our ear to it, and listen intensely, “from within are heard murmurings, whereby the monitor expresses mysterious union with its native sea.” It is considerable that this bit of dialogue occurs at our first meeting with the speakers ; as if the Poet meant it on purpose to set and gauge our feelings aright towards them ; to forestall and prevent an over-much rising of contempt for them, which is probably about the worst feeling we can cherish. At all events, such is nature ; and so jealous was our divine Shakespeare of nature’s rights.—After hovering awhile among these scenes, we are almost tempted to retract what was said above touching the falling off in the Second Part.

Among the other characters of this play there is much judicious discrimination. Lord Bardolph is shrewd and sensible, of a firm practical understanding, and prudent forecast, and none the less brave, that his cool reflection begets a temperance, and puts him upon looking carefully before he leaps. And the Archbishop, so forthright and strong-thoughted, bold, enterprising, and resolute in action, in speech grave, moral, and sententious, forms, all together, a noble portrait. Northumberland makes good his previous character : evermore talking big and doing nothing ; full of verbal tempest and practical indecision ; and still ruining his friends, and at last himself, between “I would” and “I dare not,” he lives without our respect and dies unpitied of us ; while his daughter-in-law’s remembrance of her noble husband kindles a sharp resentment of his mean-spirited backwardness, and a hearty scorn of his blustering verbiage.

The drama of King Henry IV, taking the two parts as artists

cally one, is deservedly ranked among the very highest of Shakespeare's achievements. The characterization, whether for quantity, or quality, or variety, or, again, whether regarded in the individual development or in the dramatic combination, is above all praise. And yet, large and free as is the scope here given to invention, the parts are all strictly subordinated to the idea of the whole as an historical drama ; insomuch that even Falstaff, richly ideal as is the character, every where helps on the history, a whole century of old English wit and sense and humour being crowded together and compacted in him. And one is surprised, withal, upon reflection, to see how many scraps and odd minutes of intelligence are here to be met with. The Poet seems indeed to have been almost every where, and brought away some tincture or relish of the place ; as though his body were set full of eyes, and every eye took in matter of thought and memory : here we have the smell of eggs and butter ; there we turn up a fragment of old John of Gaunt ; elsewhere we chance upon a pot of Tewksbury mustard ; again we hit a bit of popular superstition, how earl Douglas " runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular : " on the march with Falstaff we contemplate " the cankers of a calm world and a long peace ; " at Clement's-Inn we hear " the chimes at midnight ; " at master Shallow's we " eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways and so forth : " now we are amidst the poetries of chivalry and the felicities of victory ; now amidst the obscure sufferings of war, where its inexorable iron hand enters the widow's cottage, and snatches away the land's humblest comforts. And so we might go on indefinitely, the particulars of this kind being so numerous as might well distract the mind, and yet so skilfully composed that the number seems not large, till by a special effort of thought one goes to view them severally. And these particulars, though so unnoticed, or so little noticed, in the detail, are nevertheless so ordered that they all tell in the result. How pervading and controlling is the principle of organic life and law, issuing in a perfect fitting of all the parts to each, and of each to all, so that in the farthest extremities we can detect the beatings of one common heart, may be specially instanced in Sir John : whose sayings every where so fit and cleave to the circumstances, to all the oddities of connection and situation out of which they grow ; have such a mixed smacking, such a various and composite relish, made up from all the peculiarities of the person by whom, the occasion wherein, and the purpose for which they are spoken, that they cannot be detached and set out by themselves, without thwarting or greatly marring their force and flavour. On the whole, we may safely affirm with Johnson, that " perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight."

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY OF MONMOUTH, Prince of Wales, THOMAS, Duke of Clarence, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster,	}	his Sons.
--	---	-----------

EARL OF WARWICK, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, GOWER, HARCOURT,	}	of the King's Party.
--	---	----------------------

SIR WILLIAM GASCOIGNE, Lord Chief Justice.

A Gentleman attending on the Lord Chief Justice.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, SCROOP, Archbishop of York, LORD MOWBRAY, LORD HASTINGS, LORD BARDOLPH, SIR JOHN COLEVILLE,	}	against the King.
--	---	-------------------

TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland.

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.

POINS and PETO, Attendants on Prince Henry.

SHALLOW and SILENCE, County Justices.

DAVY, Servant to Justice Shallow.

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF,	}	Recruits.
--	---	-----------

FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.

RUMOUR, the Presenter.

A Porter. A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY.

Hostess; QUICKLY. DOLL TEARSHEET.

**Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.**

SCENE. England.

SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before NORTHUMBERLAND's Castle

*Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues.*¹

Rum. OPEN your ears ; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks ?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world .
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence ;
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,²
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,

¹ This was the common way of representing this personage, no unfrequent character in the masques of the Poet's time. In a masque on St. Stephen's Night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin coat *full of winged tongues*.

² The *stops* are the holes in a flute or pipe.

The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,³
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs. [Exit

³ Northumberland's castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I. The same.

*The Porter before the Gate.**Enter Lord BARDOLPH.*

Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho! — Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish.
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas ; young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field ;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son : O ! such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

North.

How is this deriv'd ?

Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence ;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom
I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I overrode him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you ?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me
back

With joyful tidings ; and, being better hors'd,
Outrode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forespent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury :
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels

Against the panting sides of his poor jade,¹
 Up to the rowel-head ; and, starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,²
 Staying no longer question.

North.

Ha ! — Again.

Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
 Of Hotspur, coldspur ? that rebellion
 Had met ill luck ?

Bard.

My lord, I'll tell you what ; —
 If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point³
 I'll give my barony : never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by
 Travers,
 Give, then, such instances of loss ?

Bard.

Who, he ?

He was some hilding⁴ fellow, that had stolen
 The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
 Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :
 So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood

¹ *Jade* is not used by Shakespeare as a *term* of contempt ; for Richard II. gives this appellation to his favourite horse Roan Barbary, which Henry IV. rode at his coronation : “ That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand.” It was only another name for a horse.

² So in the book of Job, xxxix. 24 : “ He *swalloweth the ground* with fierceness and rage.” The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* : “ But with that speed and heat of appetite, with which they greedily *devour the way* to some great sports ”

³ A *silken point* is a *tagged lace*. See 1 Henry IV., Act .. sc. 4, note 15.

⁴ *Hilding* was a term of contempt for a vile, cowardly person. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii. sc. 6, note 1. H.

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.⁵ —

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say, — Your son did thus, and
thus;

Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But, in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with — brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son, —

North. Why, he is dead
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, Morton
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

⁵ An attestation of its ravage.

North Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :
The tongue offends not, that reports his death ;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.⁶

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to Heaven I had not seen :
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance,⁷ wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up
In few, his death, (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
Being bruited ⁸ once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops :
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,

⁶ The *bell* anciently was rung while the person was dying, and thence called the *passing* bell.

⁷ By *faint quittance* a *faint return* of blows is meant.

⁸ That is, reported, noised abroad.

Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
 Too soon ta'en prisoner ; and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
 'Gan vail⁹ his stomach, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out
 A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
 And Westmoreland : This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
 mourn.

In poison there is physic ; and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,¹⁰
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,¹¹
 Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice
 crutch !¹²

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly quoin !

⁹ That is, began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. To *vail* is to *lower*, to cast down. — *Stomach* was often used for *courage*, and sometimes for *pride*. See *The Tempest*, Act i. sc. 2, note 17.

¹⁰ *Buckle* is here commonly explained “to bend, or yield under pressure,” and has been derived from the Saxon *bugan*. No other instance of the word in this sense has been found. H.

¹¹ *Grief*, in the latter part of this line, is used in its present sense, for *sorrow* ; in the former part, for *bodily pain*.

¹² Steevens explains *nice* here by *trifling* ; but Shakespeare uses it in the sense of *effeminate, delicate, tender*.

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland.
Let heaven kiss earth : now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd : let order die :
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my
lord.¹³

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your
honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,¹⁴
And summ'd the account of chance, before you
said, —

Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
That in the dole ¹⁵ of blows your son might drop :
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er :
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;

¹³ This line is wanting in the folio, and in the quarto is by mistake given to Umfreville, who is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It is given to Travers at Steevens's suggestion.

¹⁴ This and the thirteen following lines are not in the quarto.

¹⁵ Dealing, or distribution.

Yet did you say, — Go forth ; and none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action : What hath, then, befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be ?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,¹⁶
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one :
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time : And, my most noble
 lord,
 I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth, —
 The gentle archbishop of York is up,¹⁷
 With well-appointed powers : he is a man,
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corps,
 But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight ;
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side ; but, for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion :
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,

¹⁶ This mode of expression has before been noticed. Thus in 1 Henry IV. : "Hath more worthy interest *to* the state."

¹⁷ This and the following twenty lines are not in the quarto As the sense plainly requires them, Mr. Collier thinks the quarto to have been put forth in haste, and perhaps printed from a defective manuscript. — In the preceding line the folio has *do* instead of *dare*.

He's follow'd both with body and with mind
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
 Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,¹⁸
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
 And more and less¹⁹ do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak
 truth,

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed;
 Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. A Street.

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing
 his Sword and Buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to
 my water? ¹

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good

¹⁸ That is, stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her. It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner. See the preceding play, Act v. sc. 1, note 7.

¹⁸ That is, great and small, *all ranks*. So in *Macbeth*: "Both *more and less* have given him the revolt."

¹⁹ This quackery was once so much in fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions pronounced concerning it. This statute was followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic. But this did not extinguish the practice, which has its dupes even in these enlightened times

healthful water: but for the party that ow'd² it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me:³ The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath o'erwhelm'd all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now: but I will in-set⁴ you neither in gold nor silver, but in

² Owned.

³ Gifford says that *gird* is but a metathesis of *gride*, meaning, literally, a thrust, a blow; metaphorically, a smart stroke of wit, a taunt, or sarcastic retort. — This passage might be aptly quoted as proving that with Falstaff the main business of life is to laugh and provoke laughter. He is manifestly himself proud of the pride that others take in girding at him; enjoys their quips even more perhaps than they do, because he is the begetter of them; as being the flint which alone can draw forth sparks from their steel, and himself shining by the light he causes them to emit. And in what he says just after to the Page we see that much as he values the things that minister to his “huge hill of flesh,” he values that hill itself still more as ministering opportunities of saying fine things; and that he would not spare an ounce from that bulk out of which he can extract occasion for such prodigies of humour.

H.

⁴ So in the quarto; the folio has *set* for *in-set*. — The words *mandrake* and *agate* refer to the small size of the Page. The *mandrake* is an herb of narcotic qualities, which, being forked in the root, was said to resemble a human creature, and to utter a cry when pulled up from the earth. *Agates* were often cut into images, to be worn in rings and brooches, and thence came to be used metaphorically for diminutive persons. Thus Florio speaks of “*agath-stones*, cut and graven with some formes and images on them, namely, of famous men’s heads.” And in *Romeo and Juliet* Mercutio describes Queen Mab to be “in shape no bigger than an *agate-stone* on the forefinger of an alderman.”

H.

vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel ; the juvenal,⁵ the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek ; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal ! God may finish it when He will, it is not a hair amiss yet : he may keep it still as a face-royal,⁶ for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. — What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops ?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph ; he would not take his bond and yours : he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton ! may his tongue be hotter !⁷ — A whoreson Achitophel ! a rascally yea-forsooth knave ! to bear a gentleman in hand,⁸ and then stand upon security ! — The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if

⁵ *Juvenal* occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and in *Love's Labour's Lost*. It is also used in many places by Chaucer for a young man.

⁶ Johnson says that by a *face-royal* Falstaff means a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. As a *stag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal* ; that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other.

⁷ An allusion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue, being tormented with flames.

⁸ To *bear in hand* is to lead or carry along as suitors or expectants. See *Measure for Measure*, Act i. sc. 5, note 6. H.

a man is thorough⁹ with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. — Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,¹⁰ and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

⁹ That is, in their debt, by *taking up* goods on credit.

¹⁰ In Shakespeare's time St. Paul's Cathedral was a common resort of politicians, newsmongers, men of business, idlers, gamesters, smashed-up roués, and all such who lived by their wits. Spendthrift debtors also fled thither, a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest. Thus in Dekker's *Gull's Horn-Book*, 1609: "There you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk any thing; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out." Tradesmen and masterless serving-men also set up their advertisements there; and such of the latter as had been cast off were to be had there at all times. Which last circumstance is thus referred to in *Choice of Change*, 1598: "A man must not make choyce of three things in three places: Of a wife in Westminster; of a servant in Paul's; of a horse in Smithfield; lest he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade." Likewise in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the proverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife." H.

Fal. Wait close ; I will not see him.

Just. What's he that goes there ?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Just. He that was in question for the robbery ?

Atten. He, my lord ; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Just. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. — Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John, —

Fal. What ! a young knave, and begging ? ¹¹ Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? Doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels need soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man ? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so ? I lay aside that which grows to me ? If thou get'st any leave

¹¹ So in the quarto ; in the folio, *beg.* And just below the folio has *want*, instead of *need*.

of me, hang me : if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt-counter,¹² hence ! avaunt !

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord ! — God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad : I heard say your lordship was sick : I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time ; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Just. I talk not of his majesty. — You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Just. Well, Heaven mend him ! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Just. What tell you me of it ? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief ; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen : it is a kind of deafness.

Just. I think you are fallen into the disease ; for you hear not what I say to you.

¹² To *hunt counter* was to hunt the wrong way, to trace the scent backwards ; to *hunt it by the heel* is the technical phrase Falstaff means to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent.

*Fal.*¹³ Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.¹⁴

Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may

¹³ This is the speech referred to in the Introduction as having *Old.* prefixed to it in the quarto. H.

¹⁴ The Poet shows some knowledge of the law here; for, in fact, a man employed as Falstaff then was could not be held to answer in a prosecution for an offence of the kind in question. H.

thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord, —

Just. But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Just. What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel¹⁵ candle, my lord ; all tallow : if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his¹⁶ effect o' gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravity.

Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord : your ill angel is light ;¹⁷

¹⁵ A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. Of course there is a quibble here upon *wax* ; referring to the substance that candles are made of, and to what is signified by the verb, to *wax*, that is, *grow*. H.

¹⁶ It may be worth the while to remark here, that in the Poet's time *his* was constantly used where we should use *its*, the latter not being then a legitimate word. Such, as the reader may not need to be told, is uniformly the case in our version of the Scriptures ; and the same usage occurs in a great many places of these plays. It is true, Shakespeare has *its* in several instances, as in *The Winter's Tale*, Act i. sc. 2, Volume IV., page 30 of this edition : "How sometimes nature will betray *its* folly, *its* tenderness, and make itself a pastime." And again, a little after : "My dagger muzzled, lest it should bite *its* master." But the word was then strictly an innovation, and as such was shunned by scholars and careful writers generally. For this matter we are indebted to the suggestion of a friend, if he will allow us to call him such. H.

¹⁷ Falstaff is still punning. He here refers to the coin called *angel*, which of course grew *lighter* as it was clipped or became worn. "As *light* as a clipt *angel*" was a frequent comparison at that time. See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. sc. 7, note 1. — The quarto has "*ill angel*" both in the Judge's speech and in Falstaff's reply : the folio changes the former into "*evil angel*," but retains the latter H.

but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell.¹⁸ Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times,¹⁹ that true valour is turn'd bear-herd : Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young : you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls ; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly ? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single,²⁰ and every part about you blasted with antiquity ? and will you yet call yourself young ? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John !

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, — I have lost it with

¹⁸ *I cannot tell*, Johnson explains, “I cannot be taken in a reckoning, I cannot pass current.” Mr. Gifford objects to this, and says that it merely means “I cannot tell what to think of it.” The phrase, with that signification, was certainly common, says Mr. Boswell ; but as it will also bear the sense which Dr. Johnson assigned to it, his interpretation appears to suit the context better.

¹⁹ *Costard* was the old name for an apple : a *coster-monger* therefore was an *apple-pedler*. Here, however, the word is used to denote a time of petty traffic, or *huckstering*. H.

²⁰ *Single* is *simple*, *feeble*. *Single-witted* and *single-souled* were common epithets, to designate *simple persons*. The Justice insensibly catches Falstaff's style, and slides into a tilt of wit with him, having in *single* a sly reference to *double*, just before. H.

hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you, — he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever.²¹ But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

²¹ The rest of this speech is not in the folio

Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth? ²²

Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.²³ Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.²⁴
— A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the diseases prevent²⁵ my curses — Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and twopence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. — Go bear

²² The point and aptness of this question are so subtle as to be, perhaps, not always taken. The Judge has just been exhorting him to honesty: he therefore says, — Will your lordship let me have something to be honest with? If you will lend me a thousand pounds, I will agree not to steal for a while. H.

²³ The Judge grows more and more facetious, and at last falls to downright punning; thus showing that Falstaff is “not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men.” *Crosses* were pieces of money. H.

²⁴ This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filliping* the toad. They lay a board two or three feet long a right angles over a transverse piece two or three inches thick; then placing the toad at one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth; and the fall generally kills it. A *three-man beetle* is a heavy beetle, with three handles, used in driving piles.

²⁵ To *prevent* is to anticipate. “Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches.” — Psalm cxix.

this letter to my lord of Lancaster ; this to the prince ; this to the earl of Westmoreland ; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin. About it : you know where to find me [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout ! or, a gout of this pox ! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt ; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable : A good wit will make use of any thing ; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit*]

SCENE III. York.

A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop, and the Lords HASTINGS,
MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and knowr
our means ;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes :—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice ;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question, then, lord Hastings, standeth thus : —

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point.
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far,
Till we had his assistance by the hand ;
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with
hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller¹ than the smallest of his thoughts ;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes ; if this present quality of war,² —

¹ That is, *which turned out to be much smaller.*

² This and the nineteen following lines, down to "We fortify in paper," are wanting in the quarto. — The opening of this speech, as it stands in the original, and as we give it, presents some obscurity indeed, but, with a little attention to the pointing, will be found consistent in the wording, and forcible in the meaning. Hastings, be it observed, has just said, — "It never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope." To which Bardolph very justly replies, — "Yes, it will do hurt, if the present condition of the war, — which is a cause already on foot, the action indeed even now pressing upon us, — lives merely in hope, even as the premature buds of spring." All which is in perfect

Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot, —
 Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
 We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
 Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
 And, when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then, but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices,³ or, at last, desist
 To build at all ? Much more, in this great work
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
 And set another up,) should we survey
 The plot of situation, and the model ;
 Consent upon a sure foundation ;
 Question surveyors ; know our own estate.
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite ; or else
 We fortify in paper and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men :
 Like one that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair
 birth,

keeping with Bardolph's previous speech, who is plainly endeavoring to profit by the late experience, and to guard against a repetition of past errors. In modern editions generally, *if* is changed to *in*, and the text so ordered as, in our judgment, to increase the obscurity, while forsaking authority. H.

³ In the old English castles and palaces, certain *rooms* or *apartments* were called *offices*. See King Richard II., Act i. sc. 2. note 7. H.

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty
thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,⁴
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welch
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces
hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster,⁵ and Westmore-
land:
Against the Welch, himself and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop
a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven,
in aid of Owen Glendower.

⁵ This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not
created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother,
King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually duke
of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking
of the first parliament of King Henry IV., says, 'His *second*
sonne was there made duke of Lancaster'

Arch. Let us on,⁶
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be ;
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times !
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, " O earth ! yield us that king again,
And take thou this." O, thoughts of men accurst !
Past and to come seem best ; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be
gone. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ This speech first appeared in the folio.

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

*Enter Hostess; FANG and his Boy with her; and
SNARE following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you enter'd the action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your yeoman? ¹ Is it a lusty yeoman? will he stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord! ay: good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin ² like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an he come but within my vice; ³ —

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you,

¹ A bailiff's follower was formerly called a serjeant's *yeoman*.

² Thrust.

³ The quarto reads *view*. *Vice* is used for *grasp* or *clutch*. The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the west of England.

he's an infinitive thing upon my score. — Good master Fang, hold him sure : good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle ; and he's indited to dinner to the Lubbar's-head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman : I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one ⁴ for a poor lone woman to bear ; and I have borne, and borne, and borne ; and have been fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. —

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes ; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare : do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now ! whose mare's dead ? what's the matter ?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets ! — Draw, Bardolph : cut me off the villain's head ; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel ? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou ? wilt thou ? thou bas-

⁴ So in the old copies ; which Theobald supposed to be a corruption of *lone*, or *loan*. Mr. Douce thinks the hostess means to say that a hundred *mark* is a long *score*, or *reckoning*, for her to bear.

tardly rogue! — Murder, murder! O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.⁵

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. — Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York. — Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O! my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat

⁵ To *quell* was anciently used for to *kill*. — Of course *honey suckle* and *honey-seed* are Quicklyisms for *homicidal* and *homicide*; *s indited* and *exion* above are for *invited* and *action*. H.

belly of his : but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.⁶

Just. How comes this, Sir John ? Fie ! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation ? Are you not asham'd to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own ?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee ?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet,⁷ sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor ; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it ? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly ? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar ; telling us she had a good dish of prawns ; whereby thou didst desire to eat some ; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound ? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people ; saying that ere long they should call me madam ? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid

⁶ In explanation of this passage, Mr. Collier says that in old times " the gallows was jocosely called the two-legged, and sometimes the three-legged *mare*." Of course the hostess means the *nightmare* ; but punning and Falstaff are inseparable. H.

⁷ *Parcel-gilt* is partly gilt, or gilt only in parts. Laneham, in his Letter from Kenilworth, describing a bride-cup, says, — " It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly be-sylvered and *parcel gilt*." See *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. sc. 1, note 9.

me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it if thou canst.⁸

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Just. 'Pr'ythee, peace. — Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

⁸ Coleridge, in his noble Essay on Method, cites this speech of the hostess as an instance of narrative "fermenting o'er with frothy circumstance," and his comment upon it is one of those rare felicities of criticism, such as we never think of until started by another, nor ever forget them after; they being so natural and apt that the mind no sooner sees them than it closes with them. "The poor soul's thoughts and sentences," says he, "are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence, which the habit of Method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion. For the absence of Method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify and appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements." H.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap⁹ without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation,¹⁰ and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

Enter GOWER.

Just. Now, master Gower! what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman:—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman:—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,¹¹ is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings,

⁹ *Sneap* is *reproof*, *rebuke*. *Snip*, *snib*, *sneb*, and *snub* are different forms of the same word. To *sneap* was originally to *check* or *pinch* by frost. Shakespeare has *sneaping* frost and *sneaping* winds in other places.

¹⁰ Suitably to your character.

¹¹ *Water-work* is *water-colour paintings* or *hangings*. The painted cloth was generally oil-colour; but a cheaper sort, proba-

and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw ¹² thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me: dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i'faith I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? — [*To BARDOLPH.*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-Sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What is the news, my lord?

Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

bly resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water-colour, or distemper. The German hunting, or wild-boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject.

¹² Withdraw.

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Just. You shall have letters of me presently :
Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here : I thank you, good Sir John.

Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. — This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. The same. Another Street.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

Prince. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prince. 'Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got ; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name ? or to know thy face to-morrow ? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast ; viz., these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones ? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts ; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use ? — but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I ; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keep'st not racket there ; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland : and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen¹ shall inherit His kingdom ; but the midwives say the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly ! — Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is ?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ?

Poins. Yes, faith ; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to ; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, — it is not meet that I

¹ His *bastard children*, wrapt up in his old shirts. The ellipsis *out* for *out of*, Steevens says, is sometimes used. — The latter part of this speech, all after *holland*, is wanting in the folio.

should be sad, now my father is sick : albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency : Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick ; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason ?

Prince. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep ?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought ; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks : never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine : every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so ?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of ; I can hear it with my own ears : the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands ;² and those two

² *A proper fellow of my hands* is the same as *a tall fellow of his hands*, which has been already explained in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. sc. 4, note 5. That *a tall* or *a proper fellow* was sometimes used in an equivocal sense for *a thief*, there can be no doubt. Cotgrave has a proverb, "The gibbet makes an end of proper men."

things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. [*To the Page.*] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red-lattice,³ and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

Prince. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a fire-brand;⁴ and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation.
— There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept

³ An alehouse window.

⁴ Johnson says, "Shakespeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's fire-brand with Hecuba's. The fire-brand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a fire-brand that consumed the kingdom."

from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good respect. — And how doth the martlemas,⁵ your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen⁶ to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] “John Falstaff, knight.” — Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, “There is some of the king's blood spilt.” “How comes that?” says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; “I am the king's poor cousin, sir.”

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter: —

Poins. “Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, Prince of Wales, greeting.” — Why, this is a certificate.

⁵ Falstaff is before called thou *latter spring, all-hallown summer*, and Poins now calls him *martlemas*, a corruption of *martin-mas*, which means the same thing, the feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of autumn. *Este de St. Martin* is a French proverb for a *late summer*. It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.

⁶ Swoln excrescence.

Prince. Peace!

Poins. “I will imitate the honourable Roman⁷ in brevity:” — he sure means brevity in breath, shortwinded. — “I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John, with all Europe.”

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us. — Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?⁸

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

⁷ That is, Julius Cæsar. Falstaff alludes to the *veni, vidi, vici*, which he afterwards quotes.

⁸ A *sty*, a place to fatten a boar in. Thus in Holland's Pliny: “Swine will be well fat and well larded in sixtie daies; and the rather, if before you begin to *franke* them up, they be kept altogether from meat three daies.” H.

Page. Ephesians, my lord ; of the old church.⁹

Prince. Sup any women with him ?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

Prince. What pagan¹⁰ may that be ?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. — Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper ?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord ; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, — and Bardolph ; — no word to your master that I am yet come to town : There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare ye well ; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] — This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Albans and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself¹¹ to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a god to a bull ? a heavy descen

⁹ A slang phrase probably signifying *topers*, or *jolly companions of the old sort*.

¹⁰ Massinger, in *The City Madam*, has used this phrase for a *wench* : "In all these places I've had my several *pagans* billeted."

¹¹ That is, *bear*, or *behave* himself. So in *As You Like It*, Act iv. sc. 3 : "The boy *bestows* himself like a ripe sister." H.

sion!¹² it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Excunt.*

SCENE III. Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND,
and *Lady* PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours, and your son's:
For yours, — may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his, — it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the gray vault of heaven: and by his light

¹² So in the quarto; in the folio, *declension*. *Descension* seems to be a word of the Poet's own coining, and therefore perhaps the editors of the folio changed it, as not having sufficient authority.

Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait ;¹
And speaking thick,² which nature made his blemish
Became the accents of the valiant ;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him : So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, — O, wondrous
him !

O, miracle of men ! — him did you leave
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage ; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible ! — so you left him.
Never, O ! never do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him : let them alone.
The marshal and the archbishop are strong :
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there,

¹ This and the twenty-one lines following are not in the quarto

² Speaking *thick* is speaking *quick*, rapidity of utterance. So in *Cymbeline* : " Say, and *speak thick* : love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing." See also *Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 3, note 12.

Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O! fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance³ with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with
my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back. —
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. London.

A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there?
apple-Johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure
an apple-John.¹

³ Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called because it was the symbol of *remembrance*, and therefore used at weddings and funerals. Thus Ophelia says, — "There's *rosemary*, that's for *remembrance*." See *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 3, note 5.

¹ This apple, which was said to keep two years, is well

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights." It anger'd² him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;³ mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Despatch: — The room where they supp'd is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis:⁴ it will be an excellent stratagem.

described by Philips: "Nor *John-apple*, whose wither'd rind entrench'd by many a furrow, aptly represents decrepid age." Falstaff has already said of himself, "I am *withered* like an old *apple-John*."

² *Anger* was sometimes used for simple *grief* or *distress*, without implying any desire to *punish*. Thus in St. Mark, iii. 5, speaking of our Saviour: "And when he had looked round about on them with *anger*, being *grieved* for the hardness of their hearts." H.

³ A *noise*, or a *consort*, was used for a *set* or *company* of *musicians*. Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band. In the old play of King Henry V.: "There came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then sent for a *noyse of musitians*." — The folio closes this speech at *music*, the rest being only in the quarto.

⁴ We have seen several times already that *old* was often used as an augmentative, something as *huge* is used now. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. sc. 2, note 7. — *Utis*, sometimes spelt *utas*, and derived by Skinner from the French *huit*, properly meant the octave of a saint's day, and hence was applied generally to sport-making and festivity. Thus in *A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, 1602: "With some roysting harmony let

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I'faith, sweet heart, methinks, now, you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulsidege beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, — what's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. “When Arthur first in court”⁵ — Empty the jordan. — “And was a worthy king.” [*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm:⁶ yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

us begin the *utas* of our jollitie.” The word, it is said, is still used in Warwickshire for what is called a *row*. So that *old utis* is a *grand frolic*. H.

⁵ The ballad from which this is taken is entitled Sir Launcelot du Lake, and is printed entire in Book ii., Series i. of Percy's Reliques. The first stanza as there given runs thus:

“When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victorys wonne,
And conquest home did bring.” H.

⁶ *Calm* is a Quicklyism for *qualm*. Of course Falstaff seizes the occasion to perpetrate a pun. H

Fal. You make fat rascals,⁷ mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them ! gluttony and diseases make them ; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll : we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my pure virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry ; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. “ Your brooches, pearls, and owches : ”⁸ — for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know : To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely ; to venture upon the charg’d chambers⁹ bravely : —

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself !

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion : you two never meet, but you fall to some discord : You are both, in good truth, as rheumatic¹⁰ as two dry toasts ; you cannot one bear with another’s confirmities. What the good-year ! one must bear, and that must be you : you are the weaker vessel, as they say ; the emptier vessel.

⁷ Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Rascall*, says Puttenham, “ is properly the hunting term given to young deer *leane* and out of season, and not to people.”

⁸ This is a quotation from a ballad entitled *The Boy and the Mantle*, save that Falstaff substitutes *pearls* for *rings*. A modern revision of the ballad is given in Percy’s *Reliques*, Book iii., Series iii. — *Owches* were bosses of gold. — It has been rightly said, that Sir John refers to something very different from real gems and jewels, using the words somewhat as we use *carbuncle*.
H.

⁹ To understand this quibble it is necessary to remember that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a *small piece of ordnance*. — The next speech is omitted in the folio, for what reason does not appear.

¹⁰ Mrs. Quickly means *splenetic*. It should be remarked, however, that *rheum* seems to have been a cant word for *spleen*.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold. — Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.¹¹

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient¹² Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here; no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best. — Shut the door; — there comes no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have swaggering now: — shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess? —

Host. 'Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

¹¹ It has been aptly suggested that Mistress Doll, as if inspired by the present visitation, grows poetical here, and improvisadores a littlewhat in the lyric vein. The close of her speech, if set to the eye as it sounds to the ear, would stand something thus:

“Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack:

Thou art going to the wars;

And whether I shall ever see thee again,

Or no, there is nobody cares.”

H

¹² That is, “he that carrieth the colours to a company of foot soldiers, an ensign bearer.” — *Philips*. Falstaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Pistol ensign.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilley-valley, Sir John, never tell me. your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick,¹³ the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me, — it was no longer ago than Wednesday last, — “Neighbour Quickly,” says he; — master Dumb, our minister, was by then; — “Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil; for,” said he, “you are in an ill name:” — now he said so, I can tell whereupon; “for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions.” — There comes none here: — you would bless you to hear what he said. — No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. — Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater;¹⁴ but I do not love swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when

¹³ The names of Master *Tisick* and Master *Dumb* are ludicrously intended to denote that the deputy was pursy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs, and the opprobrious epithet continued in use as late as the reign of King Charles II.

¹⁴ The humour consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a *cheater*, that is, a *gamester*, for an *escheator*, or officer of the exchequer. Lord Coke, in his Charge at Norwich, 1607, puns upon the equivocation: “But if you will be content to let the *escheator* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himself the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater*.”

one says — swagger : feel, masters, how I shake
look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I ? yea, in very truth, do I, as twere
an aspen leaf : I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John !

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I
charge you with a cup of sack : do you discharge
upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with
two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir ; you shall hardly
offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets :
I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's
pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy : I will charge
you.

Dol. Charge me ? I scorn you, scurvy compan-
ion. What ! you poor, base, rascally, cheating,
lack-linen mate ! Away, you mouldy rogue, away !
I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal ! you filthy
bung,¹⁵ away ! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in
your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle
with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal ! you basket-
hilt stale juggler, you ! — Since when, I pray you,

¹⁵ To *nip a bung*, in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse*.
“*Bung* is now used for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purse*.” — *Bel-
man of London*, 1610. *Doll* means to call him *pickpocket*. *Cuttle*
and *cuttle-bung* were also cant terms for the knife used by cut-
purses. These terms are therefore used by metonymy for a thief.

sir? — God's light! with two points¹⁶ on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.¹⁷

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? — He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dried cakes.¹⁸ A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy,¹⁹ which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted; therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. 'Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph, I could tear her. — I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; — to Pluto's

¹⁶ Laces, marks of his commission. — *Much!* was a common expression of scorn.

¹⁷ This speech is not in the folio.

¹⁸ *Mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes* are put for the refuse of brothels.

¹⁹ This word had been perverted to an obscene meaning. An *occupant* was also a term for a woman of the town, and an *occupier* meant a *wencher*. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says, — "Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy*, nature." — The folio omits all between *odious* and *therefore*.

damn'd lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep,
with Erebus and tortures vile also Hold hook
and line, say I. Down! down, dogs: down, fait-
ors!²⁰ Have we not Hiren here?²¹

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very
late, i'faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours indeed! Shall
packhorses,

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,²²
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,²³
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter
words.

²⁰ *Faitour* is an old word for *traitor*; sometimes used, also, for *rascals* and *vagabonds*. The quarto has *faters* here, the folio *fates*, which latter Mr. Collier retains; whereupon Mr. Dyce remarks thus: "I believe that the reading of the quarto, *faters*, that is, *faitours*, is decidedly right, and that the *fates* of the folio is either a misprint, or, more probably, an alteration of the editor, who happened not to understand the rather affected term which Shakespeare had put with such propriety into the mouth of Pistol." H.

²¹ Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Pistol a tissue of absurd and fustian passages from many ridiculous old plays. *Have we not Hiren here*, is probably a line from a play of George Peele's, called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the fair Greek*. *Hiren*, from its resemblance to *siren*, was used for a seducing woman, and consequently for a courtesan. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren*. Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman.

²² This is a parody of the lines addressed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia,
What, can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

²³ A blunder for Hannibals

Bard. Begone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis;²⁴ Come, give's some sack.

*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*²⁵ —
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here, and are *et ceteras*
nothing?²⁶

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.²⁷ What!
we have seen the seven stars.

²⁴ In *The Battle of Alcazar*, a play which Mr. Dyce assigns to Peele, we meet with the line: "Feed, then, and faint not, *my fair Calipolis.*" And again: "*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe." Of course Pistol is supposed to have haunted the pit, and there got charged with these bits of theatrical ammunition.

H.

²⁵ This, no doubt, is Pistol's reading or repeating of the motto on his sword; the same of which he has already said,—"Have we not Hiren here?" and which he calls *sweetheart* just after Mr. Douce found an old sword having the motto inscribed in French,—

"*Si fortune me tourmente, l'espérance me contente.*"

Some editions have corrected Pistol's repetition into grammatical Italian, but have not told us why they omitted to correct in like manner his *Cannibals* and *Trojan Greeks*. The correction proposed by Hanmer, and adopted by Collier, runs thus:

"*Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.*"

We see no reason for attempting to *de-Pistolize* the text. H.

²⁶ That is, shall we stop here, and have no more sport?

²⁷ *Neif* is used by Shakespeare for *fist*. It is a north country

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs : I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs ! know we not Galloway nags ? ²⁸

Fal. Quoit him down, ²⁹ Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling : nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What ! shall we have incision ? shall we imbrue ? — [Snatching up his sword.
Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days !

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three ! Come, Atropos, I say ! ³⁰

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward !

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult ! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So ; murder, I warrant, now. — Alas, alas !

word, to be found in Ray's Collection. See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act iv. sc. 1, note 2.

²⁸ Common hackneys.

²⁹ That is, *pitch* him down. The *shove-groat shillings* were such broad shillings of King Edward VI. as Slender calls *Edward shovel-boards*. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 1, note 18.

³⁰ Pistol scatters out fragments of old ballads as well as of old plays. "O death, rock me on slepe, bring me on quiet rest," is from an ancient song attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade :

"I hate this loathsome life,
O Atropos, draw nie,
Untwist the thred of mortall strife,
Send death, and let me die."

put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt* PISTOL and BARDOLPH.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops.—Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine Worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play:—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,³¹

³¹ Doll says this in coaxing playful ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. Roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew fair; they were sold, piping hot, in booths and on stalls, and were ostentatiously displayed to excite the appetite of passengers. It was a common subject of allusion.

when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised as Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;³² and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no hate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

³² *Fennel* was generally esteemed an inflammatory herb, and therefore to eat *conger and fennel* was to eat two high and hot things together. The *flap-dragon* was some small combustible material swallowed a-light in a glass of liquor. See *The Winter's Tale*, Act iii. sc. 3, note 6.—*Riding the wild mare* is another name for the childish sport of see-saw.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel³³ have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!³⁴ what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery Trigon,³⁵ his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle³⁶ of? I shall

³³ Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel*, from his rotundity of figure. The equivoque between *nave* and *knave* is obvious.

³⁴ This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.

³⁵ *Trigon* or triangle, a term in the old judicial astrology. They called it a *fiery trigon* when the three upper planets met in a fiery sign; which was thought to denote rage and contention. Poins of course refers to Bardolph, who is supposed to be whispering to the Hostess, Sir John's *counsel-keeper*.

³⁶ Few words, as Mr. Gifford observes, have occasioned such controversy as *kirtle*. The most familiar terms are often the most baffling to the antiquary; for, being in general use, they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and therefore are not accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle*, from the Saxon *cyrtel*, to *gird*, was undoubtedly a *petticoat*, which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it. "*Vasquine*," says Cotgrave, "a *kirtle* or *petticoat*." "*Surcot*, an *upper kirtle*, or garment worn over a *kirtle*." Also, "*cotte de femme*, a *kirtle*." Chaucer also

receive money on Thursday ; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow A merry song ! come : it grows late ; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so : prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. — Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince and Poins. [*Advancing.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Fal. Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ? — And art not thou Poins his brother ?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead !

Fal. A better than thou : I am a gentleman ; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir ; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! by my troth, welcome to London. — Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine ! O Jesu ! are you come from Wales ?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, — by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*

Dol. How ! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how

uses *kirtle* for a tunic or sleeveless coat for a man. Florio explains *Tonaca* “a coate or jacket, or a sleeveless coate. Also, a woman's petticoat or *kirtle*, an upper safeguard.” Cotgrave also translates “*un devant de robe*, a *kirtle* or *apron*.” Minsheu renders the Spanish word “*vasquina*, a woman's petticoat or *kirtle*.” And, finally, Torriano defines “*grembiale*, an *apron*, a *fore-kirtle*.” All this dictionary learning may appear very ridiculous, but at least it has put an end to doubt upon the subject.

vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so: I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, 'faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us: Is she of the wicked? Is thine nostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women ?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already and burns, poor soul ! For the other, I owe her money ; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not ; I think thou art quit for that : Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law ;³⁷ for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so : What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

Prince. You, gentlewoman, —

Dol. What says your grace ?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. *[Knocking heard.]*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door ? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

Prince. Peto, how now ! what news ?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster, And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north ; and as I came along I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time,

³⁷ Baret defines a "*victualling-house*, a tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season*." By several statutes made in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. for the regulation and observance of fish days, victuallers were expressly forbidden to utter *flesh in Lent*. The brothels were formerly screened under the pretence of being victualling houses and taverns.

When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. — Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY, POINS, PETO, and
BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the
night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd.
[*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah.
— Farewell, hostess; — farewell, Doll. — You see,
my good wenches, how men of merit are sought
after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of
action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches: If I
be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; — if my heart be not ready
to burst! — Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee
these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an
honestest, and truer-hearted man, — Well, fare thee
well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet, —

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come
to my master.

Host. O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the KING in his Night-gown, with a Page.

King. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them : Make good speed. —

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! — O sleep ! O gentle sleep !
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O, thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ? ¹

¹ The most probable meaning of this obscure passage is, that the *kingly couch*, when *sleep* has left it, is as the *case* or *box* which shelters the *watchman* ; or as the *common bell* that is to sound the *alarm* and rouse the sleeping people at the coming of danger. Strutt, however, in his *Manners and Customs*, cites from an old inventory a passage that may fit the text with a different explanation : “ Item, a *laume* or *watch* of iron, in an iron case, with two leaden plumets.” Knight remarks, that “ by this *laume* or *watch* of iron, we are to understand the instrument now called an *alarm*, — a machine attached to a clock so as to ring at a certain hour.” And he adds, — “ It is difficult to say whether Shakespeare means

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That with the hurly² death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown^{1 3}
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

King. Is it good-morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

by the *watch-case* the box of a sentinel, and by the *common 'larum bell*, the alarm bell which is rung out in cases of danger; or whether the *watch-case* is the covering of an instrument which gives motion to the bell of an alarum." H.

² *Hurly* is a noise or tumult, as *hurly-burly* in the first scene of *Macbeth*.

³ The exact reading of the first folio here is,—"Then happy Lowe, lye downe." Warburton thought the Poet might have written "*happy lowlie clowne*;" and Gilbert Wakefield, in a note on Lucretius, tells us the same had occurred to him. Dr. Johnson adopted the correction, and Mr. Dyce gives some arguments in favour of it, but does not recommend its adoption into the text. The reader will scarce need be told how easy it were for a printer or transcriber to mistake *cl* for *d*, and several instances have been pointed out where this mistake had been made. All which considered, our own judgment is much in favour of the change; but we do not feel warranted in admitting it, the sense being clear enough as the text stands, though the grammar is not. H.

War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom

How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine.

My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King. O God ! that one might read the book of
fate,

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea : and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors ! O ! if this were seen,⁴
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through, —
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,⁵ —
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars : It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul ;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot ;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,

⁴ The latter half of this line and the three following lines are wanting in the folio.

⁵ The sense of this whole line is evidently future. "What perils *being* past, what crosses are to ensue ;" that is, what crosses will still await us, when we shall have passed through how great perils. This note were needless, but that Dr. Johnson took upon him to misunderstand the line.

Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,⁶
 [*To WARWICK.*] (You, cousin Neville, as I may
 remember,)

When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy ?
 "Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;" —
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.
 "The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
 "The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption : " — so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd ;
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
 And, by the necessary form of this,
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,

⁶ The reference here is to Act v. sc. 1 of King Richard II., where Northumberland visits Richard in the Tower, to order his removal to Pomfret. The Poet had probably forgotten that Bolingbroke had already mounted the throne, and that neither he nor Warwick was present at the interview referred to, unless the latter were among the attendants of Northumberland, as he is not named among the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the next line, also, there is some confusion. *Ralph Neville* was at that time earl of *Westmoreland*, and the name of the earl of *Warwick* was *Beauchamp*. The latter earldom did not come into the Neville family till many years after, when Anne, the heiress of that earldom, was married to Richard Neville, son to the earl of Salisbury.

Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things, then, necessities ?
Then let us meet them like necessities ;
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord :
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. — Please it your grace
To go to bed ; upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.⁷
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel :
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Court before Justice SHALLOW's
House in Glostershire.

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting ; MOULDY
SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Ser-
vants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir ; give me
your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir : an early

⁷ Glendower did not die till after King Henry IV. Shakespeare was led into this error by Holinshed. See the Introduction to the preceding play.

stirrer, by the rood.¹ And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man;² you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas³ were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk.⁴

¹ The *rood* is the *cross* or *crucifix*.

² The Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire were famous for rural sports of all kinds; by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, Shallow meant to have it understood that he was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit and athletic constitution. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. sc. 1, note 10. — *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were terms implying *rakes* and *rioters*, in the time of Shakespeare. See *As You Like It*, Act i. sc. 2, note 8; and *1 Henry IV.*, Act i. sc. 3, note 21.

³ "*Buona-roba*, as we say, good stuff; a good, wholesome, plump-cheeked wench." — *Florio*.

⁴ Mr. Halliwell has ascertained that Sir John Oldcastle, "the

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers ?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's⁵ head at the court gate, when he was a crack,⁶ not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu ! Jesu ! the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead !

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain ; very sure, very sure : death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?

good Lord Cobham," was, in fact, in his youth, page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk ; and from this he justly argues that Oldcastle was the original name of Falstaff. See our Introduction to the preceding play. H.

⁵ There has been a doughty dispute between Ritson and Malone whether there were two Skogans, *Henry* and *John*, or only one. Shakespeare probably got his idea of Skogan from his jests, which were published by Andrew Borde in the reign of Henry VIII. Holinshed, speaking of the distinguished persons of King Edward the Fourth's time, mentions "*Scogan*, a learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasaunte witte, and bent to mery devises, in respecte whereof he was called into the courte, where giving himself to his natural inclination of mirth and pleasaunt pastime, he plaied many sporting parts, althoughe not in suche uncivil manner as hath bene of hym reported." Ben Jonson introduces Skogan with Skelton in his *Masque of The Fortunate Isles*, and describes him thus :

" A fine gentleman, and master of arts
Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal
Daintily well."

The name Skogan being thus associated in the popular mind with jesting, Shakespeare probably did not trouble himself much about adjustment of dates, and therefore gives no sign whether he meant *John* Skogan, the court-buffoon of Henry IV., or *Henry* Skogan, the author of the above-mentioned jests. H

⁶ A crack is a boy.

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. — Is old Double of your town living yet ?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu ! Jesu ! Dead ! — he drew a good bow ; — and dead ! — he shot a fine shoot : — John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead ! — he would have clapp'd in the clout at twelve score ;⁷ and carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. — How a score of ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead !

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow ?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir ; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace : What is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you ; my captain, Sir John Falstaff ; a tall gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir ; I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight ? may I ask how my lady his wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon ; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

⁷ Hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By the statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir ; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated ! — it is good ; yea, indeed, is it : good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated ! — it comes of *accommodo* : very good ; a good phrase.⁸

Bard. Pardon me, sir ; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it ? By this good day, I know not the phrase ; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated ; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated ; or, when a man is, — being, — whereby, — he may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just. — Look, here comes good Sir John. — Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well : welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow. — Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

⁸ It appears that it was fashionable in the Poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his Discoveries, calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time. The indefinite use of it is well ridiculed by Bardolph's vain attempt to define it. In Every Man in his Humour, Ben Jonson gives an example of the fantastic use of the word : "Hecstess, *accommodate* us with another bedstaff. *Lend* us another bedstaff, — the woman does not understand the words of action."

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather. — Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? — Let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir: — Ralph Mouldy! — Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. — Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good! — In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. [*To SHALLOW.*] Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery. You need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go: Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are? — For the other, Sir John: — let me see: — Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou ?

Shad. My mother's son, sir ?

Fal. Thy mother's son ! like enough ; and thy father's shadow : so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed ; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John ?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer, — prick him ; — for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart !

Fal. Where's he ?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart ?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John ?

Fal. It were superfluous ; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins : prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! — you can do it, sir ; you can do it : I commend you well. — Francis Feeble !

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble ?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir ?

Fal. You may ; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. — Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat ?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir : you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor ! well said, courageous Feeble ! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. —

Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble — Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain, —

Fal. What! dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. — Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number; you must have but four here, sir: — and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John! do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's Fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me⁹

Fal. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! — Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was, "Hem, boys!" — Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. — O, the days that we have seen! — Come, come. [*Exeunt FAL., SHAL., and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings¹⁰ in

⁹ This phrase, — equivalent to cannot *endure*, or cannot *abide*, — was quite common in Shakespeare's time, and is scarce obsolete even yet. H.

¹⁰ There were no coins of ten shillings value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII. or Henry VIII. He thought that those might do for any other Henry.

French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go : and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care ; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends : else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself : You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not ; a man can die but once ; — we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind : — an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not so. No man's too good to serve his prince ; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said ; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind

Re-enter FALSTAFF and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you : — I have three pound¹¹ to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have ?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, — Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

¹¹ Bardolph was to have *four* pound : perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf: — For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; — and, for your part, Bull-calf, — grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: They are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes,¹² the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow. — Here's Wart; — you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.¹³ And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow, — give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat, — how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O! give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. — Put me a caliver¹⁴ into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse;¹⁵ thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So; — very well: — go to: — very good: — exceeding good.

¹² Shakespeare uses *thewes* in a sense almost peculiar to himself, for *muscular strength* or *sinews*. In ancient writers, *thewes* generally signifies *manners, behaviour, or qualities of the mind or disposition*: in which sense it is used by Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, and others.

¹³ Dr. Johnson explains this, from a personal acquaintance with the terms of the brewery, — “Swifter than he who puts the buckets on the beam, or gibbet, that passes across his shoulders, in order to carry the beer from the vat to the barrel.” H.

¹⁴ That is, a hand-gun. A *caliver* was lighter than a musket, and was fired without a rest.

¹⁵ *Traverse* was an ancient military term for *march*. “*Traverse*,” says Bullokar, “to march up and down, or to move the feet with proportion, as in dancing.”

—O! give me always a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald shot.¹⁶ — Well said, i'faith, Wart: thou art a good scab; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green,¹⁷ when I lay at Clement's-inn, (I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,¹⁸) there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come. — I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow. — God keep you, master Silence: I will not use many words with you. — Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. — Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affairs, and send us peace! At your

¹⁶ *Shot*, for *shooter*. So in the Exercise of Arms, 1609: "First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and march, and carry his *caliver*." — *Well said* was used where we should say "well done."

¹⁷ *Mile-End Green* was the place for public sports and exercises. Stowe mentions that, in 1585, four thousand citizens were trained and exercised there.

¹⁸ *Arthur's show* was an exhibition of archers, styling themselves "the Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table." The members were fifty-eight in number, taking the names of the knights in the romantic history of that chivalric worthy. According to their historian and poet, Richard Robinson, this society was established by charter under King Henry the Eighth, who, "when he saw a good archer indeede, chose him and ordained such a one for a knight of this order." Shakespeare has admirably heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast in this parenthesis that he was *Sir Dagonet*, who, though one of the knights, is also represented in the romance as King Arthur's fool. — *Quiver* is nimble, active.

return, visit our house : let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure, I will with you to the court

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would.

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*

Fal Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street ; ¹⁹ and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife : he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible : ²⁰ he was the very Genius of famine ; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him mandrake : ²¹ he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd ²² huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and

¹⁹ *Turnbull-street*, or *Turnball-street*, is a corruption of *Turnmill-street*, near Clerkenwell ; anciently the resort of bullies, rogues, and other dissolute persons.

²⁰ *Invincible* seems to be used metaphorically for *not to be mastered or taken in*.

²¹ The root of the *mandrake* was formerly thought to be shaped like a man ; and thereby hangs a long tale of superstitious fancies which are set forth at length in Book ii., chap. 6, of Browne's *Vulgar Errors*. See Act i. sc. 2, note 4, of this play. H.

²² That is, *whipped, carted*, says Pope ; and, notwithstanding Johnson's doubts, Pope is right. A *scutcher* was a whip or riding rod, according to Cotgrave.

sware — they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger²³ become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst²⁴ his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him,²⁵ and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones²⁶ to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.

²³ There is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage, the Old Vice or fool. See *Twelfth Night*, Act iv. sc. 2, note 13.

²⁴ *Burst, brast*, and *broken* were formerly synonymous.

²⁵ So in the quarto; in the folio, *truss'd*.

H.

²⁶ This is only a humorous exaggerative way of expressing

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done. —
My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus: —
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them
out.
Let us sway¹ on, and face them in the field.

“He shall be more than the philosopher's stone to me, or *twice* as good. I will make gold out of him.”

¹ That is, *let us pass on with our armament*. To *sway* was sometimes used for a rushing, hasty movement. Thus Holinshed, —
“The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back and give ground.”

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed² leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,³
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop, —
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments⁴ figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace, —
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,

² Completely accoutred.

³ Baret carefully distinguishes between *bloody*, full of blood, *sanguineous*, and *bloody*, desirous of blood, *sanguinarius*. In this speech Shakespeare uses the word in both senses. — *Guarded* is a metaphor taken from dress; to *guard* being to ornament with guards or facings. See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. sc. 2, note 10.

⁴ Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled. This white investment was the episcopal rochet.

Ou: of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to greaves,⁵ your ink to blood,
 Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? — so the question
 stands.

Briefly to this end: — We are all diseas'd;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,⁶
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
 But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician,
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men;
 But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
 suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere⁷
 By the rough torrent of occasion;

⁵ The old copies read *graves*, which the commentators generally concur in pronouncing a misprint, though not altogether agreeing how to correct it. Warburton proposed *glaires*, Steevens *greaves*; which latter Singer approves, and remarks "that *greaves*, or leg-armour, is sometimes spelt *graves*." Mr. Verplanck concurs in the same emendation. H.

⁶ This and the twenty-four lines following first appeared in the folio. H.

⁷ The old copies read "from our most quiet *there*." Warburton made the alteration.

And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles,
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are denied access unto his person,
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood, and the examples
 Of every minute's instance,⁸ present now,
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king?
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?⁹

Arch. My brother-general, the commonwealth;
 To brother born an household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular.¹⁰

⁸ "Examples of every minute's instance" are examples which every minute *instances* or supplies.

⁹ That is, the *edge* of bitter strife and *commotion*; the sword of rebellion. This line is omitted in the folio.

¹⁰ This most obscure passage seems quite incapable of a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps the best is that proposed by Monck Mason: "My brother-general makes the commonwealth his cause of quarrel; an household cruelty to one born my brother I make my quarrel in particular;" which, however unsatisfactory otherwise, has the merit of agreeing very well with what Worcester says in *The First Part*, Act i. sc. 3: "The archbishop, — who bears hard his brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop." Dr. Johnson would read, "My *quarrel* general," which is perhaps worth considering, as it makes a sort of antithesis between *gen*

West. There is no need of any such redress ;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours ?

West. O ! my good lord Mowbray,¹¹
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right well-remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing in honour had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me ?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :
And then, when, — Harry Bolingbroke and he
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves¹² in charge, their beavers down,¹³

eral and *particular*, where something of the kind seems intended. The meaning in that case would be, — The commonwealth I make my *general*, an household cruelty my *particular*, cause of quarrel. Several other changes have been proposed, but they do not appear to relieve the obscurity. One can scarce doubt that a line must have been dropped out in the printing ; but this of course is what no editor can supply. The second line of the speech is wanting in the folio ; which somewhat abridges the obscurity indeed, but that is all it does. H.

¹¹ This and the thirty-six lines following are wanting in the quarto.

¹² That is, their *lances* fixed in the rest for the encounter.

¹³ It has been already observed that the *beaver* was a moveable

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights ¹⁴ of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together, —
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O! when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
That by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know
not what.

The earl of Hereford ¹⁵ was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman :
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
smil'd ?

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry ;
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience ; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so :

piece of the helmet, which lifted up or down, to enable the bearer to drink or breathe more freely.

¹⁴ The holes in their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim.

¹⁵ This is a mistake : he was *duke* of Hereford.

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear ;
For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
Then reason will, our hearts should be as good : —
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's name
I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this
schedule :

For this contains our general grievances :
Each several article herein redress'd ;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form ;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd ;¹⁶
We come within our awful banks¹⁷ again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

¹⁶ The old copies read *confin'd*. Johnson proposed to read *consign'd* ; which must be understood in the Latin sense, *consignatus*, signed, sealed, ratified, confirmed ; which was indeed the old meaning according to the dictionaries. Shakespeare uses *consign* and *consigning* in other places in this sense.

¹⁷ That is, banks full of awe or respect for authority and law. Of course the image of a river is suggested ; human life being compared to a stream that ought to flow in reverential obedience

West. This will I show the general. Please you
lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit WESTMORELAND*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our
peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths¹⁸ martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord: Note this, — the king is
weary
Of dainty and such picking¹⁹ grievances;
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.

to the order and institutions of the state. Keeping itself within the proper bounds, it moves in reverence and awe; in overflowing them it renounces this. This sense of *awful* is peculiar to Shakespeare. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv. sc. 1 note 4.

H.

¹⁸ The faith due to a king. So in *King Henry VIII.*: "The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds," that is, their minds well affected to the king.

¹⁹ Picking, insignificant.

And therefore will he wipe his tables ²⁰ clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement ;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true ; —
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your
lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then
set forward.

²⁰ Alluding to the table books of slate, ivory, &c., used by our
ancestors for keeping memoranda.

Arch Before, and greet his grace : my lord, we
come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and Others : from the other side, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray. —

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;
And so to you, lord Hastings, — and to all. —
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,¹
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so : — Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God ?
To us, the speaker in His parliament ;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God Himself ;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,

¹ Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that, “ coming foorth amongst them *clad in armour*, he encouraged and pricked them foorth to take the enterprise in hand.”

And our full workings: O! who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,²
Under the counterfeited seal of God,
The subjects of His substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time disorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the
court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And, though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so, success³ of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

² Raised up in arms

³ Succession

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,

How far-forth you do like their articles ?

John. I like them all, and do allow them well :
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook ;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority. —
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours ; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

John. I give it you, and will maintain my word ;
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. [*To an Officer.*] Go, captain, and deliver
to the army

This news of peace : let them have pay, and part.
I know it will well please them : hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace : and, if you knew
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely ; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it. —

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season ;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden
sorrow
Serves to say thus, — some good thing comes to
morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true. *[Shouts within.]*

John. The word of peace is render'd : Hark, how
they shout !

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest :
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too. —

[Exit WESTMORELAND]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings ;
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit HASTINGS.]

John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together. —

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to
stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already •

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings ; for the
which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason : —
And you, lord archbishop, — and you, lord Mow-
bray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

West. Is your assembly so ?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith ?

John. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.

But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. —

Strike up our drums ! pursue the scatter'd stray ;

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. —

Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.⁴

[*Exeunt.*

⁴ Johnson and other critics have been mighty indignant that the Poet did not put into the mouth of some character a strain of hot indignation against this instance of treachery. In answer to which Mr. Verplanck very aptly quotes a remark said to have been made by Chief Justice Marshall. The counsel, it seems, had been boring the court a long time with trying to prove points that nobody doubted ; and the judge, after bearing it as long as he well could, very quietly informed him that "there were some things which the court might safely be presumed to know." Perhaps the critics in question did not duly consider, that the surest way in such cases to keep down right feeling, is to take for granted that men don't know how to feel, and so go about to school

SCENE III. Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums : Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILLE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir ? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray ?

Cole. I am a knight, sir ; and my name is Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale : Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, — a place deep enough ; so shall you be still Coleville of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff ?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you ? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death : therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe : My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. — Here comes our general.

and cudgel them up to it. Mr. Verplanck justly observes, that, when Mowbray asks, — “ Is this proceeding just and honourable ? ” the Poet “ took for granted that his audience would find an unhesitating and unanimous negative and indignant reply in their own hearts, without nearing a sermon upon it from the deceived Archbishop, or a lecture from some bystander.”

H.

Enter Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others.

John. The heat is past, follow no further now : —
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. —

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while ?
When every thing is ended, then you come :
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus : I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought ? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility. I have founder'd nine score and odd posts ; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome,¹ — I came, saw, and overcame.

John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not : here he is, and here I yield him ; and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,² which

¹ Cæsar.

² A ludicrous term for the stars.

show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heavy to mount

Fal. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but
thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis;³ and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

John. Send Coleville, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution. —
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt COLEVILLE, guarded.*

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.
I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty, —
Which, cousin, you shall bear, — to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to
go through Glostershire; and, when you come to

³ So in the quarto; the folio omits *gratis*.

court, stand my good lord,⁴ pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition, shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. — Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh;⁶ but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the

⁴ *Stand my good lord, or be my good lord*, means *stand my friend, be my patron or benefactor*, report well of me.

⁵ *Condition* is often used by Shakespeare for *nature, disposition*. The prince may therefore mean, "I shall in my good nature speak better of you than you deserve."

⁶ Falstaff's pride of wit — a pride which is most especially gratified in the fascination he has upon Prince Henry — is shrewdly manifested here, while at the same time a very important and operative principle of human character in general, and of Prince John's character in particular, is most hintingly touched. Falstaff sees that the brain of this sober-blooded boy has nothing for him to get hold of or work upon; that be he never so witty in himself he cannot be the cause of any wit in him; and he is vexed and mortified that his wit fails upon him. And the Poet meant no doubt to have it understood that Prince Henry was drawn and held to Falstaff by virtue of something that raised him immeasurably above his brother; and that the frozen regularity, which was proof against all the batteries of wit and humour, was all of a piece, vitally, with the moral hardness which would not flinch from such an abominable act of perfidy as that towards the Archbishop and his party. Well, therefore, does Johnson remark upon the passage: "He who cannot be softened into gayety, cannot easily be melted into kindness." And we may add, that none are so hopeless as they that have no bowels.

foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,⁷ full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.⁸ The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning,

⁷ Inventive, imaginative.

⁸ Concerning this first "property of your excellent sherris," some curious matter has been quoted by Hughson in his History of London, from an unpublished Diary of Ben Jonson preserved at Dulwich College. One memorandum runs thus: "I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten doz. of *Palm sack*, from my very good lord T——; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, when I and Envy are friends with Applause." Again, speaking of his *Catiline*, he thinks one of its scenes is flat, and therefore resolves to drink no more water with his wine. And he describes *The Alchemist* and *The Silent Woman* as the product of much and good wine, adding, withal, that *The Divil is an Ass* "was written when I and my boys drank bad wine." Doubtless Shakespeare and rare old Ben had discussed the virtues of sack in more senses than one in some of their wit-combats at the Mermaid; though which of them was the master, and which the pupil, in this deep science, cannot now be ascertained. Both their establishments, no doubt, were pretty good at converting wine into wit; but surely Shakespeare's must have been far the best, since all the benefit of Falstaff's full-grown and ripe experience had accrued to him.

a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,⁹ till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use.¹⁰ Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant ; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris ; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph ?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire, and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire : I have him already tempering¹¹ between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Westminster. A room in the Palace.

Enter the KING, CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY,
WARWICK, *and Others.*

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,

⁹ It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c., were guarded by evil spirits

¹⁰ Tyrwhitt thinks it is probable that there is an allusion to the *Commencement* and *Act* of the universities, which give to students a complete authority to use those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their degrees. As the dictionaries of the Poet's time explain this matter, the conjecture seems probable.

¹¹ A pleasant allusion to the old use of *soft wax* for sealing.

We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd,¹ our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Humph. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,
with him?

Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence
here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold or careless of his will.

¹ Ready, prepared

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:²
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity;
 Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.³
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
 But, being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,⁴
 As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum,⁵ or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
 Thomas?

² That is, if he have *respectful attention* shown him.

³ Edwards, in his spicy criticism on Warburton's comments, says in explanation of this passage, that he has heard *flaws* used for "the small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of water, in winter mornings." This explanation is endorsed by Mr. Dyce, who adds,—"I have myself heard the word used to signify both *thin cakes of ice* and *the bursting of those cakes*." The more usual meaning of *flaws* is sudden gusts or starts of wind, such as are apt to spring up in the morning. But in this sense *flaws* evidently will not cohere with *congealed*, unless the latter be taken for *congealing*, the passive for the active; an usage quite common with the Poet and other writers of his time. H.

⁴ Though their blood be inflamed by the *temptations*.

⁵ *Aconitum*, or aconite, *wolfs-bane*, a poisonous herb. — *Rash* is sudden, hasty, violent.

Cla. He is not there to-day : he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them : Therefore, my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death :
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O ! with what wings shall his affections fly ⁶
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.

The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd ; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers ; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others.
Turning past evils to advantages.

⁶ *Affections*, in the language of Shakespeare's time, are *passions, desires*. *Appetitus animi*.

King. 'Tis seldom-when the bee doth leave her
comb
In the dead carrion.⁷ — Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course, in his particular.⁸

King. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?

⁷ As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.

⁸ The detail contained in Prince John's letter.

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food, —
 Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach, — such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
 I should rejoice now at this happy news;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy. —
 O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*]

Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O, my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up!

War. Be patient, princes: you do know these fits
 Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.
 The incessant care and labour of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure,⁹ that should confine it in,
 So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Humph. The people fear me!¹⁰ for they do observe

Unfather'd heirs,¹¹ and loathly births of nature:
 The seasons change their manners, as the year¹²
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

⁹ *Mure* for *wall* is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms. It was not in frequent use by his contemporaries. — *Wrought it thin* is *made it thin by gradual wearing*. Daniel, also speaking of the sickness of Henry IV., in Book iii. stan. 116 of his *Civil Wars*, 1595, has the same figure:

“Wearing the wall so thin that now the mind
 Might well look thorough, and his frailty find.”

¹⁰ To *fear* anciently signified to *make afraid*, as well as to *dread*. “A vengeance light on thee that so doth *feare me*, or makest me so *feared*.” — *Baret*.

¹¹ That is, equivocal births, monsters.

¹² That is, as if the year.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before

That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber : softly, 'pray.

[*They convey the KING into an inner part of
the room, and place him on a bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;
Unless some dull ¹³ and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the duke of Clarence ?

¹³ Johnson asserts that *dull* here signifies "melancholy, gentle, soothing." Malone says that it means "producing dulness or heaviness." The fact is that *dull* and *slow* were synonymous. "*Dullness*, slowness ; tarditas, tardiveté. Somewhat *dull* or *slow* ; tardiusculus, tardelet ;" says Baret. But Shakespeare uses *dulness* for *drowsiness* in *The Tempest*. And Baret has also this sense : "Slow, *dull*, asleepe, drousie, astonied, heavie ; *torpidus*." It has always been thought that *slow* music induces sleep. Ariel enters playing *solemn music* to produce this effect, in *The Tempest*. The notion is not peculiar to our great Poet, as the following exquisite lines, from *Wit Restored*, 1658, may witness :

"O, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet ;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear ?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony."

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

Humph. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords: — sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O, polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! — sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggin¹⁴ bound,
SnORES out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. — My gracious lord! — my
father! —

¹⁴ A *biggin* was a *head-band* of coarse cloth; so called because such a forehead-cloth was worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns.

This sleep is sound indeed ; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol ¹⁵ hath divorc'd
 So many English kings. Thy due from me
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father ! pay thee plenteously :
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo ! here it sits, —

[*Putting it on his head.*

Which Heaven shall guard. And put the world's
 whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me : This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick ! Gloster ! Clarence !

Re-enter WARWICK, and the Rest.

Cla. Doth the king call ?

War. What would your majesty ? How fares
 your grace ?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my
 lords ?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The prince of Wales ? Where is he ? let
 me see him :

He is not here.

War. This door is open ; he is gone this way.

¹⁵ That is, *circle* ; probably from the old Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel. Shakespeare has it again in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black blood, a watery *rigol* goes.”

Ringol is used by Nash in the same sense, in his *Lenten Stufte*.

Humph. He came not through the chamber where
we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from
my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it
here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go,
seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither
[*Exit WARWICK.*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you
are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling from every flower

The virtuous sweets,¹⁶

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey.

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

¹⁶ So in the folio: the quarto has simply "*tolling* from every flower." *Tolling* gives a fine image, if the clause end with *flower*; but the addition of "the virtuous sweets" seems to require another word. So that we may safely presume the change to have been made by the Poet himself. H

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd ¹⁷ me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next
room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes! — Come hither to me, Harry. —
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY,
Lords, &c.]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O, foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
'That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

¹⁷ That is, *ended*. It is still used in that sense in legal conveyances.

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself ;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head :
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crown'd ! — Up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness !
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall double gild his treble guilt ;
England shall give him office, honour, might ;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O, my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care ?
O ! thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

Prince. [Kneeling.] O, pardon me, my liege ! but
for my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise, —
Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth, — this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O! let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: “The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable :¹⁸
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.” Thus, my most royal
liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it, — as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father, —
The quarrel of a true inheritor.

¹⁸ It was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panacea of ancient quacks.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God forever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son!

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,¹⁹
Thou seest, with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode;²⁰ for what in me was purchas'd,

¹⁹ *Fears* are objects of fear; terrors.

²⁰ The *mode* is the state or form of things. — *Purchas'd* here signifies obtained by eager pursuit. It is from the French *pour-chas*, and was sometimes so spelled when used to signify the obtaining of lands or honours by any other means than by title or descent

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.²¹
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough ; since griefs are green ;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy
friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,
I cut them ²² off ; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
Then plain and right must my possession be :
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN, WARWICK, Lords, and Others.

King. Look, look ! here comes my John of Lancaster.

²¹ That is, *by order of succession*. Johnson observes that "every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can."

²² Mason proposes to read, "I cut *some* off ;" which seems indeed necessary. The sense would then be, "*Some* I have cut off, and many I intended to lead to the Holy Land."

John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;

But health, alack! with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period. —
Where is my lord of Warwick?

Prince. My lord of Warwick!

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God! — even there my life
must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land. —
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Glostershire.

A Hall in SHALLOW'S House.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Shal. By cock and pye,¹ sir, you shall not away to-night. — What, Davy, I say!

¹ This adjuration seems to have been a popular substitute for profane swearing. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. sc. i. note 32.

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd. — Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, — let me see, Davy; let me see: — yea, marry, William cook,² bid him come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; — those precepts³ cannot be serv'd: and, again, sir, — shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: — are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. — Here is now the smith's note for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast,⁴ and paid. — Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: — and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it. — Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

² That is, William *the* cook; servants being then often thus distinguished by the quality of their service. H.

³ *Precepts* are *warrants*. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Beaux Stratagem*.

⁴ That is, cast up, computed.

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well: A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purse.⁵ Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot⁶ against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, whe a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship⁷ The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong.

⁵ "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse" is one of Camden's proverbial sentences.

⁶ *Wilnecote*, or *Wincot*, is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford.

⁷ This is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakespeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech to parliament, 1559, says, "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the house of commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes."

Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots. — Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph. — [*To the Page.*] And welcome, my tall fellow. Come, Sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Excunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants.⁸ It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince

⁸ This is a most shrewd and searching commentary on what has just passed between Shallow and Davy in Falstaff's presence. It is impossible to hit them more aptly, to take them off more felicitously. Of course Sir John could not be the greatest of make-sports, as he is, unless he were, or at least were capable of being, something more. And in fact he has as much practical sagacity and penetration as the king; there being no other person in the play, except Prince Henry, that dives so quickly and deeply into the characters of those about him.

Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,⁹) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

⁹ These *terms* were the terms or sittings of the courts, by which the seasons were then commonly reckoned. Of course during the law *terms*, many people went up from the country into the city to transact business, and learn the *fashions*, and do sundry other things. Some one has justly remarked upon the humour of making a spendthrift thus compute time by those periods which a hard-up debtor would be apt to remember.

Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time ;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,
WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry
O ! that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

Just. O God ! I fear all will be overturn'd.

John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good mor-
row.

Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

John. Well, peace be with him that hath made
us heavy !

Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

Humph. O ! good my lord, you have lost a friend,
indeed ;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow : it is, sure, your own.

John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation :
I am the sorrier ; 'would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff
fair,

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul ;
And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.¹
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter Prince HENRY, as KING.

Just. Good morrow, and Heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think. —
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath² succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

¹ "A ragged and forestall'd remission" is a remission or pardon obtained by base supplication; a pardon begged before it is offered; which were indeed a beggarly act in the Judge, since it would be for doing what he knows was right. H.

² Amurath IV., emperor of the Turks, died in 1596: his second son, Amurath, who succeeded him, had all his brothers strangled at a feast, to which he invited them, while yet ignorant of their father's death. It is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes to this transaction

John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty
King. You all look strangely on me ; — and you
 most ; [*To the Chief Justice.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Iust. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me ?

What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?³
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Iust. I then did use the person of your father ;
 The image of his power lay then in me :
 And, in the administration of his law,
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment :⁴
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

³ That is, was this a *light offence* ?

⁴ While Sir William Gascoigne was at the bar Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, and appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards ; but Richard II. defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV. he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governour* ; but Shakespeare followed the *Chronicles*.

That guards the peace and safety of your person :

Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours .

Be now the father, and propose a son :

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;

And then imagine me taking your part,

And in your power soft silencing your son.

After this cold considerance, sentence me ;

And, as you are a king, speak in your state,

What I have done, that misbecame my place.

My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well :

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword .

And I do wish your honours may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words : —

“Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do justice on my proper son ;

And not less happy, having such a son,

That would deliver up his greatness so

Into the hands of justice.” — You did commit me

For which I do commit into your hand

The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear ;

With this remembrance, — that you use the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,

As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand

You shall be as a father to my youth :

My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear :

And I will stoop and humble my intents

To your well-practis'd, wise directions.⁵ —
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you :
 My father is gone wild into his grave,⁶
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world,
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament ;
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go

⁵ This retaining of Gascoigne in office after the death of Henry IV. has been commonly set down as a breach of history, justifiable, perhaps, dramatically, but untrue in point of fact, he having died before the king. The main authority for this seems to have been Fuller, who in his *Worthies of Yorkshire* says that Sir William Gascoigne “died December 17th, in the fourteenth of king Henry the Fourth.” And he adds, — “This date of his death is fairly written in his stately monument in Harwood church.” It has been found, however, that among the persons summoned to the first parliament of Henry V. was “Sir William Gascoigne, Knight, Chief Justice of our Lord the King.” A royal warrant has also come to light, dated November 28, 1414, granting to “our dear and well-beloved William Gascoigne, Knt., an allowance, during the term of his natural life, of four bucks and four does every year out of our forest of Pontifract.” And Mr. Tyler has put the matter beyond question by discovering his last will and testament, which was made December 15, 1419. From all which Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chief Justices*, concludes it certain that he did survive Henry IV., who died March 20, 1413, and was reappointed to the King's Bench by Henry V. So that we can take the Poet's noble lesson of magnanimity without any abatement or drawback on the score of history. H.

⁶ The meaning is, My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave.

In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation ;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us ; —
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. —
[*To the Chief Justice.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state :
And (God consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Glostershire.

The Garden of SHALLOW's House.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH,
the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard ; where,
in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my
own graffing, with a dish of carraways,¹ and so forth :
— come, cousin Silence ; — and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling,
and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars

¹ This passage has been properly explained by the following quotations from Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1599 : " For the same purpose *careway seeds* are used to be made in comfits, *and to be eaten with apples*, and surely very good for that purpose, for all such things as breed wind would be eaten with other things that breake wind." Again : " Howbeit we are wont to eate *carrawaies*, or *biskets*, or some other kind of comfits or seedes, together with apples, thereby to breake winde ingendred by them ; and surely this is a verie good way for students." The truth is, that apples and carraways were formerly always eaten together ; and it is said that they are still served up on particular days at Trinity College, Cambridge.

all, Sir John : — marry, good air. — Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy ; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses : he is your serving-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John. — By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper : — A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. — Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a, — we shall

[*Sings.*] Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise Heaven for the merry year ;
When flesh is cheap, and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.²

Fal. There's a merry heart ! — Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit ; I'll be with you anon : — most sweet sir, sit. — Master page, good master page, sit : proface !³ What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear : the heart's all.⁴
[*Exit.*]

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph ; — and my little soldier there, be merry.

² “ *Ever among*,” says Mr. Collier, “ is an idiomatic expression, used by Chaucer and many later writers.” And he adds, — “ No originals of this and other musical outbreaks of Silence have been discovered.” H.

³ A phrase of welcome, equivalent to “ Much good may it do you.” It is thus explained by old Heywood : “ Reader, reade this thus : for preface, *proface*, *much good may it do you*.” It occurs also in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey : “ Before the second course, my lord cardinal came in among them, booted and spurred, all suddenly, and bade them *proface*.” H.

⁴ That is, you must put up with plain fare, and take the will for the deed in regard to better. H.

Sil. [*Sings.*] Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome, merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats⁵ for you.
[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

Shal. Davy, —

Davy. Your worship? — I'll be with you straight.
— A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [*Sings.*] A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. [*Sings.*] Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. — Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too. — I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy, —

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together.
Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle-pot.

⁵ Apples commonly called russetines.

Shal. By God's leggins, I thank thee. — The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. [*Sings.*] Do me right,
And dub me knight,
Samingo.⁶

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in. —

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

⁶ To do a man right and to do him reason were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths; he who drank a bumper expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast. To this Bishop Hall alludes in his *Quo Vadis*: "Those formes of ceremonious quaffing, in which men have learned to make gods of others and beasts of themselves; and lose their reason, whiles they pretend to do reason." — He who drank a bumper on his knees to the health of his mistress was dubbed a knight for the evening. — In Rowland's *Epigrams*, 1600, Monsieur *Domingo* is celebrated as a toper. It has been supposed that the introduction of Domingo as a burthen to a drinking song was intended as a satire on the luxury of the Dominicans; but whether the change to *Samingo* was a blunder of Silence in his cups, or was a real contraction of San Domingo, is uncertain. Why St. Dominick should be the patron of topers does not appear.

Pist. Sir John, God save you.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Pu of Barson.⁷

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! —
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee, now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O, base Assyrian knight! what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [*Sings.*]

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: — If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian?⁸ speak, or die.

⁷ *Barston* is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solihull.

⁸ *Bezonian*, according to Florio a *bisogno*, is “a new levied

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office! —

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me,⁹ like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door:¹⁰ the things I speak are
just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. — Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. — Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O, joyful day! — I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed. — Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all

souldier, such as comes needy to the wars." Cotgrave, in *bisongne*, says "a filthie knave, or clowne, a raskall, a *bisonian*, base humoured scoundrel." Its original sense is a beggar, a needy person; it is often met with very differently spelt in the old comedies. "*Bisoño*," says Minshew, "a fresh water soldier, one that is not well acquainted with militarie affairs, a novice."

⁹ An expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger, and forming a coarse representation of a disease to which the name of *figus* has always been given. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesture. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minshew says, after describing it, "a manner as they use in England to bore the nose with the finger, as in disgrace."

¹⁰ Steevens remarks that this proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the *nail* in ancient doors on which the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison for one who has fallen under such a death as reiterated strokes on the head would produce.

night. — O, sweet Pistol ! — Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*] — Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good. — Boot, boot, master Shallow : I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice !

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !
 “ Where is the life that late I led ? ” say they ;
 Why, here it is : welcome these pleasant days.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. A Street.

Enter Beadles,¹ dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave : I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd ; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook,² you lie. Come on : I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst

¹ In the quarto we have “ Enter *Sincklo*, and three or four officers.” And the name *Sincklo* is prefixed to the Beadle's speeches. *Sincklo* is also introduced in *The Taming of the Shrew* : he was an actor in the same company with Shakespeare

² *Nut-hook* was a term of reproach for a bailiff or constable Cleveland says of a committee-man : “ He is the devil's *nut-hook* the sign with him is always in the clutches.” See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i sc. 1, note 21.

better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions³ again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer!⁴ I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue!⁵ you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles.⁶

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starv'd bloodhound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy⁷ thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

³ Evidently insinuating that the *child* of which Mistress Doll is so careful is but one of Mrs. Quickly's dozen *cushions*. So in Greene's *He Conycatcher*: "To wear a *cushion* under her own kirtle, and to faine herself with child." H.

⁴ Doll humorously compares the beadle's spare figure to the embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid of a censer made of thin metal. The sluttery of rush-strewed chambers rendered censers or fire pans in which coarse perfumes were burnt most necessary utensils.

⁵ Beadles usually wore a blue livery.

⁶ A *half-kirtle* was a kind of *apron* or *fore part* of the dress of a woman. See Act ii. sc. 4, note 36.

⁷ The hostess's corruption of *anatomy*.

SCENE V.

A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing Rushes.

1 *Groom*. More rushes, more rushes!

2 *Groom*. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom*. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch!

[Exeunt Grooms.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. — [*To SHALLOW.*] O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweat-

ing with desire to see him ; thinking of nothing else ; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est* :
'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison ;
Haul'd hither
By most mechanical and dirty hand : —
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's
snake,
For Doll is in : Pistol speaks nought but truth
Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor
sounds.

*Enter the KING and his Train ; the Chief Justice
among them.*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal ! my royal
Hal !

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most
royal imp¹ of fame !

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain
man.

Just. Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis
you speak ?

Fal. My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my
heart !

¹ *Imp* is child, offspring. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. sc
2, note 1.

King. I know thee not, old man : Fall to thy prayers ;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester !
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace ;
Leave gormandizing ; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest :
Presume not that I am the thing I was ;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self ;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil ;
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.² — Be it your charge, my lord,

² Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe give much the same account of this matter. In Holinshed it runs thus : "Whereas aforetime he had made himselfe a companion unto misrulie mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence, (but not unrewarded, or else unpreferred,) inhibiting them upon a great paine, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourn within ten miles of his court ; calling to mind how once, to hie offence of the king his father, he had with his fist striken the cheefe justice for sending one of his minions (upon desert) to prison, when the justice stoutlie commanded himselfe also into streict to ward, and he (then prince) obeied." — The king's treatment of his old make-

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. *[Exeunt the KING, and his Train.]*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol; — come, Bardolph: — I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet: Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord! —

Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. Take them away.

sport, when he has no longer any use or time for his delectations, has been censured by several critics. In reference to which censure Johnson rightly observes, — “If it be considered that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and, with all his powers of exciting mirth, he has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.” H.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.

*[Exeunt FAL., SHAL., PIST., BARD., Page,
and Officers.]*

John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Just. And so they are.

John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Just. He hath.

John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? *[Exeunt]*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

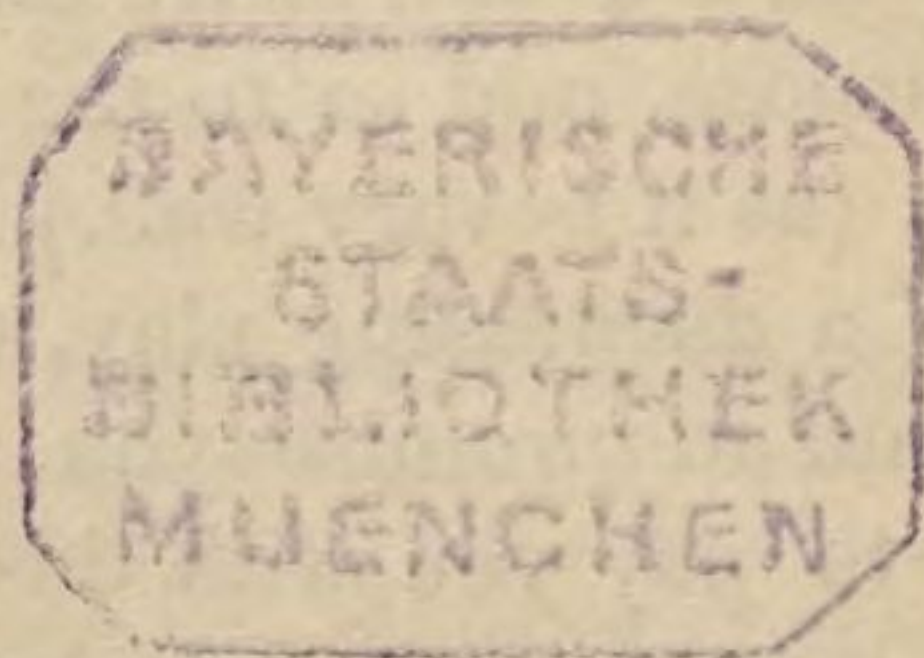
FIRST my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech.
My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty,
and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look
for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I
have to say is of mine own making, and what indeed
I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring.
But to the purpose, and so to the venture. — Be it
known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here
in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your pa-
tience for it, and to promise you a better. I did
mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like
an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and
you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promis'd
you, I would be, and here I commit my body to

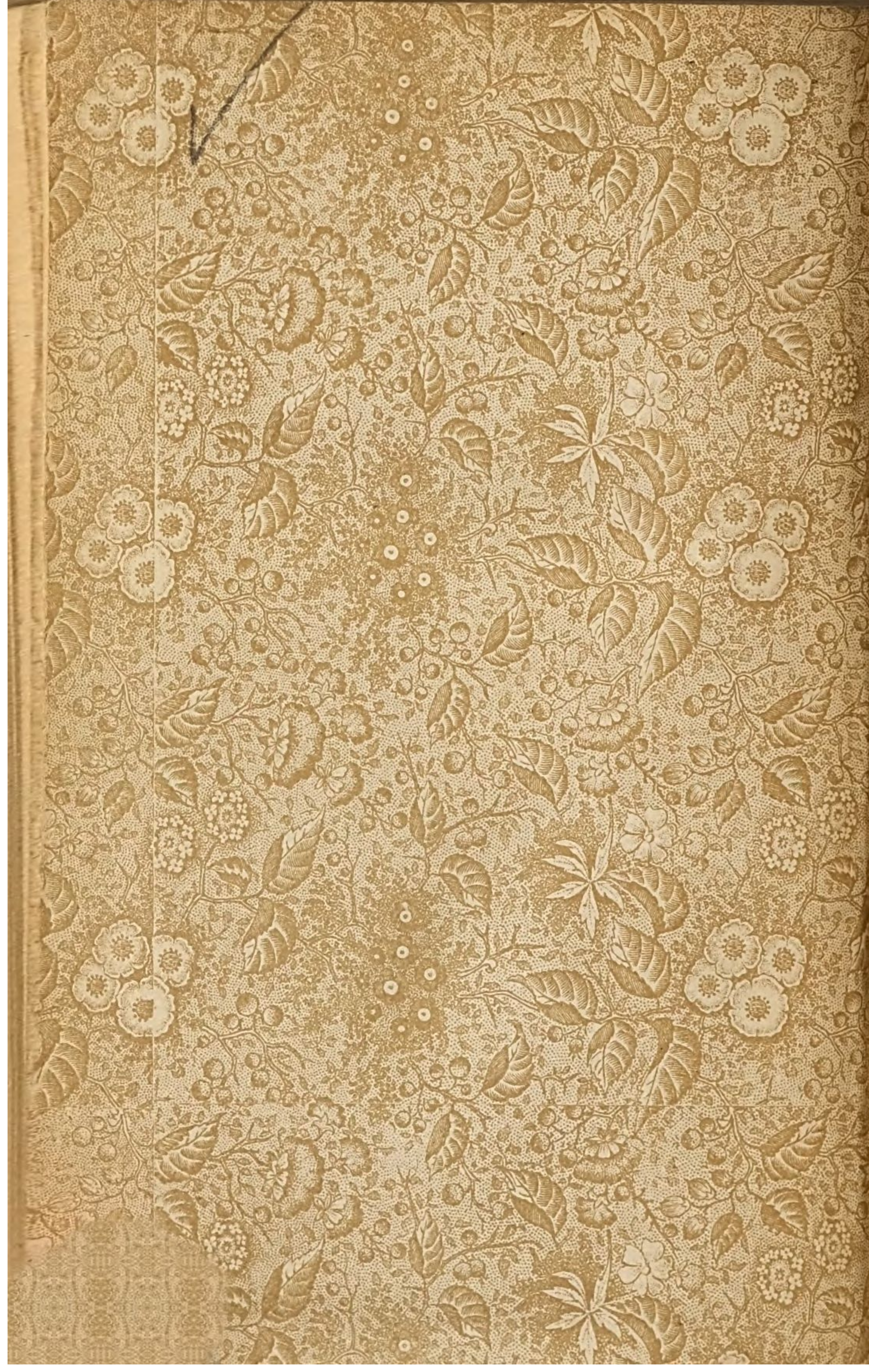
your mercies : bate me some, and I will pay you some ; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs ? and yet that were but light payment, — to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France : where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night : and so kneel down before you, — but, indeed, to pray for the queen.¹

¹ Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the king or queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play bills.







The Works of Shakespeare: the text carefully restored according to the first editions; with introductions, notes original and selected, and a life of the poet; by H. N. Hudson
Bd.: 5.

1885

P.o.angl. 552 r-5

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11665830-4